

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXI. — FEBRUARY, 1898. — No. CCCCLXXXIV.

THE CAPTURE OF GOVERNMENT BY COMMERCIALISM.

MISGOVERNMENT in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce. It is part of the triumph of industrial progress. Its details are easier to understand if studied as a part of the commercial development of the country than if studied as a part of government, because many of the wheels and cranks in the complex machinery of government are now performing functions so perverted as to be unmeaning from the point of view of political theory, but which become perfectly plain if looked at from the point of view of trade.

The growth and concentration of capital which the railroad and the telegraph made possible is the salient fact in the history of the last quarter-century. That fact is at the bottom of our political troubles. It was inevitable that the enormous masses of wealth, springing out of new conditions and requiring new laws, should strive to control the legislation and the administration which touched them at every point. At the present time, we cannot say just what changes were or were not required by enlightened theory. It is enough to see that such changes as came were inevitable; and nothing can blind us to the fact that the methods by which they were obtained were subversive of free government.

Whatever form of government had been in force in America during this era would have run the risk of being controlled by capital, of being bought and run for revenue. It happened that the beginning of the period found the

machinery of our government in a particularly purchasable state. The war had left the people divided into two parties which were fanatically hostile to each other. The people were party mad. Party name and party symbols were of an almost religious importance.

At the very moment when the enthusiasm of the nation had been exhausted in a heroic war which left the Republican party managers in possession of the ark of the covenant, the best intellect of the country was withdrawn from public affairs and devoted to trade. During the period of expansion which followed, the industrial forces called in the ablest men of the nation to aid them in getting control of the machinery of government. The name of king was never freighted with more power than the name of party in the United States; whatever was done in that name was right. It is the old story: there has never been a despotism which did not rest upon superstition. The same spirit that made the Republican name all powerful in the nation at large made the Democratic name valuable in Democratic districts.

The situation as it existed was made to the hand of trade. Political power had been condensed and packed for delivery by the war; and in the natural course of things the political trademarks began to find their way into the coffers of the capitalist. The change of motive power behind the party organizations — from principles to money — was silently effected during the thirty years

which followed the war. Like all organic change, it was unconscious. It was understood by no one. It is recorded only in a few names and phrases; as, for instance, that part of the organization which was purchased was called the "machine," and the general manager of it became known as the "boss." The external political history of the country continued as before. It is true that a steady degradation was to be seen in public life, a steady failure of character, a steady decline of decency. But questions continued to be discussed, and in form decided, on their merits, because it was in the interest of commerce that they should in form be so decided. Only quite recently has the control of money become complete; and there are reasons for believing that the climax is past.

Let us take a look at the change on a small scale. A railroad is to be run through a country town or small city, in Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania. The railroad employs a local attorney, naturally the ablest attorney in the place. As time goes on, various permits for street uses are needed; and instead of relying solely upon popular demand, the attorney finds it easier to bribe the proper officials. All goes well: the railroad thrives, the town grows. But in the course of a year new permits of various kinds are needed. The town ordinances interfere with the road and require amendment. There is to be a town election; and it occurs to the railroad's attorney that he might be in alliance with the town officers before they are elected. He goes to the managers of the party which is likely to win; for instance, the Republican party. Everything that the railroad wants is really called for by the economic needs of the town. The railroad wants only fair play and no factious obstruction. The attorney talks to the Republican leader, and has a chance to look over the list of candidates, and perhaps even to select

some of them. The railroad makes the largest campaign subscription ever made in that part of the country. The Republican leader can now employ more workers to man the polls, and, if necessary, he can buy votes. He must also retain some fraction of the contribution for his own support, and distribute the rest in such manner as will best keep his "organization" together.

The party wins, and the rights of the railroad are secured for a year. It is true that the brother of the Republican leader is employed on the road as a brakeman; but he is a competent man.

During the year, a very nice point of law arises as to the rights of the railroad to certain valuable land claimed by the town. The city attorney is an able man, and reasonable. In spite of his ability, he manages somehow to state the city's case on an untenable ground. A decision follows in favor of the railroad. At the following election, the city attorney has become the Republican candidate for judge, and the railroad's campaign subscription is trebled. In the conduct of railroads, even under the best management, accidents are common; and while it is true that important decisions are appealable, a trial judge has enormous powers which are practically discretionary. Meanwhile, there have arisen questions of local taxation of the railroad's property, questions as to grade crossings, as to the lighting of cars, as to time schedules, and the like. The court calendars are becoming crowded with railroad business; and that business is now more than one attorney can attend to. In fact, the half dozen local lawyers of prominence are railroad men; the rest of the lawyers would like to be. Every one of the railroad lawyers receives deferential treatment, and, when possible, legal advantage in all of the public offices. The community is now in the control of a ring, held together by just one thing, the railroad company's subscription to the campaign fund.

By this time a serious scandal has occurred in the town, — nothing less than the rumor of a deficit in the town treasurer's accounts, and the citizens are concerned about it. One of the railroad's lawyers, a strong party man, happens to be occupying the post of district attorney; for the yearly campaign subscriptions continue. This district attorney is, in fact, one of the committee on nominations who put the town treasurer into office; and the Republican party is responsible for both. No prosecution follows. The district attorney stands for reelection.

An outsider comes to live in the town. He wants to reform things, and proceeds to talk politics. He is not so inexperienced as to seek aid from the rich and respectable classes. He knows that the men who subscribed to the railroad's stock are the same men who own the local bank, and that the manufacturers and other business men of the place rely on the bank for carrying on their business. He knows that all trades which are specially touched by the law, such as the liquor-dealers' and hotel-keepers', must "stand in" with the administration; so also must the small shopkeepers, and those who have to do with sidewalk privileges and town ordinances generally. The newcomer talks to the leading hardware merchant, a man of stainless reputation, who admits that the district attorney has been remiss; but the merchant is a Republican, and says that so long as he lives he will vote for the party that saved the country. To vote for a Democrat is a crime. The reformer next approaches the druggist (whose father-in-law is in the employ of the railroad), and receives the same reply. He goes to the florist. But the florist owns a piece of real estate, and has a theory that it is assessed too high. The time for revising the assessment rolls is coming near, and he has to see the authorities about that. The florist agrees that the town is a den of thieves;

but he must live; he has no time to go into theoretical politics. The stranger next interviews a retired grocer. But the grocer has lent money to his nephew, who is in the coal business, and is getting special rates from the railroad, and is paying off the debt rapidly. The grocer would be willing to help, but his name must not be used.

It is needless to multiply instances of what every one knows. After canvassing the whole community, the stranger finds five persons who are willing to work to defeat the district attorney: a young doctor of good education and small practice, a young lawyer who thinks he can make use of the movement by betraying it, a retired anti-slavery preacher, a maiden lady, and a piano-tuner. The district attorney is reelected by an overwhelming vote.

All this time the railroad desires only a quiet life. It takes no interest in politics. It is making money, and does not want values disturbed. It is conservative.

In the following year worse things happen. The town treasurer steals more money, and the district attorney is openly accused of sharing the profits. The Democrats are shouting for reform, and declare that they will run the strongest man in town for district attorney. He is a Democrat, but one who fought for the Union. He is no longer in active practice, and is, on the whole, the most distinguished citizen of the place. This suggestion is popular. The hardware merchant declares that he will vote the Democratic ticket, and there is a sensation. It appears that during all these years there has been a Democratic organization in the town, and that the notorious corruption of the Republicans makes a Democratic victory possible. The railroad company therefore goes to the manager of the Democratic party, and explains that it wants only to be let alone. It explains that it takes no interest in politics, but that, if a change is to come, it

desires only that So-and-So shall be retained, and it leaves a subscription with the Democratic manager. In short, it makes the best terms it can. The Democratic leader, if he thinks that he can make a clean sweep, may nominate the distinguished citizen, together with a group of his own organization comrades. It obviously would be of no use to him to name a full citizens' ticket. That would be treason to his party. If he takes this course and wins, we shall have ring rule of a slightly milder type. The course begins anew, under a Democratic name; and it may be several years before another malfeasance occurs.

But the Republican leader and the railroad company do not want war; they want peace. They may agree to make it worth while for the Democrats not to run the distinguished citizen. A few Democrats are let into the Republican ring. They are promised certain minor appointive offices, and some contracts and emoluments. Accordingly, the Democrats do not nominate the distinguished citizen. The hardware man sees little choice between the two nominees for district attorney; at any rate, he will not vote for a machine Democrat, and he again votes for his party nominee. All the reform talk simmers down to silence. The Republicans are returned to power.

The town is now ruled by a Happy Family. Stable equilibrium has been reached at last. Commercialism is in control. Henceforth, the railroad company pays the bills for keeping up both party organizations, and it receives care and protection from whichever side is nominally in power.

The party leaders have by this time become the general utility men of the railroad; they are its agents and factotums. The boss is the handy man of the capitalist. So long as the people of the town are content to vote on party lines they cannot get away from the railroad. In fact, there are no national parties in the town. A man may talk about them,

but he cannot vote for one of them, because they do not exist. He can vote only for or against the railroad; and to do the latter, an independent ticket must be nominated.

It must not be imagined that any part of the general public clearly understands this situation. The state of mind of the Better Element of the Republican side has been seen. The good Democrats are equally distressed. The distinguished citizen ardently desires to oust the Republican ring. He subscribes year after year to the campaign fund of his own party, and declares that the defalcation of the town treasurer has given it the opportunity of a generation. The Democratic organization takes his money and accepts his moral support, and uses it to build up one end of the machine. It cries, "Reform! Reform! Give us back the principles of Jefferson and of Tilden!"

The Boss-out-of-Power must welcome all popular movements. He must sometimes accept a candidate from a citizens' committee, sometimes refuse to do it. He must spread his mainsail to the national party wind of the moment. His immense advantage is an intellectual one. He alone knows the principles of the game. He alone sees that the power of the bosses comes from party loyalty. Croker recently stated his case frankly thus: "A man who would desert his party would desert his country."

It may be remarked, in passing, that New York city reached the Happy Family stage many years ago. Tammany Hall is in power, being maintained there by the great mercantile interests. The Republican-party is out of power, and its organization is kept going by the same interests. It has always been the earmark of an enterprise of the first financial magnitude in New York that it subscribed to both campaign funds. The Republican function has been to prevent any one from disturbing Tammany Hall. This has not been difficult; the Repub-

licans have always been in a hopeless minority, and the machine managers understood this perfectly. Now if, by the simple plan of denouncing Tammany Hall, and appealing to the war record of the Republican party, they could hold their constituency, Tammany would be safe. The matter is actually more complex than this, but the principle is obvious.

To return to our country town. It is easy to see that the railroad is pouring out its money in the systematic corruption of the entire community. Even the offices with which it has no contact will be affected by this corruption. Men put in office because they are tools will work as tools only. Voters once bribed will thereafter vote for money only. The subscribing and the voting classes, whose state of mind is outlined above, are not purely mercenary. The retired grocer, the florist, the druggist, are all influenced by mixed motives, in which personal interest bears a greater or a smaller share. Each of these men belongs to a party, as a Brahmin is born into a caste. His spirit must suffer an agony of conversion before he can get free, even if he is poor. If he has property, he must pay for that conversion by the loss of money, also.

Since 1865 the towns throughout the United States have been passing through this stage. A ring was likely to spring up wherever there was available capital. We hear a great talk about the failure of our institutions as applied to cities, as if it were our incapacity to deal with masses of people and with the problems of city expansion that wrecked us. It is nothing of the sort. There is intellect and business capacity enough in the country to run the Chinese Empire like clockwork. Philosophers state broadly that our people "prefer to live in towns," and cite the rush to the cities during the last thirty years. The truth is that the exploitation of the continent could be done most conveniently by the assembling of business men in towns; and

hence it is that the worst rings are found in the larger cities. But there are rings everywhere; and wherever you see one you will find a factory behind it. If the population had remained scattered, commerce would have pursued substantially the same course. We should have had the rings just the same. It is perfectly true that the wonderful and scientific concentration of business that we have seen in the past thirty years gave the chance for the wonderful and scientific concentration of its control over politics. The state machine could be constructed easily by consolidating local rings of the same party name.

The boss *par excellence* is a state boss. He is a comparatively recent development. He could exist only in a society which had long been preparing for him. He could operate only in a society where almost every class and almost every individual was in a certain sense corrupted. The exact moment of his omnipotence in the state of New York, for instance, is recorded in the actions of the state legislature. Less than ten years ago, the bribing of the legislature was done piecemeal and at Albany; and the great corporations of the state were accustomed to keep separate attorneys in the capitol, ready for any emergency. But the economy of having the legislature corrupted before election soon became apparent. If the party organizations could furnish a man with whom the corporation managers could contract directly, they and their directors could sleep at night. The boss sprang into existence to meet this need. He is a commercial agent, like his little local prototype; but the scope of his activities is so great and their directions are so various, the forces that he deals with are so complex and his mastery over them is so complete, that a kind of mystery envelops him. He appears in the newspapers like a demon of unaccountable power. He is the man who gives

his attention to aiding in the election of the candidates for state office, and to retaining his hold upon them after election. His knowledge of local politics all over a state, and the handling of the very large sums of money subscribed by sundry promoters and corporations, explain the miracle of his control.

The government of a state is no more than a town government for a wide area. The methods of bribery which work certain general results in a town will work similar results in a state. But the scale of operations is vastly greater. The state-controlled businesses, such as banking, insurance, and the state public works, and the liquor traffic, involve the expenditure of enormous sums of money.

The effect of commercialism on politics is best seen in the state system. The manner of nominating candidates shows how easily the major force in a community makes use of its old customs.

The American plan of party government provides for primaries, caucuses, and town, county, and state conventions. It was devised on political principles, and was intended to be a means of working out the will of the majority, by a gradual delegation of power from bottom to top. The exigencies of commerce required that this machinery should be made to work backwards, — namely, from top to bottom. It was absolutely necessary for commerce to have a political dictator; and this was found to be perfectly easy. Every form and process of nomination is gravely gone through with, the dictator merely standing by and designating the officers and committee men at every step. There is something positively Egyptian in the formalism that has been kept up in practice, and in the state of mind of men who are satisfied with the procedure.

The men who, in the course of a party convention, are doing this marching and countermarching, this forming and dissolving into committees and delegations, and who appear like acolytes go-

ing through mystical rites and ceremonies, are only self-seeking men, without a real political idea in their heads. Their evolutions are done to be seen by the masses of the people, who will give them party support if these forms are complied with.

We all know well another interesting perversion of function. A legislator is by political theory a wise, enlightened man, pledged to intellectual duties. He gives no bonds. He is responsible only under the constitution and to his own conscience. Therefore, if the place is to be filled by a dummy, almost anybody will do. A town clerk must be a competent man, even under boss rule; but a legislator will serve the need so long as he is able to say "ay" and "no." The boss, then, governs the largest and the most complex business enterprise in the state; and he is always a man of great capacity. He is obliged to conduct it in a cumbersome and antiquated manner, and to proceed at every step according to precedent and by a series of fictions. When we consider that the legislators and governors are, after all, not absolute dummies; that among them are ambitious and rapacious men, with here and there an enemy or a traitor to the boss and to his dynasty, we cannot help admiring in the boss his high degree of Napoleonic intellect. And remember this: he must keep both himself and his patrons out of jail, and so far as possible keep them clear of public reprobation.

We have not as yet had any national boss, because the necessity for owning Congress has not as yet become continuous; and the interests which have bought the national legislature at one time or another have done it by bribing individuals, in the old-fashioned way.

Turning now to New York city, we find the political situation very similar to that of the country town already described. The interests which actually control the businesses of the city are

managed by very few individuals. It is only that the sums involved are different. One of these men is president of an insurance company whose assets are \$130,000,000; another is president of a system of street railways with a capital stock of \$30,000,000; another is president of an elevated road system with a capital of the same amount; a fourth is vice-president of a paving company worth \$10,000,000; a fifth owns \$50,000,000 worth of real estate; a sixth controls a great railroad system; a seventh is president of a savings-bank in which \$5,000,000 are deposited; and so on. The commercial ties which bind the community together are as close in the city as in the country town. The great magnates live in palaces, and the lesser ones in palaces, also. The hardware-dealer of the small town is in New York the owner of iron-works, a man of stainless reputation. The florist is the owner of a large tract of land within the city limits, through which a boulevard is about to be cut. The retired merchant has become a partner of his nephew, and is developing one of the suburbs by means of an extension of an electric road system. But the commercial hierarchy does not stop here; it continues radiating, spreading downward. All businesses are united by the instruments and usages which the genius of trade has devised. All these interests together represent the railroad of the country town. They take no real interest in politics, and they desire only to be let alone.

For the twenty years before the Strong administration the government of the city was almost continuously under the control of a ring, or, accurately speaking, of a Happy Family. Special circumstances made this ring well-nigh indestructible. The Boss-out-of-Power of the Happy Family happens to be also the boss of the state legislature. He performs a double function. This is what has given Platt his extraordinary power. It will have been noticed that some of the masses of

wealth above mentioned are peculiarly subject to state legislation: they subscribe directly to the state boss's fund. Some are subject to interference from the city administration: they subscribe to the city boss's fund.

We see that by the receipt of his fund the state boss is rendered independent of the people of the city. He can use the state legislature to strengthen his hands in his dealings with the city boss. After all, he does not need many votes. He can buy enough votes to hold his minority together and keep Tammany safely in power, and by now and then taking a candidate from the citizens he advertises himself as a friend of reform.

As to the Tammany branch of the concern, the big money interests need specific and often illegal advantages, and pay heavily over the Tammany counter. But as we saw before, public officers, if once corrupted, will work only for money. Every business that has to do with one or another of the city offices must therefore now contribute for "protection." A foreign business that is started in this city subscribes to Tammany Hall just as a visitor writes his name in a book at a watering-place. It gives him the run of the town. In the same way, the state-fearing business man subscribes to Platt for "protection." No secret is made of these conditions. The business man regards the reformer as a monomaniac who is not reasonable enough to see the necessity for his tribute. In the conduct of any large business, this form of bribery is as regular an item as rent. The machinery for such bribery is perfected. It is only when some blundering attempt is made by a corporation to do the bribing itself, when some unbusinesslike attempt is made to get rid of the middleman, that the matter is discovered. A few boodle aldermen go to jail, and every one is scandalized. The city and county officers of the new city of New

York will have to do with the disbursing of \$70,000,000 annually, — fully one half of it in the conduct of administration. The power of these officers to affect or even control values, by manipulation of one sort or another, is familiar to us all from experience in the past.

So much for business. Let us look at the law. The most lucrative practice is that of an attorney who protects great corporate interests among these breakers. He needs but one client; he gets hundreds. The mind of the average lawyer makes the same unconscious allowance for bribery as that of the business man. Moreover, we cannot overlook the cases of simple old-fashioned bribery to which the masses of capital give rise. In a political emergency any amount of money is forthcoming immediately, and it is given from aggregations of capital so large that the items are easily concealed in the accounts. Bribery, in one form or another, is part of the unwritten law. It is atmospheric; it is felt by no one. The most able men in the community believe that society would drop to pieces without bribery. They do not express it in this way, but they act upon the principle in an emergency. A leader of the bar, at the behest of his Wall Street clients, begs the reform police board not to remove Inspector Byrnes, who is the Jonathan Wild of the period. The bench is able, and for the most part upright. But many of the judges on the bench have paid large campaign assessments in return for their nominations; others have given notes to the bosses. This reveals the exact condition of things. In a corrupt era the judges paid cash. Now they help their friends. The son or the son-in-law of a judge is sure of a good practice, and referees are appointed from lists which are largely dictated by the professional politicians of both parties.

It would require an encyclopædia to state the various simple devices by which

the same principle runs through every department in the life of the community. Such an encyclopædia for New York city would be the best picture of municipal misgovernment in the United States during the commercial era. But one main fact must again be noted: this great complex ring is held together by the two campaign funds, the Tammany Hall fund and the Republican fund. They are the two power-houses which run all this machinery.

So far as human suffering goes, the positive evils of the system fall largely on the poor. The rich buy immunity, but the poor are persecuted, and have no escape or redress. This has always been the case under a tyranny. What else could we expect in New York? The Lexow investigation showed us the condition of the police force. The lower courts, both criminal and civil, and the police department were used for vote-getting and for money-getting purposes. They were serving as instruments of extortion and of favoritism. But in the old police courts the foreigner and the honest poor were actually attacked. Process was issued against them, their business was destroyed, and they were jailed unless they could buy off. This system still exists to some extent in the lower civil courts.

It is obvious that all these things come to pass through the fault of no one in particular. We have to-day reached the point where the public is beginning to understand that the iniquity is accomplished by means of the political boss. Every one is therefore abusing the boss. But Platt and Croker are not worse than the men who continue to employ them after understanding their function. These men stand for the conservative morality of New York, and for standards but little lower than the present standards.

Let us now see how those standards came to exist. Imagine a community in which, for more than a generation, the

government has been completely under boss rule, so that the system has become part of the habits and of the thought of the people, and consider what views we might expect to find in the hearts of the citizens of such a community. The masses will have been controlled by what is really bribery and terrorism, but what appears in the form of a very plausible appeal to the individual on the ground of self-interest. For forty years money and place have been corrupting them. Their whole conception of politics is that it is a matter of money and of place. The well-to-do will have been apt to prosper in proportion as they have made themselves serviceable to the dominant powers, and become part and parcel of the machinery of the system. It is not to be pretended that every man in such a community is a rascal, but it is true that in so far as his business brings him into contact with the administrative officers every man will be put to the choice between lucrative malpractice and thankless honesty. A conviction will spread throughout the community that nothing can be done without a friend at court; that honesty does not pay, and probably never has paid in the history of the world; that a boss is part of the mechanism by which God governs mankind; that property would not be safe without him; and, finally, that the recognized bosses are not so bad as they are painted. The great masses of corporate property have owners who really believe that the system of government which enabled them to make money is the only safe government. These people cling to abuses as to a life-preserver. They fear that an honest police board will not be able to bribe the thieves not to steal from them, that an honest state insurance department will not be able to prevent the legislature from pillaging them. It is absolutely certain that in the first struggles for reform the weight of the mercantile classes will be thrown very largely on the side of conservatism.

Now, in a great city like New York the mercantile *bourgeoisie* will include almost every one who has an income of five thousand dollars a year, or more. These men can be touched by the bosses, and therefore, after forty years of tyranny, it is not to be expected that many of those who wear black coats will have much enthusiasm for reform. It is "impracticable;" it is "discredited;" it is "expensive;" it is "advocated by unknown men;" it speaks ill of the "respectable;" it "does harm" by exciting the poor against the rich; it is "unbusinesslike" and "visionary;" it is "self-righteous." We have accordingly had, in New York city, a low and perverted moral tone, an incapacity to think clearly or to tell the truth when we know it. This is both the cause and the consequence of bondage. A generation of men really believed that honesty is bad policy, and will continue to be governed by Tammany Hall.

The world has wondered that New York could not get rid of its infamous incubus. The gross evils as they existed at the time of Tweed are remembered. The great improvements are not generally known. Reform has been slow, because its leaders have not seen that their work was purely educational. They did not understand the political combination, and they kept striking at Tammany Hall. Like a child with a toy, they did not see that the same mechanism which caused Punch to strike caused Judy's face to disappear from the window.

It is not selfishness and treason that are mainly responsible for the discredit which dogs "reform." It is the inefficiency of upright and patriotic men. The practical difficulty with reform movements in New York has been that the leaders of such movements have clung to old political methods. These men have thought that if they could hire or imitate the regular party machinery, they could make it work for good. They would fight

the banditti with bravi. They would expel Tammany Hall, and lo, Tammany is within them.

Is it a failure of intellect or of morality which prevents the reformers from seeing that idealism is the shortest road to their goal? It is the failure of both. It is a legacy of the old tyranny. In one sense it is corruption; in another it is stupidity; in every sense it is incompetence. Political incompetence is only another name for moral degradation, and both exist in New York for the same reason that they exist in Turkey. They are the offspring of blackmail.

Well-meaning and public-spirited men, who have been engrossed in business for the best part of their lives, are perhaps excusable for not understanding the principles on which reform moves. Any one can see that if what was wanted was merely a good school board, the easiest way to get it would be to go to Croker, give him a hundred thousand dollars, and offer to let him alone if he gave the good board. But until very recently nobody could see that putting good school commissioners on Platt's ticket and giving Platt the hundred thousand dollars are precisely the same thing.

In an enterprise whose sole aim is to raise the moral standard idealism always pays. A reverse following a fight for principle, like the defeat of Low, is pure gain. It records the exact state of the cause. It educates the masses on a gigantic scale. The results of that education are immediately visible. They are visible in New York to-day in the revolt against the Republican machine and the determined fight for the reorganization of that party.

On the other hand, all compromise means delay. By compromise, the awakened faith of the people is sold to the politicians for a mess of reform. The failures and mistakes of Mayor Strong's administration were among the causes for Mr. Low's defeat. People said, "If this be reform, give us Tammany Hall."

Our reformers have always been in hot haste to get results. They want a balance-sheet at the end of every year. They think this will encourage the people. But the people recall only their mistakes. The long line of reform leaders in New York city are remembered with contempt. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

That weakness of intellect which makes reformers love quick returns is twin brother to a certain defect of character. Personal vanity is very natural in men who figure as tribunes of the people. They say, "Look at Abraham Lincoln, and how he led the people out of the wilderness; let us go no faster than the people in pushing these reforms; let us accept half-measures; let us be Abraham Lincoln." The example of Lincoln has wrecked many a promising young man; for really Lincoln has no more to do with the case than Julius Cæsar. As soon as the reformers give up trying to be statesmen, and perceive that their own function is purely educational, and that they are mere anti-slavery agitators and persons of no account whatever, they will succeed better.

As to the methods of work in reform, — whether it shall be by clubs or by pamphlets, by caucus or by constitution, — they will be developed. Executive capacity is simply that capacity which is always found in people who really want something done.

In New York, the problem is not to oust Tammany Hall; another would arise in a year. It is to make the great public understand the boss system, of which Tammany is only a part. As fast as the reformers see that clearly themselves, they will find the right machinery to do the work in hand. It may be that, like the Jews, we shall have to spend forty years more in the wilderness, until the entire generation that lived under Pharaoh has perished. But education now-

adays marches quickly. The progress that has been made during the last seven years in the city of New York gives hope that within a decade a majority of the voters will understand clearly that all the bosses are in league.

In 1890, this fact was so little understood by the managers of an anti-Tammany movement which sprang up in that year that, after raising a certain stir and outcry, they put in the field a ticket made up exclusively of political hacks, whose election would have left matters exactly where they stood. The people at large, led by the soundest political instinct, reelected Tammany Hall, and gave to sham reform the rebuff that it deserved. In 1894, after the Lexow investigation had kept the town at fever-heat of indignation all summer, Mayor Strong was nominated by the Committee of Seventy, under an arrangement with Platt. The excitement was so great that the people at large did not examine Mr. Strong's credentials. He was a Republican merchant, and in no way identified with the boss system. Mayor Strong's administration has been a distinct advance, in many ways encouraging. Its errors and weaknesses have been so clearly traceable to the system which helped elect him that it has been in the highest degree valuable as an object-lesson. In 1895, only one year after Mayor Strong's election, the fruits of his administration could not yet be seen. In that year a few judges and minor local officers were to be chosen. By this time the "citizens' movement" had become a regular part of a municipal election. A group of radicals, the legatees of the Strong campaign, had for a year been enrolled in clubs called Good Government Clubs. These men took the novel course of nominating a complete ticket of their own. This was considered a dangerous move by the moderate reformers, who were headed by the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce and its well-meaning sup-

porters then took a step which, from an educational standpoint, turned out to be most important. In their terror lest Tammany Hall should gain the prestige of a by-election, they made an arrangement with Platt, and were allowed to name some candidates on his ticket. This was the famous "fusion," which the Good Government men attacked with as much energy as they might have expended on Tammany Hall. A furious campaign of crimination between the two reform factions followed, and of course Tammany was elected.

The difference between the Good Government men (the Goo-Gos, as they were called) and the Fusionists was entirely one of political education. The Goo-Goo mind had advanced to the point of seeing that Platt was a confederate of Tammany and represented one wing of the great machine. To give him money was useless; to lend him respectability was infamous. These ideas were disseminated by the press; and it was immaterial that they were disseminated in the form of denunciations of the Good Government Clubs. The people at large began to comprehend clearly what they had always instinctively believed. There was now a nucleus of men in the town who preferred Tammany Hall to any victory that would discredit reform.

It may be noted that the Good Government Clubs polled less than one per cent of the vote cast in that election; and that in the recent mayoralty campaign the Citizens' Union ran Mr. Low on the Good Government platform, and polled 150,000 votes. In this same election, the straight Republican ticket, headed by Tracy, polled 100,000 votes, and Tammany polled about as many as both its opponents together. A total of about 40,000 votes were cast for George and other candidates.

Much surprise has been expressed that there should be 100,000 Republicans in New York whose loyalty to the party made them vote a straight ticket with

the certainty of electing Tammany Hall ; but in truth, when we consider the history of the city, we ought rather to be surprised at the great size of the vote for Mr. Low. He was the man who arranged the fusion of 1895. It was entirely due to a lack of clear thinking and of political courage that such an arrangement was then made. Two years ago the Chamber of Commerce did not clearly understand the evils that it was fighting. Is it a wonder that 100,000 individual voters are still backward in their education ? If we discount the appeal of self-interest, which determined many of them, there are probably some 75,000 Republicans whose misguided party loyalty obscured their view and deadened their feelings. They cannot be said to hate bad government very much. They do not think Tammany Hall so very bad, after all. As the London papers said, the dog has returned to his vomit. It is unintelligent to abuse them. They are the children of the age. A few years ago we were all such as they. Of Mr. Low's 150,000 supporters, on the other hand, there are probably at least 40,000 who would vote through thick and thin for the principles which his campaign stood for.

Any one who is a little removed by time or by distance from New York knows that the city cannot have permanent good government until a clear majority of our 500,000 voters shall develop what the economists call an "effective desire" for it. It is not enough merely to want reform. The majority must know how to get it. For educational purposes, the intelligent discussion throughout the recent campaign is worth all the effort that it cost. The Low campaign was notable in another particular. The banking and the mercantile classes subscribed liberally to the citizens' campaign fund. They are the men who have had the most accurate knowledge of the boss system, because they support it. At last they have dared to expose it. Indeed, there was a

rent in Wall Street. The great capitalists and the promoters backed Tammany and Platt, as a matter of course ; but many individuals of power and importance in the street came out strongly for Low. They acted at personal risk, with courage, out of conscience. The great pendulum of wealth has swung toward decency, and henceforward the cause of political education will have money at its disposal. But the money is not the main point ; the personal influence of the men who give it operates more powerfully than the money. Hereafter reform will be respectable. The professional classes are pouring into it. The young men are reëntering politics. Its victory is absolutely certain, and will not be far distant.

The effect of public-spirited activity on the character is very rapid. Here again we cannot separate the cause from the consequence ; but it is certain that the moral tone of the community is changing very rapidly for the better, and that the thousands of men who are at this moment preparing to take part in the next citizens' campaign, and who count public activity as one of the regular occupations of their lives, are affecting the social and commercial life of New York. The young men who are working to reform politics find in it not only the satisfaction of a quasi-religious instinct, but an excitement which business cannot provide.

One effect of the commercial supremacy has been to make social life intolerably dull, by dividing people into cliques and trade unions. The millionaire dines with the millionaire, the artist with the artist, the hat-maker with the hat-maker, gentlefolk with gentlefolk. All of these sets are equally uninspiring, equally frightened at a strange face. The hierarchy of commerce is dull. The intelligent people in America are dull, because they have no contact, no social experience. Their intel-

ligence is a clique and wears a badge. They think they are not affected by the commercialism of the times; but their attitude of mind is precisely that of a lettered class living under a tyranny. They flock by themselves. It is certain that the cure for class feeling is public activity. The young jeweler, the young printer, and the golf-player, each, after a campaign in which they have been fighting for a principle, finds that social enjoyment lies in working with people unlike himself, for a common object. Reform movements bring men into touch, into struggle with the powers that are really shaping our destinies, and show them the sinews and bones of the social organism. The absurd social prejudices which unman the rich and the poor alike vanish in a six weeks' campaign. Indeed, the exhilaration of real life is too much for many of the reformers. Even bankers neglect their business, and dare not meet their partners, and a dim thought crosses their minds that perhaps the most enlightened way to spend money is, not to make it, but to invest it unearned in life.

The reasons for believing that the boss system has reached its climax are manifold. Some of them have been stated, others may be noted. In the first place, the railroads are built. Business is growing more settled. The sacking of the country's natural resources goes on at a slower pace. Concede, for the sake of argument, that it was an economic necessity for the New York Central Railroad to own the state legislature during the period of the building and consolidation of the many small roads which made up the present great system. The necessity no longer exists. Bribery, like any other crime, may be explained by an emergency; but every one believes that bribery is not a permanent necessity in the running of a railroad, and this general belief will determine the practices of the future. Public opinion will not stand

the abuses; and without the abuse where is the profit? In many places, the old system of bribery is still being continued out of habit, and at a loss. The corporations can get what they want more cheaply by legal methods, and they are discovering this. In the second place, the boss system is now very generally understood. The people are no longer deceived. The ratio between party feeling and self-interest is changing rapidly, in the mind of the average man. It was the mania of party feeling that supported the boss system and rendered political progress impossible, and party feeling is dying out. We have seen, for instance, that those men who, by the accident of the war, were shaken in their party loyalty have been the most politically intelligent class in the nation. The Northern Democrats, who sided with their opponents to save the Union, were the first men to be weaned of party prejudice, and from their ranks, accordingly, came civil service reformers, tariff reformers, etc.

It is noteworthy, also, that the Jewish mind is active in all reform movements. The isolation of the race has saved it from party blindness, and has given scope to its extraordinary intelligence. The Hebrew prophet first put his finger on blackmail as the curse of the world, and boldly laid the charge at the door of those who profited by the abuse. It was the Jew who perceived that, in the nature of things, the rich and the powerful in a community will be trammelled up and identified with the evils of the times. The wrath of the Hebrew prophets and the arraignments of the New Testament owe part of their eternal power to their recognition of that fact. They record an economic law.

Moreover, time fights for reform. The old voters die off, and the young men care little about party shibboleths. Hence these non-partisan movements. Every election, local or national, which causes a body of men to desert their party is a blow at the boss system. These move-

ments multiply annually. They are emancipating the small towns throughout the Union, even as commerce was once disfranchising them. As party feeling dies out in a man's mind, it leaves him with a clearer vision. His conscience begins to affect his conduct very seriously, when he sees that a certain course is indefensible. It is from this source that the reform will come.

The voter will see that it is wrong to support the subsidized boss, just as the capitalist has already begun to recoil from the monster which he created. He sees that it is wrong at the very moment when he is beginning to find it unprofitable. The old trademark has lost its value.

The citizens' movement is, then, a purge to take the money out of politics. The stronger the doses, the quicker the cure. If the citizens maintain absolute standards, the old parties can regain their popular support only by adopting those standards. All citizens' movements are destined to be temporary; they will vanish, to leave our politics purified. But the work they do is as broad as the nation.

The question of boss rule is of national importance. The future of the country is at stake. Until this question is settled, all others are in abeyance. The fight against money is a fight for permission to decide questions on their merits. The last presidential election furnished an illustration of this. At a private meeting of capitalists held in New York city, to raise money for the McKinley campaign, a very important man fervidly declared that he had already subscribed \$5000 to "buy Indiana," and that if called on to do so he would subscribe \$5000 more! He was greeted with cheers for his patriotism. Many of our best citizens believe not only that money bought that election, but that the money was well spent, because it averted a panic. These men do not believe in republican institutions; they have found something better.

This is precisely the situation in New York city. The men who subscribed to the McKinley campaign fund are the same men who support Tammany Hall. In 1896 they cried, "We cannot afford Bryan and his panic!" In 1897 the same men in New York cried, "We cannot afford Low and reform!" That is what was decided in each case. Yet it is quite possible that the quickest, wisest, and cheapest way of dealing with Bryan would have been to allow him and his panic to come on, — fighting them only with arguments, which immediate consequences would have driven home very forcibly. That is the way to educate the masses and fit them for self-government; and it is the only way.

In this last election the people of New York have crippled Platt. It is a service done to the nation. Its consequences are as yet not understood; for the public sees only the gross fact that Tammany is again in power.

But the election is memorable. It is a sign of the times. The grip of commerce is growing weaker, the voice of conscience louder. A phase in our history is passing away. That phase was predestined from the beginning.

The war did no more than intensify existing conditions, both commercial and political. It gave sharp outlines to certain economic phenomena, and made them dramatic. It is due to the war that we are now able to disentangle the threads and do justice to the nation.

The corruption that we used to denounce so fiercely and understand so little was a phase of the morality of an era which is already vanishing. It was as natural as the virtue which is replacing it; it will be a curiosity almost before we have done studying it. We see that our institutions were particularly susceptible to this disease of commercialism, and that the sickness was acute, but that it was not mortal. Our institutions survived.

John Jay Chapman.

THE DANGER FROM EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A SHORT time ago there appeared a new book which will find its way everywhere into the hands of teachers, and which will be welcomed heartily. I think that its attitude is dangerous, and that the ready acceptance of it arises from illusions and confusions; nevertheless, I am glad, too, that such a book has appeared, as I have always believed that, after the very best books, the worst books are those which can be most useful. They show the logical mistakes in a form so exaggerated and unmasked that nobody can help profiting from such a climax of blunders. If we cannot learn from a book, we may be warned by it, and in the present case it is high time to give the danger signal. A warning ought to be sounded to the teachers against their rush toward experimental psychology, — a rush stirred up by the hope that psychical facts will be measured by the new method, and that such an exact mathematical knowledge of mental life will become the long-desired vehicle for a real modern pedagogical scheme. This movement began as a scientific fashion. It grew into an educational sport, and it is now near the point of becoming a public danger. At such a point the discussion should no longer be confined to narrow educational quarters, as the whole country has to suffer for every educational sin.

The book I have in mind is called *The New Psychology*. Its birthplace is Yale. The name of the author has nothing to do with our arguments. The consistent idea he presents is this: The old psychology, of which the chief method was self-observation, gave only descriptions of mental facts and processes; the new psychology, of which the chief method is experimentation, gives at last measurements of such facts. The old psychology was qualitative; the new is quantitative. All other recent books on

psychology are mere compromises between the old and the new psychology. Here, the author thinks, is finally a book which is up to date, — a book which gets rid of all the old-fashioned scholastic headings, like Memory, Attention, Feeling, Emotion, Perception, Volition. All the new books have given qualitative descriptions, and have added to them the modern quantitative details, but from cover to cover this book consists of measurements, and its sections are therefore brought under the headings of those conceptions upon which every measurement in the universe depends, Space, Time, and Energy. Consequently, the teacher has here the safe ground of a real, exact psychology on which he can build up his system of pedagogics.

I am not a man whose heart belongs to an old-fashioned forgotten past, and who dislikes, as many do, the modern ways of experimental work. I speak, on the contrary, as the director of the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, — as a man who devotes his life to the most modern methods of psychology; nevertheless, I must say I have never measured a psychical fact, I have never heard that anybody has measured a psychical fact, I do not believe that in centuries to come a psychical fact will ever be measured. Let us consider what kind of measurements the book in question offers us.

As I have said, the author divides his psychology into three large parts, Space, Time, and Energy, after the analogy with physics. If we knew all about the space, the time, and the energy of physical things, natural science would have reached its ideal. How is it with the space, the time, and the energy of mental facts? Our book gives a nicely illustrated section on space. Has it found out the dimensions in feet and inches of our

feelings and emotions? Has it found whether our will is a square or a circle in space? No. The author does not speak about the space extension of mental facts at all, but partly about the dependence of mental facts on the space of the physical world, — that is, of the optical and tactual stimuli, — and partly about the constitution of our idea of space. We learn, for instance, how we come to see the flat pictures in the stereoscope as solid objects; that is, we have a qualitative analysis of our thought about the quantitative measurable physical space, but we have nowhere a spatial measurement of a psychical fact. We are promised the space of thought, and we get the thought of space. That is a juggling with words, and not a new science.

Exactly the same is true for that part of the book which deals with energy. Not the energy of the psychical facts is there in question, but those psychical facts are analyzed by which we are conscious of physical action and energy. The energy of our feelings is not measured, but our feelings of energy and effort are described, — certainly an important thing, but not the thing which is promised to us. To speak of a measurable energy of our psychical elements is absurd, as every energy can be measured only by its effect, and as the psychical products of mental action are inner states which cannot be added and multiplied, and which have no constant unities like the unities of weight and space and time, so that here again the effect can be determined only qualitatively, not quantitatively. But this absurdity, of course, disappears at once, if the analysis of the feeling of energy is substituted for the measurement of the energy of feelings: just this the author does, and he gives us, therefore, something which is possible, but which has no bearing on the promised treatment. Considered as a qualitative mental state, this feeling of effort is no more nearly related to the problem of measurable energy than is the

feeling of joy and grief, or the sensation of heat and cold.

To bring its principle fully *ad absurdum*, our book gives finally, under the heading Energy, two chapters more on sound and color, introducing them with a short but significant sentence: "One of the forms of energy which we perceive is that of color." Does it still need a word to show that the writer is speaking, not of the psychical energy of the perception, but of the perception of physical energy? Nobody ever doubted that space and energy of the physical world are measurable. The author offers, not measurement of psychical facts, but qualitative analysis of mental states which are related to measurable physical facts. With the same right with which he brings his report of experimental psychology under the titles Space, Time, and Energy, he might have brought it under the titles Iron, Wood, and Hard Rubber, after the different physical instruments we need for the study of psychical facts, and pretending that therefore the mental facts themselves are of hard rubber, wood, or iron.

Thus far we have not spoken about the time. The case is here a little more complicated. Of course, in dealing with this question the book rushes into the same mistake. It discusses chiefly the mental states by which we think about time periods. The time of the objects of our thought is not the time of our thought; we can think about a century in one second. Just as illogically included here is another problem, the time relations of our physical stimuli. How long must the physical process last to give us a sensation? It is clear that this is not time measurement of psychical facts. But can we deny that a real time measurement of mental life is possible? Some one may agree with me that mental elements have no space and energy, but he will say they fill time, they last through seconds and days and years; and modern psychology can

measure this time by thousandths of a second; can I deny even this measurement? Well, I confess it is true that our psychological laboratories are filled and overfilled with time-measuring machines,—with electric chronoscopes and chronographs and kymographs and sphygmographs and pneumographs and myographs and ergographs; and nevertheless I think that the time we measure is not the time of the primary mental experience, but the time of physical processes into which we project our mental states. Our real inner experience has time value in a double way. We have past, present, and future, as forms of subjective attitude: past is the reality on which we cannot act any more; present is the object of our real action; future is the reality for which we have still the possibility of planning our actions. These are three attitudes which as acts of our attention are in themselves not divisible.

But we find in our consciousness time in still another way. We feel the time qualities of our ideas. The rhythm, the duration, the interval, the succession of the psychical elements, are characteristics of our inner experience, but characteristics which are fully coördinated to the qualities of color and pitch and smell. They are a unique, indescribable, qualitative experience, which cannot be divided, and which is never identical with the sum of its elements. The tone lasting through a second, and the click filling a hundredth of a second, each gives an impression of time shape, but the one time feeling does not contain a hundred times the other. They are two different qualities, not quantities. The time shape of the inner experience is an absolutely indivisible quality, which therefore never can be measured,—not from lack of means, but from lack of meaning. To say that the time quality of one psychical fact contains five times the time quality of another is not less absurd than to pretend that one emotion or one virtue is

five times heavier or has five times more angles than another.

This changes at once, if we leave the standpoint of inner experience, and look on our mental life from the outside; that is, if we consider it as an accompaniment of our physical processes, as an experience of our physical organism. My organism belongs, of course, like every other physical body in the universe, to the physical objective time which can be divided into years and days and seconds; and as soon as I project my inner states into this empirical personality, my thoughts and feelings must take part in this objective scheme of time. Now, my thoughts and feelings, as they coincide with this or that physical experience of the organism, have duration in hours and minutes, are to-day or were yesterday, and may grow through years; if they last a minute they contain sixty times a second, and they can be measured in thousandths of a second.

If I make such a substitution of the psycho-physical organism for the original psychical experience, my mental states get space just as they get time. I can say, then, with the same right, that my ideas are now in this country, while three months ago they were in Germany; that they are in this room, that they are in this brain; and just as I measure them in fractions of a second, an ideal science which knows all about the functions of the ganglion cells in the brain could measure the distance of my thoughts in the brain by millionths of an inch. The time we really measure is the time of physical processes of our physiological body, but the psychological facts as such have as little measurable time as energy or space. In all three cases we measure physical facts which are in special relations to the psychical life, but we cannot measure the psychical facts themselves, and it remains an illusion to believe that a kind of mathematical psychology is the outcome of our laboratories.

To be sure, these most modern illusions of which the book under consideration is such a striking illustration are not without predecessors. Two of the greatest and most influential psychological systems of this century have tried already to introduce numerical measurements and mathematical methods, — the systems of Herbart and Fechner. Both attempts were of the highest importance for the progress of psychology. Herbart gave an impulse toward a careful analysis of the mental states, and Fechner started experimental work; both have even to-day plenty of followers, but the mathematical part of both systems is recognized everywhere as mistaken. Their psychical measurement was an illusion.

The logical error of Herbart and Fechner was not exactly the same as that of the tendencies of to-day. They did not substitute physical objects for psychical facts, but they gave to the psychical facts some features which belong in reality to physical objects only. Herbart treated the ideas like solid billiard-balls which are pushed into consciousness and out of consciousness. Certainly Herbart's mathematical presuppositions about the moving forces of ideas are the simplest possible; but the simplest are just as misleading as any others, if the objects are not measurable at all. Only by a thoroughgoing comparison of the mutual effects of ideas with bodily movements did his conjectures become possible. But a metaphor which is useful for the explanation cannot transform changes of mind into real mechanical statics and dynamics of psychical elements. The movements of ideas, if you call them movements, are not measurable. Of course, if you make any numerical presuppositions about the amount of these movements, you can build up a full mathematical system.

Still more natural appears the presupposition with which stands and falls the famous psycho-physical system of Fechner. Every part of it depends upon his

belief that a strong sensation is a multiple of a weak one; a weak sensation, a fraction of a stronger one. But have we a right to accept this assumption? Does a strong sound sensation contain so and so many weak sound sensations, just as a strong physical sound contains the weak sounds? Does our more intense light sensation contain two or ten or a million faint light sensations, in the way in which a physical light of ten-candle power contains five times the light of two-candle power? In other words, is white a multiple of light gray, light gray a multiple of dark gray, dark gray a multiple of black? Is hot sensation a multiple of lukewarm sensations? Is lukewarm sensation equal to so and so many cold sensations? Does a strong sensation of pressure contain x times the weak sensation of touch? By no means. All our inner experience revolts.

It is the old confusion between the sensation and the knowledge about the causes of the sensation. The white sunlight contains the red and green and violet sun-rays, but it is absurd if the psychologist pretends that therefore the white sensation contains the sensation red and the sensation green. Nothing of that kind is in our consciousness. White and red are psychologically two different qualities, and just so are white and gray, hot and cold, pressure and touch, strong sound and faint sound, psychologically only different qualities of which one never contains the other, notwithstanding that the physical stimuli contain one another. A sensation never consists of smaller sensations, as a foot consists of inches, or a minute of seconds, or a pound of ounces; and Fechner's fundamental mistake was to give to sensations this characteristic which belongs to the world of physics only. If we think a strong sensation made up of weak sensations, as a foot is made up of inches, the way is open to a brilliant mathematical construction.

We can say, then, that wherever psy-

chical facts have been measured, either physical facts were substituted, as in our most modern tendencies, or psychical facts themselves were falsely thought after the analogy with physical objects. Well, some one may say, granted that all the endeavors to measure psychical facts have been so far unsuccessful: is that a sufficient reason for giving up all attempts to measure them? Must we not be grateful for every new effort to reach mathematical exactitude in psychology? The north pole of our earth has not as yet been reached: is that a reason for saying that it cannot be reached? Certainly not. Send new ships and balloons to the north pole, but do not send ships to the fairyland of Utopia, as we know beforehand that it does not exist, and that it is therefore impossible to reach it. The land of measurable psychical facts is a Utopia which will never be reached because it cannot exist at all, and it cannot exist because it contradicts the antecedents with which psychology starts.

What should we think of an astronomer who had found with his telescope a place in the physical universe where no space exists, or of a geologist who had found a pre-glacial period in which no time existed, or of a physicist who had found a physical metal which does not underlie causality? We should say, with full right, that the assertion is absurd: space, time, and causality are the presuppositions for the existence of the physical world, and the naturalist has to take them for granted. He has not to investigate whether they exist or not. He has to think the world within these forms, and if he gives up these presuppositions he does not speak any more about the physical world. To examine the right and wrong of these conceptions, and therefore the right and wrong of the fundamentals of natural science, is not the business of the naturalist, but the task of the philosopher. Every special science has to start with assumptions which

it accepts. Philosophy has to examine them, and so to determine the field in which the special sciences can have free movement, but which they never are allowed to transcend.

The unmeasurable character of psychical facts belongs to those fundamental presuppositions with which the special science of psychology starts, and which therefore cannot be destroyed by any psychological discoveries. The psychologist who discovers a measurable sensation or feeling stands on the same level with the physicist who discovers that metal which is not in space and time and causality. This is not the place to give even in the most superficial outlines the arguments for this philosophical decision. I indicate briefly only the direction in which these arguments move forward.

The world in which we really live is primarily neither physical nor psychical. We do not know those atomistic objects of which mechanics tells us; those objects which have no colors and sounds and smells and temperatures, but are only moving ether atoms and molecules. And just so we do not know primarily the external objects as our perceptions in our own consciousness, those ideas about which psychology tells us. The book I am reading is to me in real life neither physical molecules only nor my own optical idea. It represents a kind of object which has objective and subjective characteristics at the same time. It is an object which is not differentiated into a physical thing and a psychical idea. In this world of undifferentiated objects we find ourselves as willing subjects, and the chain of our subjective attitudes and actions means our life. In this world we are free subjects, whose single acts are related to ends, and not determined by causes. In this world we are ourselves not physical and not psychical; we are subjects of will. And that is not a constructed metaphysical reality, but the only reality to which our

daily life and all history belong, and to which logic and ethics refer. It is a world of will, of action, of appreciation, of values.

But we willing subjects create by our will still another world, — a world of less reality, a world which is a logical construction only. We have an interest in thinking the objects of our will as independent of our will, and the real objects cut loose from the subjects cease to be in the world of values. They become existing objects. Out of the world of values we create the world of existence, — a world which is real only in our abstraction, and which is true only as it has a value for us to think the objects so, and not otherwise. But in creating such existing objects the subjects can think them in a double way. We separate on the one side the objects in so far as they are possible objects for every subject; on the other side, the same objects in so far as they are objects for one subjective act only. The first group contains the physical, the second group the psychical objects. Both represent, as we have seen, not realities, but complicated transformations of reality produced by abstractions made for a special purpose of the willing subjects. And if there were not a multitude of such subjects, the separation of physical facts and psychical facts would have no meaning. The physical world is a world for many; the psychical world is a world for one only, — not for one subject, but for one subjective attitude, one act only.

If that is so, we understand, first, that in psychology we must forever do without that necessary basis of every measuring science, the constant unity. We can measure the physical world and describe it in mathematical terms because we can agree there about units. My minute and hour, my inch and foot, my ounce and pound, are also yours. The physical world is made up of the objects in so far as they are given to all subjects. My mental objects are not ac-

cessible to any other subject. No psychical fact can be shared by one subject with another. That is the presupposition with which psychology starts.

But there is not only an impossibility of an objective measurement through lack of units. It is, secondly, just as impossible that a single subject should think one of his mental states as a multiple of another state. We have seen that we call a fact psychical if it is the object for one subjective act only. The consequence must be that physical matter lasts, and never disappears, — it is a possible object for every subject; while psychical facts cannot last, — they disappear with the single act, and can never be renewed. The one mental object can therefore never be repeated in another object. New objects must appear in consciousness which may be more or less similar, but the one can never be in the other; each must stand for itself; and the criterion of physical measurement, that every part having the dimensions of the given unit could be replaced by it, is *a priori* excluded.

The act by which we as willing subjects transform the real objects into physical and psychical objects, — that very act forbids for all time the measurement of psychical facts, and we must ignore our deepest presuppositions if we believe that we can measure them. Malicious persons have pretended that women often do not know the difference between a good conscience and a bad memory. The assertion is certainly more true as to some sciences. The experimental psychology which believes that it can have a good conscience in measuring mental states has really only a bad memory. It has forgotten all that it has promised in its presuppositions. Measure mental life, and it flows back to the logical primary state which did not know the differentiation of objects into physical and psychical facts. The real psychical facts cannot be anything else than a world of qualities.

All that may be granted, but nevertheless the energy may be censured with which I fight against these most modern tendencies. It will be said, perhaps: "Look on Herbart and Fechner. Their mathematical systems are blunders, and yet they were immensely productive, and gave everlasting impulses to modern thinking. Error is the most important source of knowledge. What is astronomy without foregoing astrology? What is chemistry without alchemy? Why fight against this new scheme? It may be erroneous, but it may also suggest new ways and new insights, and above all one great result is perceivable already: it has turned the attention of teachers toward experimental psychology. Is not that in itself something which excuses many defects?" Well, I do not deny in the least that the effects of a system may transcend the intentions of an author, that error may be productive, that Herbart and Fechner have helped us immensely, and that this new scheme attracts teachers toward experimental psychology; but I come to quite other conclusions. I acknowledge the pedagogical effect of the new scheme fully, but I do not excuse the theoretical wrong on account of the practical service. No; on the contrary, I fight against these pseudo-measurements in first line just on account of this practical outcome, as the effect upon teachers seems to me a confusion and a pedagogical blunder which is even worse than the psychological mistake. This brings me finally to the point toward which I started.

The teachers of this country instinctively feel that the educational system is still far from having reached its ideal shape. Much needs to be improved, and as the teachers are serious and conscientious, they stand on the lookout for new schemes and new ideas. There came a new science into the field, — experimental psychology. This experimental psychology said, in Sunday newspapers and elsewhere, with loud voice: Teachers,

the thing you lack is a scientific knowledge of the child's mind. How can you hope for a solid pedagogical system if it is not built up on the basis of a solid psychology? The old psychology was of no help to you. The old psychology was a dreamy thing for philosophers and ministers, filled with lazy self-observation. There was no exact measuring in it. The end of the century, our time of technics and inventions, needs an exact measurement. We have captured it by our new laboratory methods. Come and measure the psychical facts, and the new era of exact treatment of the child's mind, on the basis of an exact knowledge of mind by accurate measurements, will begin.

Is it surprising that there set in a great rush for the benefactions of experimental psychology, that the laboratories have become for teachers the ideal goals, that experimenting with children has become the teacher's sport, and that contempt for the poor old psychology which did not measure has become the symbol of the rising generation? No, it is not surprising, but it is deplorable. And if this movement deserves to be stopped, some little advantage may be gained, perhaps, if teachers come to understand that those hopes are on a wrong track, that no laboratory and no experiment can ever measure a psychical fact, and that all hope for pedagogics on the basis of a mathematically exact psychology is and will be a perfect illusion.

I do not wish to discuss here the great question of child study, where the dangers are not less threatening. It has always been my conviction that love and tact and patience and sympathy and interest are more important for the teacher than any psychological observations he can make on children, and that these observations are natural enemies of his instinctive emotional attitudes because they dissolve the personality into elements, while love and tact have nothing to do with a bundle of elements. They turn to the personality as one unit. They mean

the child, and not its ganglion cells and its psychical atoms of sensation.

But I now leave child study aside. I look on psychology as a whole, and say with the fullest assurance to all teachers: This rush toward experimental psychology is an absurdity. Our laboratory work cannot teach you anything which is of direct use to you in your work as teachers; and if you are not good teachers it may even do you harm, as it may confuse you and inhibit your normal teacher's instincts. If you are interested in the subtle studies of modern laboratory psychology, devote your free time to it. Certainly, there are few sciences so attractive. Study it as you would study geology or astronomy or Greek history or German literature, but do not expect that it will help you in your work as teachers more than astronomy or geology would help you. You may collect thousands of experimental results with the chronoscope and the kymograph, but you will not find anything in our laboratories which you could translate directly into a pedagogical prescription. The figures deceive you. There is no measurement of psychical facts, and therefore no psychology which is antagonistic or in any contrast with the psychology of introspection. The methods are more developed, but the general aim is the same, — a purely qualitative analysis of the inner life; no quantitative calculation.

If teachers connected no hopes with the old self-observing psychology, there would be no reason to change the attitude. But that old distrust of psychology was unfair. Teachers ought always to have had confidence in a sound qualitative psychology. A serious understanding of the mental functions certainly will help them in their educational work. Only that kind of study which is added by the new experimental methods has no direct value for them. In the hands of the professional psychologists, experimental results are important suggestions for a more subtle and more re-

finer qualitative analysis than the pure observation allowed. In the hands of the outsider, in the hands of the teacher, those results are odd bits and ends which never form a whole and which have no meaning for real life. Far from being an exact science of measurable psychical facts, they would be to him a mass of disconnected, queer details, of which no one could be generalized for a practical purpose.

I know that if the flood of intellectual fashion is rising, one man's voice cannot do much. We must wait until the ebb tide comes. I am confident that this new educational sport must have and will have its reaction. The time must come when teachers will feel that it was a misled curiosity which made them expect pedagogical help from their own psychological experiments, and that it was a logical mistake to think that a quantitative psychology would be a better basis for education than a qualitative one. I believe this time will come soon as a result of the necessary disappointments which are already expressed in all educational quarters; but even if this reaction is near, it remains the duty of the psychologist to repeat and repeat his warning; he can at least aid in rendering the reaction less painful and less overwhelming. Above all, his warning may prevent the reaction from bringing us to the other extreme, which is wrong too, — the extreme view that because experimental psychology is not quantitative, therefore psychology in general is useless for the modern teacher. This view is mistaken. Let us keep in mind from the start that if the rush to the illusory measuring psychology is over, the teacher ought to go back to the solid, sober, qualitative analysis of the human mind; he will find there plenty of help for his sacred educational work.

To be sure, the future will transform the situation, and will connect the interests of both sides. As the anatomist, with his microscopical study of the stomach, may finally suggest the ways for

cooking more digestible food, so the experimental psychologist will combine and connect the detailed results more and more, till he is able to transform his knowledge into practical educational suggestions. But such suggestions are possible only for those who are able to consider the full totality of the facts. Single disconnected details are of no value for such a practical transformation; and even after all is done, this more highly developed knowledge will be but a more refined understanding of qualitative relations, — never the quantitative measurement which so many teachers now hopefully expect. Above all, that connection is a matter of the

future. To-day there is almost no sign of it, and I for one believe that that future will be a rather distant one, as experimental psychology is yet quite in the beginning, like physics in the sixteenth century.

I do hope for a high and great and brilliant progress of experimental psychology, and I do hope still more for a wonderful growth of the educational systems in this country; but I feel sure that the development of both will be the stronger and sounder and greater, the longer both education and experimental psychology go sharply separated ways, with sympathy, but without blind adoration for each other.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE BEDS OF FLEUR-DE-LYS.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

HIGH-LYING sea-blown stretches of green turf,
Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,
Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,
And, curving over them as long they lie,
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

Wide-flowing, self-sown, stealing near and far,
Breaking the green like islands in the sea,
Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend
Dwindling over the horizon's end, —
Wilds beds of fleur-de-lys.

The light, keen wind streams on across the lifts,
Thin wind of western springtime by the sea;
The warm Earth smiles unmoved, but over her
Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

And here and there across the smooth low grass
Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea;
And bend and bend, with light robes blown aside,
For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide, —
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson,

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

V.

ELEVEN years passed.

The King of France was no longer sending adventurers to capture the outposts of England, but rather was beginning hopelessly to wind in again the coil of disaster which had spun out through the helpless fingers of Necker, Calonne, Brienne, and the rest, and in the end was to bind his own hands for the guillotine.

The island of Jersey, like a scout upon the borders of a foeman's country, looked out over St. Michael's Basin to those provinces where the war of the Vendée was soon to strike France from within, while England, and presently all Europe, should strike her from without.

War, or the apprehension of war, was in the air. The people of the little isle, always living within the influence of natural wonder and the power of the elements, were superstitious; and as news of dark deeds done in Paris crept across from Carteret or St. Malo, as men-of-war anchored in the tideway, and English troops, against the hour of trouble, came, transport after transport, into the harbor of St. Helier's, they began to see visions and dream dreams. One peasant heard the witches singing a chorus of carnage at Rocbert; another saw, toward the Minquiers, a great army, like a mirage, upon the sea; others declared that certain French refugees in the island had the evil eye and bewitched the cattle; and one peasant woman, wild with grief because her child had died of a sudden sickness, meeting a little Frenchman, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champ-savoys de Beaumanoir, in the Rue des Très Pigeons, made a stroke at his face with a knitting-needle, and then, Protestant though she was, crossed herself several times, after the custom of her forefathers.

This superstition and fanaticism, so strong in the populace, now and then burst forth in untamable fury and riot; so that when, on the 16th of September, 1792, the gay morning was suddenly overcast and a black curtain was drawn over the bright sun, the people of Jersey, working in the fields, vraicking among the rocks, or knitting in their doorways, stood aghast, and knew not what was upon them.

Some began to say the Lord's Prayer. Some, in superstitious terror, ran to the secret hole in the wall, to the chimney, or to the bedstead, or dug up the earthen floor, to find the stocking full of notes and gold, which might perchance come with them safe through any cataclysm, or start them again in business in another world. Some began tremblingly to sing hymns, and a few to swear freely. The latter were mostly carters, whose salutations to one another were mainly oaths because of the extreme narrowness of the island roads, and sailors, to whom profanity was as daily bread.

In St. Helier's, after the first stupefaction, people poured into the streets. They gathered most where met the Rue d'Drière and the Rue d'Egypte. Here stood the old prison, and the spot was called the Place du Vier Prison.

Men and women, with their breakfasts still in their mouths, mumbled in terror to one another. A woman shrieked that the Day of Judgment was come, and instinctively straightened her cap, smoothed out her dress of molleton, and put on her sabots. A carpenter, hearing her terrified exclamations, put on his sabots also, stooped, whimpering, to the stream running from the Rue d'Egypte, and began to wash his face. Presently a dozen of his neighbors did the same. Some of the women, however, went on knitting hard as they gabbled prayers and

looked at the fast-blackening sun. Knitting was to Jersey women, like breathing or talebearing, life itself. With their eyes closing on earth, they would have gone on knitting and dropped no stitches.

A dusk came down like that over Pompeii and Herculaneum. The tragedy of fear went hand in hand with burlesque commonplace. The gray stone walls of the houses grew darker and darker, and seemed to close in on the dismayed, terrified, hysterical crowd. Here some one was shouting the word of command to an imaginary company of militia; there an aged crone was offering, without price, simnels and black butter, as a sort of propitiation for an imperfect past; and from a window a notorious evil liver was calling out in frenzied voice that she had heard the devil and the witches from Robert reveling in the dungeons of the prison the night before. Thereupon, a disheveled, long-haired fanatic, once a barber, with a gift for mad preaching and a well-known hatred of the French, sprang upon the Pompe des Brigands, and, declaring that the Last Day had come, cried:—

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me! He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!"

Some one thrust into his hand a torch. He waved it to and fro in his wild harangue; he threw up his arms toward the darkened sun and the ominous gloom, and with blatant fury commanded that the prison doors be opened. Other torches and candles appeared, and the mob trembled to and fro in their helpless delirium of excitement.

"The prison! Open the Vier Prison! Break down the doors! Gat'd'en'ale, drive out the devils! Free the prisoners, the poor vauriens!" the crowd shouted, and they rushed forward with sticks and weapons.

The prison arched the street as Temple Bar once spanned the Strand. They pressed through the archway, overpow-

ered the terror-stricken jailer, and, battering open the door in frenzy, called the prisoners forth.

They looked to see issue some sailor arrested for singing too loud of a Sab-bath, some profane peasant who had presumed to wear patins in church, some profaner peasant who had not doffed his hat to the connétable, or some slipshod militiaman who had worn sabots on parade, thereby offending the red-robed dignity of the royal court.

Instead, there appeared a little Frenchman of the most refined and unusual appearance. The blue cloth of his coat set off the extreme paleness of his small but serene face and the high, round forehead. The hair, a beautiful silver gray, which time only had powdered, was tied in a queue behind. The little gentleman's hand was as thin and fine as a lady's; his shoulders were narrow and slightly stooped; his eyes were large, eloquent, and benign. His clothes were amazingly neat; they showed constant brushing, and here and there signs of the friendly repairing needle.

The whole impression was that of a man whom a whiff of wind would blow away, with the body of an ascetic and the simplicity of a child, while the face had some particular sort of wisdom, difficult to define and impossible to imitate. He held in his hand a small cane of the sort carried at the court of Louis XV. Louis Capet himself had given it to him; and you might have had the life of the little gentleman, but not this cane with the tiny golden bust of his unhappy monarch.

He stood on the steps of the prison and looked serenely on the muttering, excited crowd.

"I fear there is a mistake," said he, coughing slightly into his fingers. "You do not seek me. I—I have no claim upon your kindness. I am only the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir."

For a moment the mob had been

stayed in amazement by this small, rare creature stepping from the doorway, like a porcelain colored figure from a noisome wood in a painting by Boucher. In the instant's pause, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir took from his pocket a timepiece and glanced at it; then looked over the heads of the crowd toward the hooded sun, which was beginning to show its face again.

"It was due at eight less seven minutes," said he; "clear sun again was set for ten minutes past. It is now upon the stroke of the hour!"

He seemed in no way concerned with the swaying crowd before him. Undoubtedly they wanted nothing of him, and therefore he did not take their presence seriously; but, of an inquiring mind, he was deeply interested in the eclipse. His obliviousness of them and their intentions was of short duration.

"He's a French sorcerer! He has the evil eye! Away with him to the sea!" shouted the fanatical preacher from the Pompe des Brigands.

"It's a witch turned into a man!" cried a drunken woman from her window. "Give him the wheel of fire at the blacksmith's forge."

"That's it! Gad'rabotin — the wheel of fire'll turn him back again to a hag!"

The little gentleman protested, but they seized him and dragged him from the steps. Tossed like a ball, so light was he, he grasped his gold-headed cane as one might cling to life, and declared that he was no witch, but a poor French exile, arrested the night before for being abroad after nine o'clock, against the orders of the royal court.

Many of the crowd knew him well enough by sight, but that natural barbarity which is in humanity, not far from the surface, was at work, and, like their far ancestors who, when in fear, sacrificed human victims, these children of Adam maltreated the refugee now. The mob was too delirious to act with intelli-

gence. The dark cloud was lifting from the sun, and the dread of the Judgment Day was declining; but as the pendulum swung back from that fear toward normal life again, it carried with it the one virulent and common prejudice of the country: radical hatred of the French, which often slumbered, but never died; which sometimes broke forth relentlessly and unreasoningly, as now it did against du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir.

The wife of an oyster-fisher from Rozel Bay, who lived in hourly enmity with the oyster-fishers of Carteret, gashed his cheek with the shell of an ormer. A potato-digger from Grouville parish struck at his head with a hoe, for the Granvilais had crossed the strait to the island the year before, to work in the harvest-fields for a smaller wage than the Jersiais, and this little French gentleman should be held responsible for that. The weapon missed the chevalier, but laid low a centenier, who, though a municipal officer, had lost his head, like his neighbors, in the excitement and terror. This only increased the rage of the mob against the foreigner, and was another crime to lay to his charge. A smuggler thereupon kicked him in the side.

At that moment there came a cry of indignation from a girl at an upper window of the Place. The chevalier evidently knew her, for even in his hard case he smiled; and then he heard another voice ring out over the heads of the crowd, strong, angry, determined.

From the Rue d'Drière a tall, athletic man was hurrying. He had on his shoulders a workman's basket, from which peeped a ship-builder's tools. Seeing the chevalier's danger, he dropped the basket through the open window of a house, and forced his way through the crowd, roughly knocking from under them the feet of two or three ruffians who opposed him. He reproached the crowd, he berated them, he handled them fiercely; with dexterous strength he caught the little gentleman up in his arms, and, driv-

ing straight on to the open door of the smithy, placed him inside, and blocked the passage with his own body.

Like all mobs, this throng had no reason, no sense. They were balked in their malign intentions, and this man, Maitre Ranulph Delagarde, was the cause of it, — that was all they knew. It was a strange picture: the preacher in an ecstasy of emotion haranguing the foolish rabble, who now realized, with an unbecoming joy, that the Last Day was yet to face; the gaping, empty prison; the open windows crowded with excited faces; the church bell from the Vier Marchi ringing an alarm; Norman lethargy roused to froth and fury; one strong man holding two hundred back!

Above them all, at a hus in the gable of a thatched cottage, stood the girl whom the chevalier had recognized. She was leaning across the lower closed half of the door, her hands in apprehensive excitement clasping her cheeks, the fingers making deep indentations in the soft flesh. The eyes were bewildered, and, though quivering with pain, watched the scene below with an unwavering intensity.

A stone was thrown at Delagarde as he stood in the doorway, but it missed him.

"Oh — oh — oh!" the girl exclaimed, shrinking as if the stone had struck her. "Oh, shame! Oh, you cowards!" she added, her hands now indignantly beating the hus.

Three or four men rushed forward on Ranulph. He hurled them back. Others came on with weapons. The girl fled for an instant, then reappeared with a musket, as the people were crowding in on Delagarde with threats and execrations.

"Stop! stop!" she cried from above, and Ranulph seized a blacksmith's hammer to meet the onset.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" she called again, and she aimed her musket at the foremost assailants.

Every face turned in her direction, for her voice had rung out clear as music:

it had a note of power and resonance like an organ. There was a moment of silence; the leveled musket had a deadly look, and the girl seemed determined. Her fingers, her whole body, trembled; but there was no mistaking the strong will and the indignant purpose.

In the pause another sound was heard: it was a quick *tramp! tramp! tramp!* and suddenly through the prison archway came an officer of the King's navy with a company of sailors. The officer, with drawn sword, his men following with drawn cutlasses, drove a way through the mob, who scattered like sheep; for, at this time, far more dreaded and admired than the military were the sailors whom Howe and Nelson were soon to make still more famous throughout the world.

Delagarde threw aside his hammer, and saluted the officer. The little chevalier lifted his hat, made a formal bow, and begged to say that he was not at all hurt. With a droll composure he offered snuff to the officer, who nodded and accepted, and then looked up to the window where the girl stood, and saluted with confident gallantry.

"Why, it's little Guida Landresse!" he murmured under his breath. "I'd know her anywhere. Death and Beauty, what a face!" Then he turned to Ranulph in recognition. "Ranulph Delagarde, eh?" said he good-humoredly. "You've forgotten me, I see. I'm Philip d'Avranche, of the *Narcissus*."

Ranulph had forgotten. The slight lad, Philip, had grown bronzed and rosy-cheeked, and stouter of frame. In the eleven years since they had met at the battle of Jersey, events, travel, and responsibility had altered him vastly. Ranulph had changed only in growing very tall and athletic and strong; the look of him was still that of the Norman lad of the island of Jersey, though the power and intelligence of his face were most unusual.

The girl had not forgotten at all. The words that d'Avranche had said to her

years before, when she was a child, came to her mind: "My name is Philip. Won't you call me Philip?"

The recollection of that day when she snatched off the bailly's hat brought a smile to her lips, so quickly were her feelings moved one way or another. Then she grew suddenly serious, for the memory of the hour when Philip saved her from the scimiter of the Turk came to her, and her heart throbbed hotly; but she smiled again, though more gently and a little wistfully now.

Philip d'Avranche looked up toward her once more, and returned her smile. Then he addressed the awed crowd. He did not spare his language; he unconsciously used an oath or two. He ordered them off to their homes. When they hesitated (for they were slow to acknowledge any authority save their own sacred royal court) the sailors advanced on them with fixed bayonets, and a moment later the Place du Vier Prison was clear. Leaving a half dozen sailors on guard till the town corps should arrive, d'Avranche prepared to march.

"You have done me a good turn, Monsieur d'Avranche," said Ranulph.

D'Avranche smiled. "There was a time you called me Philip. We were lads together."

"It's different now," answered Delagarde.

"Nothing is different at all, of course," replied d'Avranche carelessly, yet with the slightest touch of condescension and vanity, as he held out his hand. Then he said to the chevalier, "Monsieur, I congratulate you on having such a champion," with a motion toward Ranulph. "And you, monsieur, on your brave protector." He again saluted the girl at the window above.

"I am the obliged and humble servant of monsieur — and monsieur," responded the little gentleman, turning from one to the other with a courtly bow, the three-cornered hat under his arm, the right foot forward, the thin fingers

making a graceful salutation. "But I — I think — I really think I must go back to prison. I was not formally set free. I was out last night beyond the hour set by the court. I lost my way, and" —

"Not a bit of it," d'Avranche interrupted. "The centeniers are too free with their jailing here. I'll be guarantee for you, monsieur."

The little man shook his head dubiously. "But, as a point of honor, I really think" —

D'Avranche laughed. "As a point of honor, I think you ought to breakfast. *A la bonne heure, Monsieur le Chevalier!*"

He looked up once more to the cottage window. Guida was still there. The darkness over the sun was withdrawn, and now the clear light began to spread itself abroad. It was like a second dawn after a painful night. It touched the face of the girl; it burnished the wonderful red-brown hair which fell loosely and lightly over her forehead; it gave her beauty a touch of luxuriance. D'Avranche thrilled at the sight of her.

"It's a beautiful face!" he said to himself, as their eyes met.

Ranulph had seen the glances that had passed between the two, and he winced. He remembered how, eleven years before, Philip d'Avranche had saved Guida from death. It galled him that then and now this young gallant should step in and take the game out of his hands. He was sure that he himself, and alone, could have mastered this crowd. It would seem that always he was destined to stand fighting in the breach, while another should hoist the flag of victory and win the glory.

"Monsieur! Monsieur le Chevalier!" the girl called down from the window. "Grandpèthe says you must breakfast with us. Oh, but you must come, or we shall be offended!" she added, as Champ-savoys shook his head in hesitation and glanced toward the prison.

"As a point of honor" — the little man still persisted, lightly touching his breast with the Louis-Quinze cane and taking a step toward the sombre prison archway.

But Ranulph interfered, hurried him inside the cottage, and, standing in the doorway, said to some one within, "May I come in also, *Sieur de Mauprat*?"

Above the pleasant answer of a quivering voice came another, soft and clear, in pure French: "Thou art always welcome, without asking, as thou knowest, *Ro.*"

"Then I'll go and fetch my tool-basket first," Ranulph said cheerily, his heart beating more quickly, and, turning, he walked across the *Place*.

VI.

The cottage in which Guida lived at the *Place du Vier Prison* was in jocund contrast to the dungeon from which the *Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoy de Beaumanoir* had complacently issued. Even in the hot summer the prison walls dripped moisture; for the mortar had been made of wet sea-sand which never dried, and beneath the gloomy tenement of crime a dark stream flowed to the sea. But the walls of the cottage were dry, for, many years before, Guida's mother had herself seen it built stone by stone, and every corner of it was as free from damp as the *mielles* which stretched in sandy desolation behind it to the *Mont ès Pendus*, where the law had its way with the necks of criminals. In early childhood *Madame Landresse* had come with her father into exile from the sunniest valley in the hills of *Chambéry*, where flowers and trees and sunshine had been her life; and here, in the midst of irregular grimness of architecture, her heart traveled back to the valley where she was born, and the *château* where she had lived before the storm of oppression and tyranny drove her forth.

She spent her heart and her days in making this cottage, upon the western border of *St. Helier's*, a delight to the quiet eye.

Yet it was a Jersey cottage, not French. There were scores like it throughout the island; but hers had a touch of unusual lightness and of taste, while it followed to the smallest detail every fashion of the life of the community. The people of the island had been good to her and her husband during the two short years of their married life, had caused her to love the land which necessity had made her home. Her child was brought up after the manner of the better class of Jersey children, — wore what they wore, ate what they ate, lived as they lived. She spoke the country patois in the daily life, teaching it to Guida at the same time that she taught her pure French and good English, which the mother had learned as a child, and cultivated later here. She did all in her power to make Guida a *Jersiaise* in instinct and habit, and to beget in her a contented disposition. There could be no future for her daughter outside this little green oasis of exile, she thought. Not that she lacked ambition, but she felt that in their circumstances ambition could yield only one harvest to her child, and that was marriage. She herself had married a poor man, a master builder of ships, like *Maitre Ranulph Delagarde*, and she had been very happy while he lived. Her husband had come of an ancient Jersey family, who were in Normandy before the Conqueror was born; scarcely a gentleman according to the standard of her father, the distinguished exile and retired watchmaker, but almost a man of genius in his craft. If Guida should chance to be as fortunate as herself, she could ask no more.

She had watched the child anxiously, for the impulses of Guida's temperament now and then broke forth in indignation as wild as her tears, and tears as mad as her laughter. As the girl grew in health and stature, she tried, tenderly, care-

fully, and strenuously, to discipline the sensitive nature, her heart bursting with grief at times because she knew that these high feelings and delicate powers came through a long line of refined ancestral tendencies, as indestructible as perilous and joyous.

Four things were always apparent in the girl's character: sympathy with suffering, kindness without partiality, a love of nature, and an intense candor.

Not a stray cat wandering into the Place du Vier Prison but found an asylum in the garden behind the cottage. Not a dog hunting for a bone, stopping at Guida's door, but was sure of one from a hiding-place in the hawthorn hedge of the garden. In the morning the little patch of gravel at the kitchen door was always white with crumbs for the birds, and they would be seen in fluttering, chirping groups upon the may-tree or the lilac-bushes, waiting for the tiny snow-storm of bread to fall. Was he good or bad, ragged or neat, honest or a thief, not a deserting sailor or a homeless lad, halting at the cottage, but was fed from the girl's private larder behind the straw beehives in the back garden, among the sweet lavender and the gooseberry-bushes. No matter how rough the vagrant, the sincerity and pure impulse of the child seemed to throw round him a sunshine of decency and respect.

The garden behind the house was the girl's Eden. She had planted upon the hawthorn hedge the crimson monthly rose, the fuchsia, and the jonquil, until at last the cottage was hemmed in by a wall of flowers. They streamed in profusion down the hedge, and the hedge expanded into clumps of peonies, white lilies, snowdrops, daffodils, dog-violets, and wild strawberries. The walls of the cottage were covered with vines, like a loggia in Sardinia, hung with innumerable clusters of white grapes. In this garden the child was ever as busy as the bees which hung humming on the sweet scabious and the wild thyme, until all the

villagers who were friendly, and even those who were envious, said of Guida's garden that it was "*fleuri comme un mai*."

In this corner was a little hut for rabbits and white mice; in that there was a hole dug in the bank for a porcupine; in the middle, a flower-grown inclosure for cats in various stages of health or convalescence, and a pond for frogs: amongst all of which wandered her faithful dog, Biribi by name, as master of the ceremonies.

Besides the mother, there had been one other proud but garrulous spectator of the growth of the child to girlhood and maidenhood. M. Larchant de Mauprat, the grandfather, was not less interested in Guida than her mother, but in a different way. He saw no fault, admitted no imperfection. He was rhetorical over her good qualities, indeed very demonstrative for a Huguenot, and confident that Guida would restore the humbled fortunes of his house.

Madame Landresse's one ambition was to live long enough to see her child's character well formed. She knew that her own years were numbered. Month by month she felt her strength going, but a beautiful tenacity kept her where she would be until Guida was fifteen years of age. Her great desire had been to live till the girl was eighteen. Then — well, then might she not perhaps leave her to the care of a husband? At best, M. de Mauprat could not live long. He had been forced to give up the little watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi, where for so many years, in simpleness and independence, he had wrought, always putting by secretly, from work done after hours, Jersey bank-notes and gold, to give Guida a *dot*, if not worthy of her, at least a guarantee against reproach when the great man came who should seek her in marriage. But at last his hands trembled among the tiny wheels, and his eyes failed. He had his dark hour by himself; then he sold the shop

and his tools and his stock to a native, who thenceforward sat in the ancient exile's place; the two brown eyes of the stooped, brown old man looked out no more from the window in the *Vier Marchi*; and then they all made their new home in the *Place du Vier Prison*.

Until she was fifteen Guida's life was unclouded. Once or twice her mother tried to tell her of a place that must soon be empty; that erelong the linked initials carved in stone above the cottage door (after the Jersey custom) would be but a monogram of death, an announcement to all who entered in that here had once lived Joseph and Josephine Landresse. But her heart failed her, and so at last the end came like a sudden wind out of the north.

One midnight the life of the woman chilled. She called aloud, "Guida! Guida! my child!" And when the sun crept again over the western heights the little fire of life had died down to ashes. Henceforth Guida Landresse de Landresse must fight the fight and finish the journey of womanhood alone.

When her trouble came, white and dazed in the fresh terror of loss, she went for comfort to her grandfather, but she ended by comforting him. He sat in his armchair looking straight before him, with close-pressed lips and hands clasped rigidly upon the ivory handle of his walking-stick, all the color gone from his dark eyes, the blood from his cheek, the sound from his voice,—he spoke only in whispers. He had been so long used to being cared for that the selfishness of the aged was developed in him more than he knew.

Though that which had bereaved them had taken the blood from his cheek, it had squeezed the blood from out the girl's heart. That octopus which we call nature, in the operation of its laws, had drawn from her the glow and pulse of life. Sometimes the house seemed weighing down on her, crushing her. Going to the door of the room where her

mother lay, and leaning against it with her head upon her arm, she would say in the homely and tender Jersey patois, "*Ma mèche! ma p'tite mèche! mais que je t'aime, ma mèche!*" Then she would go into the little garden. There she was able to breathe; there the animals she had made her friends came about her softly, as if they knew; the birds peeped at her plaintively; the bees hummed around her, settling on her, singing in her ears. Did the bees understand, she wondered. She remembered the words which the old Huguenot preacher had once uttered in the little church in the *Rue d'Drière*: "The souls of men are as singing bees which God shall gather home in a goodly swarm." Who could tell? Perhaps these very bees were the busy souls of other people who had lived and had not fulfilled themselves, but here in her sweet-smelling garden were working out an industrious livelihood until their time might come again. Presently the thought linked itself to the ancient Jersey legend of telling the bees.

Remembering it, she went quietly into the house, and brought out several pieces of crape. Upon every beehive she tied crape, according to the legend. Then she told the bees of the cavalcade which had come in the last shadows of the night, and had ridden to and fro through the house with soft but furious impatience, until a beloved spirit, worn with the foot-travel of life, mounted the waiting chariot and was gone. And she said, according to the legend:—

"Gather you home, gather you home! *Mèche, ma mèche*, she is dead and gone! Honey is for the living; flowers are for the dead! *Mèche, ma mèche*, she is dead and gone! Gather you home!"

This time was the turning-point in Guida's life. What her mother had been to the *Sieur de Mauprat* she soon became. They had enough to live on simply. Every week her grandfather gave her a fixed sum for the household. Upon this she managed, so that the tiny

income left by her mother might not be touched. She shrank from using it yet; and besides, dark times might come when it would be needed. Death had surprised her once, but it should bring no more amazement. She knew that M. de Mauprat's days were numbered, and when he was gone she would be left without one near relative in the world. She realized how unprotected her position would be when death came knocking at the door again. What she would do she knew not. She thought long and hard. Fifty things occurred to her, and fifty were set aside. The immediate relatives of her mother in France were scattered or dead. There was no longer any interest at Chambéry in the watch-making exile, who had dropped like a cherry-stone from the beak of the black bird of persecution on one of the Iles de la Manche.

There remained the alternative which was whispered into the ears of Guida by the Sieur de Mauprat as the months grew into years after the mother died, — marriage, a husband, a notable and wealthy husband. That was the magic destiny M. de Mauprat figured for her. It did not elate her, it did not disturb her; she scarcely realized it. She loved animals, and she saw no reason to despise a stalwart youth. It had been her fortune to know two or three in the casual, unconventional manner of villages, and there were few in the land, great or humble, who did not turn twice to look at her as she passed through the Vier Marchi, so noble was her carriage, so graceful and buoyant her walk, so lacking in self-consciousness her beauty. More than one young gentleman of family had been known to ride down through the Place du Vier Prison, hoping to catch sight of her, and to afford her the view of a suggestively empty pillion behind him.

She understood it all in her own way. Her mind saw clearly, but it saw innocently. She would have been less than

human if she had not had in her a touch of coquetry, though she loathed deceit. She was forceful enough to like power, even in this small way of attracting admiration, yet she would not have gone far out of her path to receive incense or attention. She was at once proud and humble, and as yet she had not loved. She had never listened to flatterers, and she had never permitted young men to visit her — save one. Ranulph Delagarde had gone in and out at his will; but that was casually and not too often, and he was discreet and spoke no word of love. Sometimes she talked to him of things concerning the daily life with which she did not care to trouble M. de Mauprat.

The matter of the small income from her mother, — it was Ranulph who advised her to place it with the great fishing company whose ships he built in the little dockyard at St. Aubin's. In fifty other ways, quite unknown to Guida, he had made life easier for her. She knew that her mother had thought of Ranulph for her husband, although she blushed hotly whenever — and it was not often — the idea came to her. She remembered how her mother had said that Ranulph would be a great man in the island some day; that he had a mind above all the youths in St. Helier's; that she would rather see Ranulph a master ship-builder than a babbling écrivain in the Rue des Très Pigeons, a smirking leech, or a penniless seigneur with neither trade nor talent. Her own husband had been the laborious son of a poor, idle, and proud seigneur. Guida was attracted to Ranulph through his occupation; for she loved strength, she loved all clean and wholesome trades, — the mason's, the carpenter's, the blacksmith's, and most of all the ship-builder's. Her father, whom of course she did not remember, had been a ship-builder, and she knew that he had been a notable man, — every one had told her that.

But as to marriage, there was one in-

fluence — unconscious of it though she might be — which, balanced against all others, would weigh them down, rightly or wrongly: the love between man and woman, which so few profess to believe in, and so many waste lives and lands to attain.

“She has met her destiny,” say the village gossips, when some man in the dusty procession of life sees a woman’s face in the pleasant shadow of a home, and drops out of the ranks to enter at the doorway and cry, “*Mio destino!*”

Was Ranulph to be Guida’s destiny? Fine and handsome though he looked, as he entered the cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison*, on that September morning after the rescue of the chevalier, his tool-basket on his shoulder, his brown face enlivened by one simple sentiment, she was far from sure that he was, — far from sure.

VII.

The little hallway into which Ranulph stepped from the street led through to the kitchen. Guida stood holding back the door for him to enter this real living-room of the house, which opened directly on the garden behind. It was so cheerful and secluded, looking out from the garden to the wide space beyond and the changeful sea, that since Madame Landresse’s death the *Sieur de Mauprat* had made it reception-room, dining-room, and kitchen all in one. He would willingly have slept there, too, but noblesse oblige: the last glimmer of family pride, and the thought of what the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir might think, prevented him. There was something patriarchal, moreover, in a kitchen as a reception-room; and both he and the chevalier loved to watch Guida busy with her household duties: at one moment her arms in the dough of the kneading-trough; at another, rubbing the pewter plates or scouring the wooden trenchers; picking the cherries from

the garden for a jelly, or perchance casting up her weekly accounts with a little smiling and a little sighing too.

If by chance it had been proposed by *M. de Mauprat* to adjourn to the small sitting-room looking out upon the *Place du Vier Prison*, a gloom would instantly have settled upon them both.

On one memorable occasion the *sieur* had made a last attempt to revive the glory of bygone days. In the little front room there was an ancient armchair, over which hung the sword that the *Comte Gilbert Mauprat de Chambéry* had used at *Fontenoy* against the English. Here, then, one day, he received the chevalier, who on his part flourished the cane the gracious *Louis* had given him.

After an interchange of aristocratic passwords, as it were, they both became gloomy and irritable, they stiffened into bas-reliefs. Their excellent tempers developed a subacidity which might have spoiled at least one day of their lives, had it not been for the chevalier’s ingenuity. He was suddenly stricken with a pain in his right leg, where, as he had often told the *sieur* in confidence, he had been wounded in a duel in youthful days. For so innocent a man, his unrehearsed dissimulation was good. He caught his knee with a hand, straightened up in his seat, compressed his lips, frowned, looked apprehensive, and the apprehension developed into a spasm.

That was enough: *de Mauprat* knew those signs of anguish. He begged his visitor to lean on him, and, with a flickering smile on the side of his face turned from the chevalier, he led his distinguished friend to the kitchen. There the well-known remedy was administered by Guida: three thimblefuls of cherry brandy, dashed with a little elderberry cordial, had never been known to fail. This day the cure was almost instantaneous. *De Mauprat* watched with grave solicitude the pouring of each thimbleful, and its absorption; and he sat back at last with a sense of almost jocund relief,

meeting the satisfied smile of du Champ-savoys; and the three smiled at one another in the simplicity of an elementary happiness.

So it was that this cheerful, housewifely room became like one of those ancient corners of camaraderie in some exclusive inn where gentlemen of quality were wont to meet. The floor was paved with square flagstones and sanded. It was a spacious room, the full length of the cottage and more than half its depth. The fireplace was huge, and inside it were oak benches where one might sit on a cold winter night. At the left of the chimney was the great settle, or *veille*, padded with baize, flourished with *satinettes*, and spread with ferns and rushes. The spinning-wheel was in one corner of the room, to the right of the fireplace, with the bread-trough near it; and at the end was the *dreschiaux*, covered with pewter pots, *hanaps*, wooden trenchers, wooden spoons, and a little old china worth the ransom of a prince at least. Not far from it was the table, from which, looking out at the door, the hills and sea were in pleasant prospect. At the side of the table, opposite the doorway, were the two great armchairs where in summertime sat the chevalier and the sieur.

These, with a few constant visitors, formed a coterie or compact: the big, grizzly-bearded boatman, Jean Touzel, who wore spectacles, befriended smugglers, was approved of all men, and secretly worshiped by his wife; Amice Ingouville, the fat *avocat*, with a stomach of gigantic proportions, with the biggest heart and the tiniest brain in the world; Maître Ranulph Delagarde; and lastly, M. Yves Savary *dit* Detricand (in truth the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine), that officer of Rullecour's who, being released from the prison hospital, when the hour came for him to leave the country was too drunk to find the shore. By some whim of negligence the royal court was afterward too lethargic to remove him, and he stayed on, be-

tween successive carousals vainly making efforts to leave. In sober hours, which were none too frequent, he was rather sorrowfully welcomed by the sieur and the chevalier.

All these, if they came, — and when they came, — sat on the *veille*, loitered in the doorway, or used the three-legged stools scattered here and there. If it was winter, they all sat on the *veille* save the chevalier and the sieur; and Guida had her little straight-backed oak chair beside her grandfather. If they came while she was at work, it made no difference to her, for it was a rule with her that no one should suggest that he was in the way, nor offer help of any kind. At first, if by chance she wished to roll the churn from its corner near the dresser toward the oaken doorway, they would all move; the sieur putting his snuff-box carefully on the chair-arm, the chevalier laying his cane upon the table, Jean Touzel dropping his huge pipe on the sanded floor, and the fat *avocat* making apoplectic efforts to rise, — all producing a commotion of politeness quite disconcerting, till she insisted that no one should stir or lift a hand for her unless she requested it.

If she left the room, conversation flagged, although maybe she had had no part in it. If perchance she hummed a little to herself, conversation strayed after her, requiring all the elaborate and affected precision of the fat *avocat*'s mind to get it to its natural amble again.

In winter, the fire of *vraic* and the little lozenge-paned windows of bottle-glass gave light enough in the daytime; and at night the *cresset* filled with colza, suspended by osier rings from the ceiling, lightened the darkness. Sometimes of a particular night, such as Christmas Eve or the birthday of M. de Mauprat, the two horn lanterns hanging from the *raclyii* were lit also.

If Maître Ranulph chanced to be present on these fête nights, he became master of the ceremonies by virtue of

the favor of M. de Mauprat, who could not have endured him as the prospective husband of Guida, but admired him for his skill as a ship-builder and his ability to speak three languages, — French, English, and the Jersey patois.

When Ranulph entered the kitchen this morning, his greeting to the sieur and the chevalier was in French, but to Guida he said, rather stupidly, for late events had embarrassed him, “Ah bah ! es-tu gentiment ?”

“Gentiment,” she repeated, with a queer little smile. “You ’ll have breakfast ?” she said in English, for she spoke it better than he.

“Et ben !” Ranulph answered, still embarrassed ; “a bouchi, that ’s all.”

He laid aside his tool-basket, shook hands with the sieur, and seated himself at the table. Looking at du Champsa-voys, he said, “I ’ve just met the connétable, and he regrets the riot, chevalier, and says the royal court extends its mercy to you.”

“I should prefer to accept no favors,” answered the chevalier. “As a point of honor, I had thought that, after breakfast, I should return to prison, and” — He paused reflectively.

“Gentlemen of the Isle of Paris stand upon points of honor. If they break the law, they ask no favors. Punishment has its dignity as well as its indignity,” interposed the sieur, helping out his friend’s hesitation, for the chevalier seemed always searching in his mind for the exact meaning of his thoughts, often without immediate success.

“The connétable said it was cheaper to let the chevalier go free than to feed him in the Vier Prison,” somewhat drolly explained Ranulph, helping himself meanwhile to roasted conger-eel, and eyeing hungrily the freshly made black butter which Guida was taking from a wooden trencher. “The royal court is stingy,” he added, “‘nearer than Jean Noé, who got married in his red que-minzolle,’ as we say on Jersey.”

“There ’s cause for it now, Maître Ranulph,” answered the little brown watchmaker. “Two shiploads of our poor French refugees arrived from St. Malo yesterday, and corn is getting scarcer and scarcer.”

“They must work, they must work,” said the chevalier, drawing himself up. “You, de Mauprat, you and I have set the example to our race ; we, we have established the right of men of our class to labor with their hands.” He spread out his thin, almost transparent hands before him, clasped them, and shook them with a gentle energy suitable to the filmy quality of the conception of labor in his mind. “We are all workers here, — you, de Mauprat, Maître Ranulph there, and this friend of each of us, the dear Guida, who has taught us so much, so much !”

He fixed his eyes on Guida with an expression at once benevolent and reflective. Guida would have smiled if she had dared. Often before had the chevalier spoken of this brotherhood of labor : it was a pleasant fiction with him. He talked with a warm, magnanimous simplicity of the joys of his own handiwork ; but not even the sieur knew what was this labor of which he spoke so eloquently. His suite of rooms was on the top floor of the house of one Elie Mattingley, — a fisherman by trade and a piratical smuggler by practice, with a daughter Carterette, whom he loved passing well.

“They must work, — our countrymen must work,” repeated the chevalier. “Then the people of this amiable isle will have no reason to disturb us.”

“Amiable isle — nannin-gia !” interjected Ranulph bitterly. “Yesterday two priests of your country were set upon in La Colomberie by a drunken quarryman. A lady — Madame la Marquise Vincennes de Miraman — was insulted in the Rue Trousse Cotillon the day before by drunken fishwomen from St. Clement’s, and was only saved from vio-

lence by the brave Carterette Mattingley."

"Ah yes, the dear Carterette, — my brave young friend Carterette Mattingley," said the chevalier, with a reflective enthusiasm.

"As you were saying, chevalier" — began M. de Mauprat.

But he got no further at the moment, for shots rang out suddenly before the house. They all started to their feet, and Ranulph, running to the front door, threw it open. As he did so, a young man, with blood flowing from a cut on the temple, stepped inside.

VIII.

It was M. Savary *dit* Détrican.

"Whew! what a lot of fools there are in the world! Pish! you silly apes!" the young man said, glancing through the open doorway to where the connétable's men were dragging two vile-looking ruffians into the Vier Prison.

"What's happened, Monsieur Détrican?" said Ranulph, closing the door and bolting it.

Détrican did not reply at once. The kitchen door was open, and as he came toward it the anxious faces of the three occupants of the room drew back. The morning sun, streaming through the open doorway beyond, cast a brilliant light upon the young man, showing his pale face and the gash in his temple. He was smiling, however, and as he came toward them he nodded nonchalantly and good-naturedly.

"What was it? What was it, monsieur?" asked Guida tremulously, for painful events had crowded upon her too fast that morning.

Détrican was stanching the blood from his temple with the scarf he had snatched from his neck.

"Get him some cordial, Guida!" said de Mauprat. "He's wounded!"

Détrican waved a hand almost im-

patiently, and dropped lightly upon the veille.

"It's nothing, I protest, — nothing whatever; and I'll have no cordial, — no, not a drop. A drink of water, — a little of that, if I must drink."

Guida caught up a hanap from the dresser, filled it with water, and passed it to him. Her fingers trembled a little. His were steady enough as he took the hanap and drank the water off at a gulp. Again she filled it, and again he drank. The blood was running in a tiny stream down his cheek. She caught her handkerchief from her girdle impulsively, and gently wiped away the blood.

"Let me wash and bandage the wound," she said. Her eyes were alight with compassion, not because it was the dissipated, reckless French invader, M. Savary *dit* Détrican, — no one knew that he was the young Comte de Tournay, — who had come over with Rullecour eleven years before, but because he was a wounded fellow creature. She would have done the same for the poor *béganne* Dormy Jamais, who still prowled the purlieus of St. Helier's, or for Elie Mattingley, or for any criminal, for that matter, who needed medicament and care.

It was quite clear, however, that Détrican felt differently. The moment she touched him he became suddenly still. He permitted her to wash the blood from his temple and cheek, to stanch it first with *jèru* leaves preserved in brandy, then with cobwebs, and afterward to bind it with her own kerchief.

Ranulph had offered to help her, but his hands were big and clumsy, and in any case she needed no help. So the others looked on with an admiring simplicity which suggested almost a cult of worship, while Détrican thrilled at the touch of the warm, still slightly trembling fingers. He had never been quite so near her before. His face was not far from hers. Now her breath touched him. As he bent his head for her to bind his temple, he could see the soft

pulsing of her bosom and hear the beating of her heart. Her neck was so full and round and soft, and her voice — surely he had never heard a voice so sweet and strong, a tone so well poised and so resonantly pleasant to the ear.

When she had finished, he had an impulse to catch the hand as it dropped away from his forehead and kiss it, — not as he had kissed many a hand, hotly one hour and coldly the next, but with an unpurchasable kind of gratitude which is the characteristic of this especial sort of sinner. He was young enough and there was still enough natural health in him to know the healing touch of a perfect decency and a pure truth of spirit. Yet he had been drunk the night before, drunk with three non-commissioned officers, — and he a gentleman in spite of everything, as could be plainly seen.

He turned his head away from the girl quickly, and looked straight into the eyes of her grandfather.

"I'll tell you how it was, *Sieur de Mauprat*," said he. "I was crossing the *Place du Vier Prison* when a brute threw a cleaver at me from a window. If it had struck me on the head — well, the royal court would have buried me, and without a slab like *Rullecour's*. I burst open the door of the house, ran up the stairs, gripped the ruffian, and threw him from the window into the street. As I did so a door opened behind, and another cut-throat came at me with a pistol. He fired, — fired wide. I ran in on him, and before he had time to think he was through the window, also. Then the other brute below fired up at me. The bullet gashed my temple, as you see. After that it was an affair of the *connétable* and his men. I had had enough fighting before breakfast. I saw an open door — and here I am — *monsieur, monsieur, monsieur, mademoiselle!*" He bowed to each of them, and glanced toward the table hungrily.

Ranulph placed a seat for him. He viewed the conger-eel and limpets with

an avid eye, but waited for the chevalier and *de Mauprat* to sit. He had hardly taken a mouthful, however, and thrown a piece of bread to *Biribi*, the dog, when, starting again to his feet, he said: —

"Your pardon, *Monsieur le Chevalier*, — that brute in the *Place* seems to have knocked all sense from my head! I've a letter for you, brought from *Rouen* by one of our countrymen who came yesterday." He drew forth a packet and handed it over. "I went out to their ship in the harbor last night, and this was given to me for you."

The chevalier looked with surprise and satisfaction at the seal on the letter, and, breaking it, spread open the paper, fumbled for the eyeglass which he always carried in his vest, and began reading diligently. Presently, under his breath he made exclamations, now of surprise, again of pain. It was clear that the letter contained unpleasant things.

Meanwhile Ranulph turned to *Guida*. "To-morrow *Jean Touzel*, his wife, and I go to the *Ecréhos* rocks in *Jean's* boat," said he. "A vessel was driven ashore there three days ago, and my carpenters are at work on her. If you can go and the wind holds fair, you shall be brought back safe by sundown."

Guida looked up quickly at her grandfather. She loved the sea; she could sail a boat, and knew the tides and currents of the south coast as well as most fishermen. *Jean Touzel* had taken her out numberless times even while her mother was alive; for *Madame Landresse*, if solicitous for her daughter's safety, had been concerned that she should be fearless, though not reckless. Of all boatmen and fishermen on the coast, *Jean Touzel* was most to be trusted. No man had saved so many shipwrecked folk, none risked his life so often, and he had never had a serious accident at sea. To go to sea with *Jean Touzel*, people said, was safer than living on land.

M. de Mauprat met the inquiring glance of *Guida* and nodded assent, and

she then said gayly to Ranulph, "I shall sail her, shall I not?"

"Every foot of the way," he answered.

She laughed and clapped her hands. Suddenly the little chevalier broke in. "By the head of John the Baptist!" exclaimed he.

So unusual was strong language with him that Détricand put down his knife and fork in amazement, and Guida almost blushed, the words sounded so improper upon the chevalier's lips.

Du Champsavoy held up his eyeglass, and, turning from one to the other, looked at each of them imperatively, yet abstractedly too. Then pursing up his lower lip, and with an air of growing amazement which carried him to a distant height of reckless language, he said again, "By the head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

He looked at Détricand with a fierceness which was merely the tension of his thought. If he had looked at a wall, it would have been the same. But Détricand, who had an almost whimsical sense of humor, — when sober and in his right mind, — felt his neck in an affected concern as though to be quite sure of it.

"Chevalier," said he, "you shock us, — you shock us, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

"The most painful things, and the most wonderful too," said the chevalier, tapping the letter with his eyeglass, "the most terrible and yet the most romantic things are here. A drop of cider, if you please, mademoiselle, before I begin to read it to you, if I may — if I may — eh?"

They all nodded eagerly. Guida brought a hanap of cider, and the little gray thrush of a man sipped it, and in a voice no bigger than a bird's began: —

From Lucillien du Champsavoy, Comte de Chanier, by the hand of a most faithful friend, who goeth hence from among divers dangers, unto my cousin, the Chevalier du Champsavoy

de Beaumanoir, late Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the best of monarchs, Louis XV., this writing:

MY DEAR AND HONORED COUSIN [the chevalier paused, frowned a trifle, and tapped his lips with his finger in a little lyrical emotion], — My dear and honored cousin, all is lost. The France we loved is no more! The 20th of June saw the last vestige of Louis' power pass forever. That day ten thousand of the sans-culottes forced their way into the palace to kill him. A faithful few surrounded him. In the mad turmoil, we were fearful, he was serene. "Feel," said Louis, placing his hand on his bosom, "feel whether this is the beating of a heart shaken by fear." Ah, my friend, *your* heart would have clamped in misery to hear the Queen cry, "What have I to fear? Death? It is as well to-day as to-morrow. They can do no more!" Their lives were saved, the day passed, but worse came after.

The 10th of August came. With it, too, the end — the dark and bloody end — of the Swiss Guards. The Jacobins had their way at last. The Swiss Guards died in the court of the Carrousel as they marched to the Assembly to save the King. Thus the last circle of defense round the throne was broken. The palace was given over to flame and the sword. Of twenty nobles of the palace I alone escaped. France became a slaughter-house. The people cried out for more liberty, and their liberators gave them the freedom of death. A fortnight ago, Danton, the incomparable fiend, let loose his assassins upon the priests of God, and Paris is made a theatre where the people whom Louis and his nobles would have died to save have turned every street into a stable of carnage, every prison and hospital into a vast charnel-house. One last revolting thing remains to be done, — the murder of the King; then this France that we have loved will have no name and no place in our generation. She will rise

again, but we shall not see her, for our eyes have been blinded with blood, forever darkened by disaster. Like a mistress upon whom we have lavished the days of our youth and the strength of our days, she has deceived us; she has stricken us while we slept. Behold a Caliban now for her paramour.

Weep with me, for France has robbed me and has tricked me. One by one my friends have fallen beneath the axe. Of my four sons but one remains. Henri was stabbed by Danton's ruffians at the Hôtel de Ville; Gaston fought and died with the Swiss Guards, whose hacked and severed limbs were broiled and eaten in the streets by the monsters who mutilate the land; Isidore, the youngest, defied a hundred of Robespierre's cowards on the steps of the Assembly, and was torn to pieces by the mob. Etienne alone is left. But for him and for the honor of my house I too would find a place beside the King and die with him. Etienne is with de la Rochejaquelein in Brittany. I am here at Rouen.

Brittany and Normandy still stand for the King. In these two provinces begins the regeneration of France: we call it the war of the Vendée. On that Isle of Jersey there you should almost hear the voice of de la Rochejaquelein and the marching cries of our loyal legions. If there be justice in God, we shall conquer. But there will be joy no more for such as you or me, nor hope, nor any peace. We live only for those who come after. Our duty remains; all else is dead. You did well to go, and I do well to stay.

By all these piteous relations you shall know the importance of the request I now set forth.

My cousin by marriage of the house of Vaufontaine has lost all his sons. With the death of the Prince of Vaufontaine there is in France no heir to the house, nor can it by the law revert to my house or my heirs. Now of late the prince hath urged me to write to you, — for he

is here in seclusion with me, — and to unfold to you what has hitherto been secret. Eleven years ago, the only nephew of the prince, after some compromising escapades, disappeared from the court with Rullecour, the adventurer, who invaded the Isle of Jersey. From that hour he has been lost to France. Some of his companions in arms returned after a number of years. All, with one exception, declared that he was killed in the battle at St. Helier's. One, however, strongly maintains that he was still living and in the prison hospital when his comrades were released from confinement.

It is of him I write to you. His name — as you will know — is the Comte de Tournay. He was then not more than seventeen years of age, slight of build, with brownish hair, dark gray eyes, and had over the right shoulder a scar from a sword-thrust. It seemeth little possible that, if living, he should still remain in the Isle of Jersey, but would rather have returned to obscurity in France, or have gone to England to be lost to name and remembrance, — or indeed to America.

That you may perchance give me word of him is the object of my letter, written in no more hope than I live, and you can guess well how faint that is. One young nobleman preserved to France may be the great unit that will save her.

Greet my poor countrymen yonder in the name of one who still waits at a desecrated altar; and for myself, you must take me as I am, with the remembrance of what I was, even

Your faithful friend and loving kinsman,
DE CHANIER.

All this, though in the chances of war you read it not till wintertide come, was told you at Rouen this first day of September, 1792.

During the reading of this letter, which was broken by many feeling and reflective pauses on the chevalier's part, the

listeners showed emotion after the nature of each. The *Sieur de Mauprat's* fingers clasped and unclasped on the top of his cane, little explosions of breath came from his compressed lips, his eyebrows beetled over till the eyes themselves seemed like two small glints of flame. Delagarde dropped a fist heavily upon the table, and held it there clinched, while his heel beat a tattoo of excitement upon the floor. Guida's breath came quick and fast; as *Ranulph* said afterward, she was "*blanc comme un linge*." She shuddered painfully when she heard of the slaughter and burning of the *Swiss Guards*. Her brain was so confused with the horrors of anarchy that the latter part of the letter, dealing with the vanished *Comte de Tournay*, was almost unheeded.

But this matter interested Delagarde and de Mauprat greatly. They both leaned forward eagerly, seizing every word, and both instinctively turned toward *Détricand* when the description of the *Comte de Tournay* was read.

As for *Détricand* himself, he listened to the first part of the letter like a man suddenly roused out of a dream. For the first time since the Revolution had begun, the horror of it and the meaning of it were brought home to him. He had been so long expatriated and so busy in dalliance and dissipation, had loitered so long in the primrose path of daily sleep and nightly revel, had fallen so far, that he had not realized how the fiery wheels of Death were spinning in France, and how black was the smoke of the torment of the people. His face turned scarlet as the thing came home to him. Once during the reading his features seemed to knot with a spasm of pain. Conscience, ghostlike, rising from the ghastly pictures drawn by the aged fugitive at Rouen, struck him in the face, and he winced from the blow. He dropped his head in his hand as if to listen more attentively, but it was, in truth, to hide his emotion. When the names of the *Prince of Vau-*

fontaine and of the *Comte de Tournay* were mentioned, he gave a little start, then suddenly ruled himself to a strange stillness and listened with intentness. His face seemed all at once to clear; he even smiled a little. But at last, conscious that de Mauprat and Delagarde were watching him, he appeared to listen with an inquisitive but impersonal interest, not without its effect upon his scrutinizers. He nodded his head as though he understood the situation. He acted very well; he bewildered the onlookers. They might think he tallied with the description of the *Comte de Tournay*, yet he gave the impression that the matter was not vital to himself. But when the little chevalier stopped and turned his eyeglass upon him with a sudden startled inquiry, he found it harder to preserve his composure.

"Singular! singular!" said the old man, and returned to the reading of the letter.

When it was finished there was absolute silence for a moment. Then the chevalier lifted his eyeglass again and looked at *Détricand* intently.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, "but you were with *Rullecour* — as I was saying."

Détricand nodded with a droll sort of helplessness, and answered, "In Jersey I never have chance to forget it, *Monsieur le Chevalier*."

Du Champsavoys, with a naïve and obvious attempt at playing counsel, fixed him again with the glass, pursed his lips, and, with the importance of the greffier at the ancient *Cour d'Héritage*, came one step nearer to his goal.

"Have you knowledge of the *Comte de Tournay*, *Monsieur Détricand*?"

"I knew him — as you were saying, chevalier," answered *Détricand* lightly.

Then the chevalier struck home. He dropped his fingers upon the table, stood up, and, looking straight into *Détricand's* eyes, exclaimed, "*Monsieur*, you are the *Comte de Tournay*!"

The chevalier involuntarily held the situation for an instant. Nobody stirred. De Mauprat dropped his chin upon his hands, and his eyebrows contracted in excitement. Guida gave a little cry of astonishment. But Détricand answered the chevalier with a look of blank surprise and a shrug of the shoulders, which had the effect desired.

"Thank you, chevalier," said he, with a quizzical humor. "Now I know who I am, and if it is n't too soon to presume upon the relationship, I shall dine with you to-day, chevalier. I spent my last sou yesterday. One can't throw one's self upon charity; but since we are distant cousins I may claim grist at the family mill, eh?"

The chevalier dropped into his chair again. "Then you are not the Comte de Tournay, monsieur!" he said hopelessly.

"Then I shall not dine with you to-day," said Détricand gayly.

"You answer the description," remarked de Mauprat dubiously.

"Let me see," rejoined Détricand. "I've been a donkey-farmer, a ship-master's assistant, a tobacco-peddler, a quarryman, a miner, a wood-merchant, an interpreter, a fisherman: that's very like the Comte de Tournay! On Monday night I supped with a smuggler; on Tuesday I breakfasted on soupe à la graisse and limpets with Manon Moignard, the witch; on Wednesday I dined with Dormy Jamais and an avocat disbarred for writing lewd songs for a chocolate-house; on Thursday I went oyster-fishing with a native who has three wives, and a butcher who has been banished four times for not keeping holy the Sabbath Day; and I drank from eleven o'clock till sunrise this morning with three Scotch sergeants of the line: which is very like the Comte de Tournay — as you were saying, chevalier! I am five feet eleven, and the Comte de Tournay was five feet ten — which is no lie," he said under his breath. "I have

a scar, but it's over my left shoulder, and not over my right — which is also no lie," he said under his breath. "De Tournay's hair was brown, and mine, you see, is almost a dead black — fever did that," he said under his breath. "De Tournay escaped the day after the battle of Jersey from the prison hospital; I was left, and here I've been ever since, — Yves Savary *dit* Détricand, at your service, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

A pained expression crossed the chevalier's face. "I am most sorry, — I am most sorry," he said hesitatingly. "I had no wish to wound your feelings."

"Ah, it is the Comte de Tournay to whom you must apologize," returned Détricand, with a droll look.

"It is a pity," continued the chevalier, "for somehow all at once I recalled a resemblance. I saw de Tournay when he was fourteen, — yes, I think it was fourteen, — and when I looked at you, monsieur, his face came back to me. It would have made my cousin so happy if you had been the Comte de Tournay, and I had found you here." The old man's voice trembled a little. "We are growing fewer every day, we Frenchmen of the noble families. And it would have made my cousin so happy — as I was saying, monsieur."

Détricand's manner changed; he became serious. The devil-may-care, irresponsible shamelessness of his face dropped away like a mask. Something had touched him. His voice changed, too.

"De Tournay was a much better fellow than I am, chevalier — and that's no lie," he said under his breath. "De Tournay was a brave, fiery, ambitious youngster, with bad companions. De Tournay told me that he repented of coming with Rullecour, and he felt he had spoilt his life, — that he could never return to France again and to his people."

The old chevalier shook his head sadly. "Is he dead?" he asked.

There was a slight pause, and then Détricand answered, "No, he is living."

"Where is he?"

"I promised de Tournay that I would never reveal that."

"Might I not write to him?"

"Assuredly, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Could you — will you — deliver a letter to him from me, monsieur?"

"Upon my honor, yes!"

"I thank you, I thank you, monsieur; I will write it to-day."

"As you will, chevalier. I will ask you for it to-night," rejoined Détricand. "It may take some time to reach the Comte de Tournay; but he shall receive it into his own hands."

De Mauprat tremblingly asked the question which he knew the chevalier dreaded to ask: "Do you think that Monsieur le Comte will return to France?"

"I think he will," answered Détricand slowly.

"It will make my cousin so happy, so happy!" sighed the little chevalier, and his voice quavered. "Will you take snuff with me, monsieur?" He took out his silver snuff-box and offered it to his vagrant countryman. This was a mark of favor which the chevalier had seldom shown to any one save M. de Mauprat since he came to Jersey.

Détricand bowed, accepted, and took a pinch. "I must be going," he said.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

IN DOVE COTTAGE GARDEN.

ON the terrace lies the sunlight,
Fretted by the shade
Of the wilding apple-orchard
Wordsworth made.

Sunlight falls upon the aspen,
And the cedar glows
Like the laurel or the climbing
Christmas rose.

Downward through green-golden windows
Let your glances fall;
You'd not guess there was a cottage
There at all.

Bines of bryony and bramble
Overhang the green
Of the crowding scarlet-runner,
And the bean.

But I mark one quiet casement,
Ivy-covered still.
There he sat, I think, and loved this
Little hill;

Loved the rocky stair that led him
Upward to the seat
Coleridge fashioned ; loved the fragrant,
High retreat

In the wood above the garden.
There he walked, and there
In his heart the beauty gathered
To a prayer.

Looking down into the garden,
I can seem to see,
In among her Christmas roses,
Dorothy.

Deeper joy and truer service,
Fuller draught of life,
Came, I doubt not, to the sister
And the wife.

Laurel, it may be, too early
On his brow he set ;
And the thorn of life too lightly
Could forget.

Dorothy, wild heart and woman,
Chose the better way,
Met the world with love and service
Every day.

Life for love, and love for living ;
And the poet's part
Is to give what cometh after
To his art.

But the shadow from the fellside
Falls, and all the scene
Melts to indistinguishable
Golden-green.

Showers of golden light on Grasmere
Tremble into shade ;
While the garden grasses gather
Blade with blade ;

And one patient robin-redbreast,
Waiting, waiting long,
Seals the twilight in the garden
With a song.

P. H. Savage.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

LIVING in a university city, I am occasionally asked by students how they can best train themselves for public speaking; and I always begin with one bit of counsel, based on half a century's experience: "Enlist in a reform." Engage in something which you feel for the moment so unspeakably more important than yourself as wholly to dwarf you, and the rest will come. No matter what it is, — tariff or free trade, gold standard or silver, even communism or imperialism, — the result is the same as to oratory, if you are only sincere. Even the actor on the dramatic stage must fill himself with his part, or he is nothing, and the public speaker on the platform must be more than a dramatic actor to produce the highest effects. When the leading debater in an intercollegiate competition told me, the other day, that he did not believe in the cause which he was assigned to advocate, my heart sank for him, and I dimly foresaw the defeat which came. There is an essential thing wanting to the eloquence of the men who act a part; but given a profound sincerity, and there is something wonderful in the way it overcomes the obstacles of a hoarse voice, a stammering tongue, or a feeble presence.

On the anti-slavery platform, where I was reared, I cannot remember a really poor speaker; as Emerson said, "eloquence was dog-cheap" there. The cause was too real, too vital, too immediately pressing upon heart and conscience, for the speaking to be otherwise than alive. It carried men away as with a flood. Fame is never wide or retentive enough to preserve the names of more than two or three leaders: Bright and Cobden in the anti-corn-law movement; Clarkson and Wilberforce in the West India Emancipation; Garrison, Phillips, and John Brown in the great

American agitation. But there were constantly to be heard in anti-slavery meetings such minor speakers as Parker, Douglass, William Henry Channing, Burleigh, Foster, May, Remond, Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, — each one holding the audience, each one making converts. How could eloquence not be present there, when we had no time to think of eloquence? — as Clarkson under similar circumstances said that he had not time to think of the welfare of his soul. I know that my own teachers were the slave women who came shyly before the audience, women perhaps as white as my own sisters, — Ellen Craft was quite as white, — women who had been stripped and whipped and handled with insolent hands and sold to the highest bidder as unhesitatingly as the little girl whom I had seen in the St. Louis slave-market; or women who, having once escaped, had, like Harriet Tubman, gone back again and again into the land of bondage to bring away their kindred and friends. My teachers were men whom I saw first walking clumsily across the platform, just arrived from the South, as if they still bore a hundred pounds weight of plantation soil on each ankle, and whom I saw develop in the course of years into the dignity of freedom. What were the tricks of oratory in the face of men and women like these? We learned to speak because their presence made silence impossible.

All this, however, I did not recognize at the time so clearly as I do now; nor was I sure that I, at least, was accomplishing much for the cause I loved. In one respect the influence of Wendell Phillips did me harm for a time, as to speaking in public, because it was his firm belief that the two departments of literature and oratory were essentially distinct, and could not well be combined in the same

person. He had made his choice, he said, and had abandoned literature. It was hard to persuade him to write even a pamphlet or a circular, although when he did it was done with such terseness and vigor as to refute his theory. Of this I was gradually convinced, but there was a long period during which I accepted the alternative offered by him, and therefore reasoned that because literature was my apparent vocation, oratory was not. Of course it was often necessary for me to appear on the platform, but I did it at first only as a duty, and did not feel sure of myself in that sphere. Little by little the impression passed away, and I rejected Phillips's doctrine. Since the civil war, especially, I have felt much more self-confidence in public speaking; and it is one sign of this that I have scarcely ever used notes before an audience, and have long since reached the point where they would be a hindrance, not a help. Indeed, I believe that most young speakers can reach this point much earlier than they suppose; and in my little book, *Hints on Writing and Speech-making*, I have indicated how this can be done. A speaker's magnetic hold upon his audience is unquestionably impaired by the sight of the smallest bit of paper in his hand.

During a long intervening period, however, I lectured a great deal in what were then called "lyceum" courses, which stretched over the northern half of the United States, forty years ago, to an extent now hardly conceivable. There were two or three large organizations, or bureaus, which undertook systematically the task of bringing speaker and audience together, with the least possible inconvenience to both. One of these, whose centre was Dubuque, Iowa, negotiated in 1867 for thirty-five lecturers and one hundred and ten lecture courses; undertaking to distribute the one with perfect precision, and to supply the other. As a result, the lecturer left home with a printed circular in his

pocket assigning his dozen or his hundred engagements, as the case might be. Many of these might be in towns of which he had never heard the names. No matter; he was sure that they would be there, posted a day's journey apart, and all ready to receive him. As a rule, he would meet in each new place what looked like the same audience, would make the same points in his lecture as before, would sleep at what seemed the same hotel, and breakfast on the same tough beefsteak. He would receive the usual compliments, if any, and make the same courteous reply to the accustomed questions as to the acoustics of the hall and the intelligence of the audience. In the far West he would perhaps reach villages where, as the people came twenty miles for their entertainments, a dance might be combined with the lecture, — "tickets to Emerson and ball, one dollar." I have still a handbill, printed in some village in Indiana in 1867, wherein Mr. J. Jackson offers to read *Hamlet* for twenty-five cents admission, ladies free. He adds that after the reading he will himself plan for the formation of a company, with a small capital, for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs of a quality superior to anything in the market, and will relate some incidents of his early life in connection with this particular article. Thus having administered *Hamlet* once, he would prepare his audience to shed the necessary tears on a second hearing.

To the literary man, ordinarily kept at home by task work or by domestic cares, — and both of these existed in my own case, — there was a refreshing variety in a week or two, possibly a month or more, of these lecturing experiences. Considered as a regular vocation, such lecturing was benumbing to the mind as well as exhausting to the body, but it was at any rate an antidote for provincialism. It was a good thing to be entertained, beyond the Mississippi, at a house which was little more than a log

cabin, and to find, as I have found, Longfellow's Dante on the table and Millais' Huguenot Lovers on the wall; or to visit, as I once visited, a village of forty houses, in the same region, in nineteen of which *The Atlantic Monthly* was regularly taken. After such experiences a man could go back to his writing or his editing with enlarged faith. He would get new impressions, too, of the dignity and value of the lecture system itself. In one of my trips, while on a small branch railway in New England, I found everybody talking about the prospective entertainment of that evening, — conductor, brakemen, and passengers all kept recurring to the subject; everybody was going. As we drew near the end, the conductor singled me out as the only stranger and the probable lecturer, and burst into eager explanation. "The president of the lyceum," he said, "is absent from the village, and the vice-president, who will present you to the audience, is the engineer of this very train." So it turned out: the engineer introduced me with dignity and propriety. He proved to be a reader of Emerson and Carlyle, and he gave me a ride on his locomotive the next morning.

There was something pleasant, also, in the knowledge that the lecturer himself met the people as man to man; that he stood upon the platform to be judged and weighed. From the talk of his fellow travelers in the train, beforehand, he could know what they expected of him; and from the talk next morning, how he had stood the test. Wendell Phillips especially dreaded this ordeal, and always went home after lecturing, if his home could by any possibility be reached, in order to avoid it. The lecturer, often unrecognized in his traveling garb, might look through the eyes of others on his own face and figure; might hear his attitudes discussed, or his voice, or his opinions. Once, after giving a lecture on physical education, I heard it talked over between two respectable la-

dies, with especial reference to some disrespectful remarks of mine on the American pie. I had said, in a sentence which, though I had not really reduced it to writing, yet secured a greater circulation through the newspapers than any other sentence I shall ever write, that the average pie of the American railway station was "something very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and with untold horrors in the middle." I had given this lecture at Fall River, and was returning by way of the steamboat to Providence, when I heard one of my neighbors ask the other if she heard the lecture.

"No," she answered, "I did n't. But Mis' Jones, she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she, 'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I 'm never goin' to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin' in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Mr. Weller did not feel more gratified when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry," and wondered what they would call a roast one, than I when my poor stock of phrases was reinforced by this unexpected polysyllable. Instead of wasting so many words to describe an American railway pie, I should have described it, more tersely, as a "concomitant."

The lecture system was long since shaken to pieces in America by the multiplying of newspapers and the growth of musical and dramatic opportunities. The "bureaus" now exist mainly for the benefit of foreign celebrities; and the American lecturer has come to concern himself more and more with ques-

tions of public policy and morals, while literature and science have receded more into the background. The transition was easy from the lyceum course to the political platform, and this, at least, has held its own. No delusion is harder to drive out of the public mind than the impression that college-bred American men habitually avoid public duties. It may hold in a few large cities, but is rarely the case in country towns, and in New England generally is quite untrue. In looking back fifty years, I cannot put my finger on five years when I myself was not performing some official service for the city or state, or both simultaneously. In each of the four places where I have resided I have been a member of some public school committee; and in three of these places a trustee of the public library, there being then no such institution in the fourth town, although I was on a committee to prepare for one.

As to service to the commonwealth, since my return to my native state — twenty years ago — I have spent thirteen years in some public function, one year as chief of the governor's personal staff, two years as member of the state House of Representatives, three years on the State Board of Education, and seven years as state military and naval historian. How well I did my duty is not the question; we are dealing with quantity of service, not quality. Besides all this, I have almost invariably voted when there was any voting to be done, have repeatedly been a delegate to political conventions, and have commonly attended what are called primary meetings, often presiding at them. There is nothing exceptional in all this; it is a common thing for American citizens to have rendered as much service as is here stated, and in the university city where I dwell it is the rule, and not the exception, for professors and instructors to take their share in public duties. Some of those most faithful in this respect have been among the most typical and

fastidious scholars, such as Professor Charles Eliot Norton and the late Professor Francis James Child. I confess that it makes me somewhat indignant to hear such men stigmatized as mere idealists and dilettantes by politicians who have never in all their lives done so much to purify and elevate politics as these men have been doing daily for many years.

Side by side with this delusion there is an impression, equally mistaken, that college-bred men are disliked in politics, and have to encounter prejudice and distrust, simply by reason of education. They do indeed encounter this prejudice, but it comes almost wholly from other educated men who think that they can make a point against rivals by appealing to some such feeling. Nobody used this weapon more freely, for instance, than the late Benjamin F. Butler, who was himself a college graduate. He was always ready to deride Governor John D. Long for having translated Virgil; while his audiences, if let alone, would have thought it a creditable performance. As a rule, it may be assumed that any jeer at a "scholar in politics" proceeds from some other scholar in politics. It was almost pathetic to me to see, while in the Massachusetts legislature, the undue respect and expectation with which the more studious men in that body were habitually treated by other members, who perhaps knew far more than they about the matters of practical business with which legislatures are mainly occupied. It was, if analyzed, a tribute to a supposed breadth of mind which did not always exist, or to a command of language which proved quite inadequate. Many a college graduate stammers and repeats himself, while a man from the anvil or the country store says what he has to say and sits down. Again and again, during my service in the legislature, when some man had been sent there by his town, mainly to get one thing done, — a boundary changed or a local

railway chartered, — he has come to me with an urgent request to make his speech for him; and I have tried to convince him of the universal truth that a single-speech man who has never before opened his lips, but who understands his question through and through, will be to other members a welcome relief from a voice they hear too often. Wordsworth says: —

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

I have much oftener been saddened by the too great deference of men who were my superiors in everything but a diploma than I have been amazed by their jealousy or distrust.

It is my firm conviction that there never was an honester body of men, on the whole, than the two Massachusetts legislatures with which I served in 1880 and 1881. If there has been a serious change since, which I do not believe, it has been a very rapid decline. Doubtless the legislature was extremely liable to prejudice and impatience; it required tact to take it at the right moment, and also not to bore it. I had next me, for a whole winter, a politician of foreign birth, so restless that he never could remain half an hour in his seat, and who took such an aversion to one of the ablest lawyers in the house, because of his long and frequent speeches, that he made it a rule to go out whenever this orator began, and to vote against every motion he made. This was an individual case; yet personal popularity certainly counted for a great deal, up to the moment when any man trespassed upon it and showed that his head was beginning to be turned; from that moment his advantage was gone. Men attempting to bully the House usually failed; so did those who were too visibly wheedling and coaxing, or who struck an unfair blow at an opponent, or who asspersed the general integrity of the body they addressed, or

who even talked down to it too much. On the other hand, there existed among the members certain vast and inscrutable undercurrents of prejudice; as, for instance, those relating to the rights of towns, or the public school system, or the law of settlement, or perhaps only questions of roads and navigable streams, or of the breadth of wheels or the close time of fishing, — points which could never be comprehended by academic minds or even city-bred minds, and which yet might at any moment create a current formidable to encounter, and usually impossible to resist. Every good debater in the House and every one of its recognized legal authorities might be on one side, and yet the smallest contest with one of these latent prejudices would land them in a minority.

There were men in the House who scarcely ever spoke, but who comprehended these prejudices through and through; and when I had a pet measure to support, I felt more alarmed at seeing one of these men passing quietly about among the seats, or even conversing with a group in the cloak-room, than if I had found all the leaders in the legislature opposed to me. Votes were often carried against the leaders, but almost never against this deadly undertow of awakened prejudice. No money could possibly have affected it; and indeed the attempt to use money to control the legislature must then have been a very rare thing. There was not then, and perhaps is not to this day, any organized corporation which had such a controlling influence in Massachusetts as have certain railways, according to rumor, in Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Something of this power has been attributed, since my time, perhaps without reason, to the great West End Railway; but there was certainly only one man in the legislature, at the time I describe, who was generally believed to be the agent of a powerful corporation; and although he was one of the most formidable de-

baters in the house, by reason of wit and brilliancy, he yet failed to carry votes through this general distrust. Men in such bodies often listen eagerly, for entertainment, to an orator who commands after all but few votes, while they are perhaps finally convinced, nevertheless, by some dull or stammering speaker who thoroughly comprehends what he is discussing and whose sincerity is recognized by all.

Perhaps the most tedious but often the most amusing part of legislative life consists in the hearings before committees. I was at different times House chairman of committees on constitutional amendments, on education, on woman suffrage, and on "expediting the business of the House." All these were liable to be the prey of what are called cranks, but especially the first of these, which gathered what Emerson once called "the soul of the soldiery of dissent." There were men and women who haunted the State House simply to address the sessions of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments, and who would have been perfectly ready to take all that part of the business off our hands. I find in my notebook that one of these, an Irishman, once said to us, with the headlong enthusiasm of his race, "Before I say anything on this subject, let me say a word or two! In a question of integral calculus, you must depend on some one who can solve it. Now I have solved this question of Biennial Sessions," — this being the subject under consideration, — "and you must depend on me. Working men, as a rule, have what may be called a moral sense. Moral sense is that which enables us to tell heat from cold, to tell white from yellow: that is moral sense. Moral sense tells us right from wrong." Then followed an address with more of fact and reasoning than one could possibly associate with such an introduction, but ending with the general conclusion, "It [the biennial method] would give more power to the

legislature, for they would centralize more money into their pockets. I hope every member of the legislature, when this matter comes up, will be voted down." All these flowers of speech are taken from my own notebook as kept in the committee.

I always rather enjoyed being contradicted in the legislature or being cross-examined on the witness-stand: first, because the position gives one opportunity to bring in, by way of rejoinder, points which would not have fitted legitimately into one's main statement, thus approaching the matter by a flank movement; as it were; and again because the sympathy of the audience is always with the party attacked, and nothing pleases the spectators better, especially in the court-room, than to have a witness turn the tables on the lawyer. It is much the same in legislative bodies, and nothing aided the late General Butler more than the ready wit with which he would baffle the whole weight of argument by a retort. The same quality belonged to the best rough-and-ready fighter in the Massachusetts legislature of 1881, — a man to whom I have already referred as lacking the confidence of the House. He was a man who often hurt the cause he advocated by the brutality of his own argument, and was never so formidable as when he was driven into a corner, and suddenly, so to speak, threw a somerset over his assailant's head and came up smiling. I remember to have been once the victim of this method when I felt safest. I was arguing against one of those bills which were constantly reappearing for the prohibition of oleomargarine, and which usually passed in the end, from a sheer desire to content the farmers. I was arguing — what I have always thought to this day — that good oleomargarine was far better than bad butter, and should not be prohibited; and I fortified this by a story I had just heard of a gentleman in New York city, who had introduced the substitute without

explanation at a lunch he had lately given, and who, on asking his guests to compare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleomargarine. The House had seemed about equally divided, and I thought my little anecdote had carried the day, when Mr. — arose and with the profoundest seriousness asked, "Will the gentleman kindly inform us at what precise stage of the lunch party this test was applied?" The retort brought down the house instantly, and the rout which followed was overwhelming. It readily occurred to the experienced, or even to the inexperienced, that at a convivial party in New York there might arrive a period when the judgment of the guests would lose some of its value.

I had, in the legislature, my fair share of successes and failures, having the pleasure, for instance, of reporting and carrying through the present law which guarantees children in public schools from being compelled to read from the Bible against the wish of their parents, and also the bill giving to the Normal Art School a dwelling-place of its own. I contributed largely, the reporters thought, to the defeat of a measure which my constituents generally approved, the substitution of biennial sessions for annual; and have lived to see it finally carried through the legislature, and overwhelmingly defeated by the popular vote. I supported many propositions which required time to mature them and have since become laws; as the abolition of the poll tax qualification for voting, and the final abolition of the school district system. Other such measures which I supported still require farther time for agitation, as woman suffrage and the removal of the stigma on atheist witnesses. The latter, as well as the former, was very near my heart, since I think it an outrage first to admit the evidence of atheists, and then admit evidence to show that they are such, — a contradiction which Professor Longfel-

low described as "allowing men to testify, and then telling the jury that their testimony was not worth having." This measure was defeated, not by the Roman Catholics in the House, but by the Protestants, the representatives of the former being equally divided; a result attributed mainly to my having a certain personal popularity among that class. A more curious result of the same thing was when the woman suffrage bill was defeated, and when four Irish-American members went out and sat in the lobby, — beside Mr. Plunkett, the armless sergeant-at-arms, who told me the fact afterwards, — not wishing either to vote for the bill or to vote against what I desired. I rejoice to say that I had the same experience described by Theodore Roosevelt, in finding my general liking for the Irish temperament confirmed by seeing men of that race in public bodies. Often unreasonable, impetuous, one-sided, or scheming, they produce certainly some men of a high type of character. There was no one in the legislature for whose motives and habits of mind I had more entire respect than for those of a young Irish-American lawyer, since dead, who sat in the next seat to mine during a whole session. I believe that the instinct of this whole class for politics is on the whole a sign of promise, although producing some temporary evils; and that it is much more hopeful, for instance, than the comparative indifference to public affairs among our large French-Canadian population.

The desire for office, once partially gratified, soon becomes very strong, and the pride of being known as a "vote-getter" is a very potent stimulus to Americans, and is very demoralizing. Few men are willing to let the offices come to them, and although they respect this quality of abstinence in another, if combined with success, they do not have the same feeling for it *per se*. They early glide into the habit of regarding office as a perquisite, and as something to be

given to the man who works hardest for it, not to the man who is fitted for it. Money too necessarily enters into the account, as is shown by the habit of assessing candidates in proportion to their salaries, a thing to which I have always refused to submit. Again, I am sorry to say, there is a certain amount of hypocrisy on the subject, and men often carry on a still hunt, as it is technically called, and do not frankly own their methods. I remember when, some thirty years ago, a man eminent in our public life was boasting to me of the nomination of his younger brother for Congress, and this especially on the ground that whereas his competitor for the nomination had gone about promising offices and other rewards to his henchmen, the successful candidate had entirely refused to do anything of the kind, and had won on his merits alone. Afterward, on my asking the manager of the latter's campaign whether there was really so much difference in the methods of the two, he said with a chuckle, "Well, I guess there was n't much left undone on either side." The whole tendency of public life is undoubtedly to make a man an incipient boss, and to tempt him to scheme and bargain; and it is only the most favorable circumstances which can enable a man to succeed without this; it is mainly a question whether he shall do it in person or through an agent or "wicked partner." The knowledge of this drives from public life some men well fitted to adorn it, and brings in many who are unfit. The only question is whether there is much variation in this respect between different countries, and whether the process by which a man takes a step of rank in England, for instance, differs always essentially from the method by which position is gained in American public life. It is my own impression that this is also a case where there is not much left undone on either side.

Here is one plain advantage in the

hands of the literary man: that he is in a world where these various devices are far less needful. The artist, said Goethe, is the only man who lives with unconcealed aims. Successes are often won by inferior productions, no doubt, but it is because these are in some way better fitted to the current taste, and it is very rarely intrigue or pushing which secures fame. It is rare to see a book which has a merely business success; and if such a case occurs, it is very apt to be only a temporary affair, followed by reaction. This, therefore, is an advantage on the side of literature; but, on the other hand, the direct contact with men and the sense of being uncloistered is always a source of enjoyment in public life, and I should be sorry to go altogether without it. Presiding at public meetings, for instance, is a position which affords positive enjoyment to any one to whom it comes easily; it demands chiefly a clear head, prompt decision, absolute impartiality, and tolerable tact. An audience which recognizes these qualities will almost invariably sustain the chairman; those present have come there for a certain purpose, to carry the meeting fairly through, and they will stand by a man who helps to this, though if he is tricky they will rebel, and if he is irresolute they will ride over him. The rules of order are really very simple, and are almost always based on good common sense; and there is the same sort of pleasure in managing a somewhat turbulent meeting that is found in driving a four-in-hand. At smaller meetings of committees and the like, an enormous amount can be done by conciliation; nine times out of ten the differences are essentially verbal, and the suggestion of a word, the substitution of a syllable, will perhaps quell the rising storm. People are sometimes much less divided in purpose than they suppose themselves to be, and an extremely small concession will furnish a sufficient relief for pride. There is much, also, in watching the temper of

those with whom you deal, and in choosing the fortunate moment, — a thing which the late President Garfield, while leader of the House of Representatives at Washington, pointed out to me as the first essential of success. There were days, he said, when one could carry through almost without opposition measures that at other times would have to be fought inch by inch; and I afterward noticed the same thing in the Massachusetts legislature. It is so, also, I have heard the attendants say, even with the wild beasts in a menagerie: there are occasions when the storm signals are raised, and no risks must be taken, even with the tamest.

Probably no other presidential election which ever took place in this country showed so small a share of what is base or selfish in politics as the first election of President Cleveland; and in this I happened to take a pretty active part. I spoke in his behalf in five different states, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and New Jersey, and was brought closely in contact with the current of popular feeling, which I found a sound and wholesome one. The fact that he was a new man kept him singularly free from personal entanglements until actually in office; and his rather deliberate and stubborn temperament, with the tone of his leading supporters, gave an added safeguard. On the other hand, the same slowness of temperament made it impossible for him to supervise all departments at once, and he had to leave some of them in the hands of old-fashioned spoilsmen. There was among those who originally brought him forward — the so-called Mugwumps — an almost exaggerated unselfishness, at least for a time; in Massachusetts, especially, it was practically understood among them that they were to ask for nothing personally; and they generally got what they asked for. Mr. Cleveland's administration, with all its strength and weakness, has gone into history; he had,

if ever a man had, *les défauts de ses qualités*, but I cannot remember any President whose support implied so little that was personally unsatisfactory. This I say although I was led by my interest in him to accept, rather against my will, a nomination for Congress on the Democratic ticket at the time when Mr. Cleveland failed of reelection (1888). I made many speeches in my own district, mainly in his behalf; and although I was defeated, I had what is regarded in politics as the creditable outcome of having more votes in the district than the head of the ticket.

There are always many curious experiences in campaign-speaking. It will sometimes happen that the orators who are to meet on the platform have approached the matter from wholly different points of view, so that each makes concessions which logically destroy the other's arguments, were the audience only quick enough to find it out; or it may happen — which is worse — that the first speaker anticipates the second so completely as to leave him little to say. It is universally the case, I believe, that toward the end of the campaign every good point made by any speaker, every telling anecdote, every neat repartee, is so quoted from one to another that the speeches grow more and more identical. One gets acquainted, too, with a variety of prejudices, and gets insight into many local peculiarities and even accents. I remember that once, when I was speaking on the same platform with an able young Irish lawyer, he was making an attack on the present Senator Lodge, and said contemptuously, "Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of Nâhânt" — and he paused for a response which did not adequately follow. Then he repeated more emphatically, "Of Nâhânt! He calls it in that way, but common people say Nâhânt!" Then the audience took the point, and, being largely Irish, responded enthusiastically. Now, Mr. Lodge had only pronounced the name of his place of re-

sidence as he had done from the cradle, as his parents had said it before him, and as all good Bostonians had habitually pronounced it, with the broad sound universal among Englishmen, except — as Mr. Thomas Hardy has lately assured me — in the Wessex region; while this sarcastic young political critic, on the other hand, representing the Western and Southern and Irish mode of speech, treated this tradition of boyhood as a mere affectation.

One forms unexpected judgments of characters, also, on the platform. I can remember one well-known lawyer, — not now living, — whose manner to an audience, as to a jury, was so intolerably coaxing, flattering, and wheedling that it always left me with a strong wish that I could conscientiously vote against him. I remember also one eminent clergyman and popular orator who spoke with me before a very rough audience at Jersey City, and who so lowered himself by his tone on the platform, making allusions and repartees so coarse, that I hoped I might never have to speak beside him again. Of all the speakers with whom I have ever occupied the platform, the one with whom I found it pleasantest to be associated was the late Governor William Eustis Russell of Massachusetts. Carrying his election three successive times in a state where his party was distinctly in the minority, he yet had, among all political speakers whom I ever heard, the greatest simplicity and directness of statement, the most entire absence of trick, of claptrap, or of anything which would have lowered him. Striking directly at the main line of his argument, always well fortified, making his points uniformly clear, dealing sparingly in joke or anecdote, yet never failing to hold his audience, he was very near the ideal of a political speaker; nor has the death of any man in public life appeared so peculiar and irremediable a loss.

On the election of John Davis Long,

now Secretary of the Navy, as governor of Massachusetts in 1880, he asked me to act on his military staff; and although I had not known him personally, I felt bound to accept the post. The position is commonly regarded in time of peace as merely ornamental, but I had learned during the civil war how important it might become at any moment; and as nearly all his staff had seen some military service, I regarded the appointment as an honor. So peaceful was his administration that my chief duty was in representing him at public dinners and making speeches in his place. Sometimes, however, I went with him, and could admire in him that wondrous gift, which is called in other countries "the royal faculty," of always remembering the name of every one. With the utmost good will toward the human race, I never could attain to this gift of vivid personal recollection, and could only admire in my chief the unerring precision with which he knew in each case whether it was his constituent's wife or grandaunt who had been suffering under chronic rheumatism last year, and must now be asked for with accuracy. He had, too, the greatest tact in dealing with his audiences, not merely through humor and genial good sense, but even to the point of risking all upon some little stroke of audacity. This happened, for instance, when he delighted the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, a body made up from various military and non-military ingredients, by complimenting them on their style of marching, — which was rarely complimented by others, — and this on the ground that he did "not remember ever to have seen just such marching." The shot told, and was received with cheer upon cheer. Almost the only mistake I ever knew this deservedly popular official to make in dealing with an audience was when he repeated the same stroke soon after upon a rural semi-military company of somewhat similar description, which received it in stern and

unsympathetic silence; for it was their marching upon which these excellent citizens had prided themselves the most.

The Nemesis of public speaking — the thing which makes it seem almost worthless in the long run — is the impossibility of making it tell for anything after its moment is past. A book remains always in existence, — *litera scripta manet*, — and long after it seems forgotten it may be disinterred from the dust of libraries, and be judged as freshly as if written yesterday. The popular orator soon disappears from memory, and there is perhaps substituted in his place some solid thinker like Burke, who made speeches, indeed, but was called “the Dinner Bell,” because the members of Parliament scattered themselves instead of listening when he rose. Possibly this briefer tenure of fame is nature’s compensation for the more thrilling excitement of the orator’s life as compared with the author’s. The poet’s eye may be in never so fine a frenzy rolling, but he enjoys himself alone; he can never wholly trust his own judgment, nor even that of his admiring family. A perceptible interval must pass before he hears from his public. The orator’s appreciation, on the other hand, comes back as promptly as an answering echo: his hearers sometimes hardly wait for his sentence to be ended. In this respect he is like the actor, and enjoys, like him, a life too exciting to be quite wholesome. There are moments when every orator speaks, as we may say, above himself. Either he waked that morning fresher and more vigorous than usual, or he has had good news, or the audience is particularly sympathetic; at any rate, he surprises himself by going beyond his accustomed range. Or it may be, on the other hand, that he has heard bad news, or the audience is particularly antagonistic, so that he gets the warmth by reaction, as from a cold bath. When Wendell Phillips was speaking more tamely than usual, the younger Aboli-

tionists would sometimes go round behind the audience and start a hiss, which roused him without fail. The most experienced public speaker can never fully allow for these variations, or foretell with precision what his success is to be. No doubt there may be for all grades of intellect something akin to inspiration, when it is the ardor of the blood which speaks, and the orator himself seems merely to listen. Probably a scolding fishwoman has her days of glory when she is in remarkably good form, and looks back afterward in astonishment at her own flow of language. Whatever surprises the speaker is almost equally sure to arrest the audience; his prepared material may miss its effect, but his impulse rarely does. “Indeed,” as I wrote elsewhere long ago, “the best hope that any orator can have is to rise at favored moments to some height of enthusiasm that shall make all his previous structure of preparation superfluous; as the ship in launching glides from the ways, and scatters cradle-timbers and wedges upon the waters that are henceforth to be her home.”

The moral of my whole tale is that while no man who is appointed by nature to literary service should forsake it for public life, yet the experience of the platform, and even of direct political service, will be most valuable to him up to a certain point. That neither of these avenues leads surely to fame or wealth is a wholly secondary matter. Gibbon says of himself that “in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy” he “should never have accomplished the task or acquired the fame of an historian.” For myself, I have always been very grateful, first for not being rich, since wealth is a condition giving not merely new temptations, but new cares and responsibilities, such as a student should not be called upon to undertake; and secondly, for having always had the health and habits which enabled me to earn an honest living by literature, and this without actual drudg-

ery. Drudgery in literature is not simply to work hard, which is a pleasure, but to work on unattractive material. If one escapes drudgery, it seems to me that he has in literature the most delightful of all pursuits, especially if he can get the added variety which comes from having the immediate contact with life which occasional public speaking gives. The writer obtains from such intercourse that which Selden, in his *Table Talk*, attributes to the habit of dining in public as practiced by old English sovereigns: "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords with him, and then he understood men." It is, after all, the orator, not the writer, who meets men literally face to face; beyond this their functions are much alike. Of course neither of them can expect to win the vast prizes of wealth or power which commerce sometimes gives; and one's best preparation is to have looked poverty and obscurity in the face in youth, to have taken its measure and accepted it as a possible alternative, — a thing insignificant to a man who has, or even thinks he has, a higher aim.

No single sentence, except a few of Emerson's, ever moved me so much in youth as did a passage translated in Mrs. Austen's *German Prose Writers* from Heinzelmann, an author of whom I never read another word: "Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God, and die." This should be learned by heart by every young man; but he should also temper it with the fine saying of Thoreau,

that he "did not wish to practice self-denial unless it was quite necessary." In other words, a man should not be an ascetic for the sake of asceticism, but he should cheerfully accept that attitude if it proves to be for him the necessary path to true manhood. It is not worth while that he should live, like Spinoza, on five cents a day. It is worth while that he should be ready to do this, if needful, rather than to forego his appointed work, as Spinoza certainly did not. If I am glad of anything, it is that I learned in time, though not without some early stumblings, to adjust life to its actual conditions and to find it richly worth living.

After all, no modern writer can state the relative position of author and orator, or the ultimate aims of each, better than it was done eighteen centuries ago in that fine dialogue which has been variously attributed to Quintilian and Tacitus, in which the representatives of the two vocations compare their experience. Both agree that the satisfaction of exercising the gift and of knowing its usefulness to others provides better rewards than all office, all wealth. Aper, the representative orator, says that when he is called on to plead for the oppressed or for any good cause, he rises above all places of high preferment, and can afford to look down on them all. ("Tum mihi supra tribunatus et præturas et consulatus ascendere videor.") Maternus, who has retired from the public forum to write tragedies, justifies his course on the ground that the influence of the poet is far more lasting than that of the orator; and he is so far from asking wealth as a reward that he hopes to leave behind him, when he shall come to die, only so much of worldly possessions as may provide parting gifts for a few friends. ("Nec plus habeam quam quod possim cui velim relinquere.") If ancient Rome furnished this lofty standard, cannot modern Christendom hope at least to match it?

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CALEB WEST.

XV.

A NARROW PATH.

WHEN Sanford rang her bell, Mrs. Leroy was seated on the veranda that overlooked the garden, — a wide and inviting veranda, always carpeted in summer with mats and rugs, and made comfortable with cane chairs and straw divans that were softened into luxurious delights by silk cushions. During the day the sunshine filtered its way between the thickly matted vines, lying in patterns on the floor, or was held in check by thin Venetian blinds. At night the light of a huge eight-sided lantern festooned with tassels shed its glow through screens of colored gauze.

Mrs. Leroy was dressed in a simple gown of white crêpe, which clung and wrinkled about her slight figure, leaving her neck and arms bare. On a low table beside her rested a silver tray with a slender-shaped coffee-pot and tiny egg-shell cups and saucers.

She looked up at him, smiling, as he pushed aside the curtains. "Two lumps, Henry?" she called, holding the sugar-tongs in her hand. Then, as the light of the lantern fell upon his face, she exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter? You are worried: is there fresh trouble at the Ledge?" and she rose from her chair to lead him to a seat beside her.

"No; only Carleton. He holds on to that certificate, and I can get no money until he gives it up; yet I have raised the concrete six inches to please him. I wired Captain Joe yesterday to see him at once and to get his answer, — yes or no. What do you suppose he replied? 'Tell him he don't own the earth. I'll sign it when I get to it.' Not another word, nor would he give any reason for not signing it."

"Why don't you appeal to the Board?

General Barton would not see you suffer an unjust delay. I'll write him myself."

Sanford smiled. Her rising anger soothed him as flattery might have done at another time. He felt in it a proof of how close to her heart she really held his interests and his happiness.

"That would only prolong the agony, and might lose us the season's work. The Board is always fair and honest, only it takes so long for it to move." As he spoke he piled the cushions of the divan high behind Kate's head, and drew a low chair opposite to her. "It's torture to a contractor who is behind time," he continued, flecking the ashes of his cigar into his saucer. "It means getting all tangled up in the red tape of a government bureau. I must give up my holiday and find Carleton; there is nothing else to be done now. I leave on the early train to-morrow. But what a rest this is!" he exclaimed, breaking into the strained impetuosity of his own tone with a long-drawn sigh of relief, as he looked about the dimly lighted veranda. "Nothing like it anywhere. Another new gown, I see?"

His eyes wandered over her dainty figure, half reclining beside him, — the delicately modeled waist, the shapely wrists, and the tiny slippers peeping beneath the edge of her dress that fell in folds to the floor.

"Never mind about my gown," she said, her face alight with the pleasure of his tribute. "I want to hear more about this man Carleton," — she spoke as though she had hardly heard him. "What have you done to him to make him hate you?"

"Nothing but try to keep him from ruining the work."

"And you told him he was ruining it?"

"Certainly; there was nothing else to do. He's got the concrete now six inches out of level; you can see it plainly at low water."

"No wonder he takes his revenge," she said, cutting straight into the heart of the matter with that marvelous power peculiar to some women. "What else has gone wrong?" She meant him to tell her everything, knowing that to let him completely unburden his mind would give him the only real rest that he needed. She liked, too, to feel her influence over him. That he always consulted her in such matters was to Kate one of the keenest pleasures that his friendship brought.

"Everything, I sometimes think. We are very much behind. That concrete base should have been finished two weeks ago. The equinoctial gale is nearly due. If we can't get the first two courses of masonry laid by the middle of November, I may have to wait until spring for another payment, and that about means bankruptcy."

"What does Captain Joe think?"

"He says we shall pull through if we have no more setbacks. Dear old Captain Joe! nothing upsets him. We certainly have had our share of them this season: first it was the explosion, and now it is Carleton's spite."

"Suppose you *do* lose time, Henry, and *do* have to wait until spring to go on with the work. It will not be for the first time." There was a sympathetic yet hopeful tone in her voice. "When you sunk the coffer-dam at Kingston, three years ago, and it lay all winter in the ice, didn't you worry yourself half sick? And yet it all came out right. Oh, you need n't raise your eyebrows; I saw it myself. You know you are better equipped now, both in experience and in means, than you were then. Make some allowance for your own temperament, and please don't forget the nights you have lain awake worrying over nothing. It will all come out right." She laid her hand on his,

as an elder sister might have done, and in a gayer tone added, "I'm going to Medford soon, myself, and I'll invite this dreadful Mr. Carleton to come over to luncheon, and you'll get your certificate next day. What does he look like?"

Sanford broke into a laugh. "You would n't touch him with a pair of tongs, and I would n't let you, — even with them."

"Then I'll do it, anyway, just to show you how clever I am," she retorted, with a pretty, bridding toss of her head. She had taken her hand away, while Sanford, smiling still, held his own extended.

Kate's tact was having its effect. Under the magic of her sympathy his cares had folded their tents. Carleton was fast becoming a dim speck on the horizon, and his successive troubles were but a string of camels edging the blue distance of his thoughts.

It was always like this. She never failed to comfort and inspire him. Whenever his anxieties became unbearable it was to Kate that he turned, as he had done to-night. The very touch of her soft hand, so white and delicate, laid upon his arm, and the exquisite play of melody in her voice, soothed and strengthened him. Things were never half so bad as they seemed, when he could see her look at him mischievously from under her lowered eyelids as she said, "Mercy, Henry! is that all? I thought the whole lighthouse had been washed away." And he never missed the inspiration of the change that followed, — the sudden quiet of her face, the very tensivity of her figure, as she added in earnest tones, instinct with courage and sympathy, some word of hopeful interest that she of all women best knew how to give.

With the anxieties dispelled which had brought him hurrying to-night to Gramercy Park, they both relapsed into silence, — a silence such as was common to their friendship, one which was born

neither of ennui nor of discontent, the boredom of friends nor the poverty of meagre minds, but that restful silence which comes only to two minds and hearts in entire accord, without a single spoken word to lead their thoughts; a close, noiseless fitting together of two temperaments, with all the rough surfaces of their natures worn smooth by long association each with the other. In such accord is found the strongest proof of true and perfect friendship. It is only when this estate no longer satisfies, and one or both crave the human touch, that the danger-line is crossed. When stealthy fingers set the currents of both hearts free, and the touch becomes electric, discredited friendship escapes by the window, and triumphant love enters by the door.

The lantern shed its rays over Kate's white draperies, warming them with a pink glow. The smoke of Sanford's cigar curled upward in the still air and drifted out into the garden, or was lost in the vines of the jessamine trailing about the porch. Now and then the stillness was broken by some irrelevant remark suggested by the perfume of the flowers, the quiet of the night, the memory of Jack's and Helen's happiness; but silence always fell again, except for an occasional light tattoo of Kate's dainty slipper on the floor. A restful lassitude, the reaction from the constant hourly strain of his work, came over Sanford; the world of perplexity seemed shut away, and he was happier than he had been in weeks. Suddenly and without preliminary question, Mrs. Leroy asked sharply, with a strange, quivering break in her voice, "What about that poor girl Betty? Has she patched it up yet with Caleb? She told me, the night she stayed with me, that she loved him dearly. Poor girl! she has nothing but misery ahead of her if she does n't." She spoke with a certain tone in her voice that showed but too plainly the new mood that had taken possession of her.

"Pity she did n't find it out before she left him!" exclaimed Sanford.

"Pity he did n't do something to show his appreciation of her, you mean!" she interrupted, with a quick toss of her head.

"You are all wrong, Kate. Caleb is the gentlest and kindest of men. You don't know that old diver, or you would n't judge him harshly."

"Oh, he did n't beat her, I suppose. He only left her to get along by herself. I wish such men would take it out in beating. Some women could stand that better. It's the cold indifference that kills." She had risen from her seat, and was pacing the floor of the veranda.

"Well, that was not his fault, Kate. While the working season lasts he must be on the Ledge. He could n't come in every night."

"That's what they all say!" she cried restlessly. "If it's not one excuse, it's another. I'm tired to death of hearing about men who would rather make money than make homes. Now that he has driven her out of her wits by his brutality, he closes his door against her, even when she crawls back on her knees. But don't *you* despise her." She stood before him, looking down into his face for a moment. "Be just as sweet and gentle to her as you can," she said earnestly. "If she ever goes wrong again, it will be the world's fault or her husband's, — not her own. Tell her from me that I trust her and believe in her, and that I send her my love."

Sanford listened to her with ill-concealed admiration. It was when she was defending or helping some one that she appealed to him most. At those times he recognized that her own wrongs had not embittered her, but had only made her the more considerate.

"There's never a day you don't teach me something," he answered quietly, his eyes fixed on her moving figure. "Perhaps I have been a little hard on Betty, but it's because I've seen how Caleb suffers."

She stopped again in her walk and leaned over the rail of the veranda, her chin on her hand. Sanford watched her, following the bend of her exquisite head and the marvelous slope of her shoulders. He saw that something unusual had stirred her, but he could not decide whether it was caused by the thought of Betty's misery or by some fresh sorrow of her own. He threw away his cigar, rose from his chair, and joined her at the railing. He could be unhappy himself and stand up under it, but he could not bear to see a shade of sorrow cross her face.

"You are not happy to-night," he said.

She did not answer.

Sanford waited, looking down over the garden. He could see the shadowy outlines of the narrow walks and the white faces of the roses drooping over the gravel. When he spoke again there were hesitating, halting tones in his voice, as if he were half afraid to follow the course he had dared to venture on.

"Is Morgan coming home, Kate?"

"I don't know," she replied dreamily, after a pause.

"Did n't he say in his last letter?"

"Oh yes; answered as he always does, — when he gets through."

"Where is he now?"

"Paris, I believe."

She had not moved nor lifted her chin from her hand. The click of the old clock in the hall could be distinctly heard. Her curt, almost unwilling replies checked for an instant the words of sympathy that were on his tongue. He had asked the question hoping to probe the secret of her mood. If it were some new phase of the old sorrow, his sympathies, he knew, could not reach her; with that it must always be as though she had gone into a room with her grief and locked the door between them. He could hear her sobs inside, but could not get within to help her. If it were anything else, he stood ready to give her all his strength.

To-night, however, there was an added pathos, a hopeless weariness, in her tones, that vibrated through him. He looked at her intently; she had never seemed to him so beautiful, so pathetic. A great rush of feeling surged over him. He stepped closer to her, lifting his hand to lay on her head. Then, with an abrupt gesture, he turned and began pacing the veranda, his head bowed, his hands clasped behind his back. Strange, unutterable thoughts whirled through his brain; unbidden, unspeakable words crowded in his throat. All the restraint of years seemed slipping from him. With an effort he stopped once more, and this time laid his hand upon her shoulder. He felt in his heart that it was the same old sorrow which now racked her, but an uncontrollable impulse swept him on.

"Kate, what is it? You break my heart. Is there something else to worry you, — something you have n't told me?"

She shivered slightly as she felt the hand tighten on her shoulder. Then a sudden, tingling thrill ran through her.

"I have never any right to be unhappy when I have you, Henry. You are all the world to me, — all I have."

It was not the answer he had expected. For an instant the blood left his face, his heart stood still.

Kate raised her head, and their eyes met.

There are narrow paths in life where one fatal step sends a man headlong. There are eyes in women's heads as deep as the abyss below. Hers were wide open, with the fearless confidence of an affection she was big enough to give. He saw down into their depths, and read there — as they flashed toward him in intermittent waves over the barrier of the reserve she sometimes held — love, truth, and courage. To disturb these, even by the sympathy she longed for and that he loved to give, might, he knew, endanger the ideal of loyalty in her that he venerated most.

To go behind it and break down the wall of that self-control of hers which held in check the unknown, untouched springs of her heart might loosen a flood that would wreck the only bark which could keep them both afloat on the troubled waters of life,—their friendship.

Sanford bent his head, raised her hand to his lips, kissed it reverently, and without a word walked slowly toward his chair.

As he regained his seat the butler pushed aside the light curtains of the veranda, and in his regulation monotone announced, "Miss Shirley, Major Slocumb, and Mr. Hardy."

"My dear madam," broke out the major in his breeziest manner, before Mrs. Leroy could turn to greet him, "what would life be in this bake-oven of a city but for the joy of yo'r presence? And Henry! You here, too? Do you know that that rascal Jack has kept me waiting for two hours while he took Helen for a five minutes' walk round the square, or I would have been here long ago. Where are you, you young dog?" he called to Jack, who had lingered in the darkened hall with Helen.

"What's the matter now, major?" inquired Jack. He shook hands with Mrs. Leroy, and turned again toward the major. "I asked your permission. What would you have me do? Let Helen see nothing of New York, because you"—

"Do hush up, cousin Tom," said Helen, pursing her lips at the major. "We stayed out because we wanted to, did n't we, Jack? Don't you think he is a perfect ogre, Mrs. Leroy?"

"He forgets his own younger days, my dear Miss Shirley," she answered. "He shan't scold you. Henry, make him join you in a cigar, while I give Miss Helen a cup of coffee."

"They are both forgiven, my dear madam, when so lovely an advocate

pleads their cause," said the major grandiloquently, bowing low, his hand on his chest. "Thank you; I will join you." He leaned over Sanford as he spoke, and lighted a cigar in the blue flame of the tiny silver lamp.

It was delightful to note how the coming alliance of the Hardy and Slocumb families had developed the paternal, not to say patriarchal attitude of the major toward his once boon companion. He already regarded Jack as his own son,—somebody to lean upon in his declining years, a prop and a staff for his old age. He had even sketched out in his mind a certain stately mansion on the avenue, to say nothing of a series of country-seats,—one on Crab Island in the Chesapeake,—all with porticoes and an especial suite of rooms on the ground floor; and he could hear Jack say, as he pointed them out to his visitors, "These are for my dear old friend Major Slocumb of Pocomoke,—member of my wife's family." He could see his old enemy, Jefferson, Jack's servant, cowed into respectful obedience by the new turn in his master's affairs, in which the Pocomokian had lent so helpful a hand.

"She is the child of my old age, so to speak, suh, and I, of co'se, gave my consent after great hesitation," he would frequently say, fully persuading himself that Helen had really sought his approbation, and never for one moment dreaming that, grateful as she was to him for his chaperonage of her while in New York, he was the last person in the world she would have consulted in any matter so vital to her happiness.

Jack accepted the change in the major's manner with the same good humor that seasoned everything that came to him in life. He had known the Pocomokian too many years to misunderstand him now, and this new departure, with its patronizing airs and fatherly oversight, only amused him.

Mrs. Leroy had drawn the young girl

toward the divan, and was already discussing her plans for the summer.

"Of course you are both to come to me this fall, when the beautiful Indian summer weather sets in. The Pines is never so lovely as then. You shall sail to your heart's content, for the yacht is in order; and we will then see what this great engineer has been doing all summer," she added, glancing timidly from under her dark eyelashes at Sanford. "Mr. Leroy's last instructions were to keep the yacht in commission until he came home. I am determined you shall have one more good time, Miss Helen, before this young man ties you hand and foot. You will come, major?"

"I cannot promise, madam. It will depend entirely on my arrangin' some very important matters of business. I hope to be able to come for perhaps a day or so."

Jack looked at Sanford and smiled. Evidently Mrs. Leroy did not know the length of the major's "day or so." It generally depended upon the date of the next invitation. He was still staying with Jack, and had been there since the spring.

Buckles, the butler, had been bending over the major as that gentleman delivered himself of this announcement of his hopes. When he had filled to the brim the tiny liqueur glass, the major — perhaps in a moment of forgetfulness — said, "Thank you, suh," at which Buckles's face hardened. Such slips were not infrequent. The major was, in fact, always a little uncomfortable in Buckles's presence. Jack, who had often noticed his attitude, thought that these conciliatory remarks were intended as palliatives to the noiseless English flunky with the immovable face and impenetrable manner. He never extended such deference to Sam, Sanford's own servant, or even to Jefferson. "Here, Sam, you black scoundrel, bring me my hat," he would say whenever he was leaving Sanford's apart-

ments, at which Sam's face would relax quite as much as Buckles's had hardened. But then the major knew Sam's kind, and Sam knew the major, and, strange to say, believed in him.

When Buckles had retired, Sanford started the Pocomokian on a discussion in which all the talking would fall to the latter's share. Mrs. Leroy turned to Helen and Jack again. There was no trace, in voice or face, of the emotion that had so stirred her. All that side of her nature had been shut away the moment her guests entered.

"Don't mind a word Jack says to you, my dear, about hurrying up the wedding-day," she laughed, in a half-earnest and altogether charming way, — not cynical, but with a certain undercurrent of genuine anxiety in her voice, all the more keenly felt by Sanford, who waited on every word that fell from her lips. "Put it off as long as possible. So many troubles and disappointments come afterwards, and it is so hard to keep everything as it should be. There is no happier time in life than that just before marriage. Oh, you need n't scowl at me, you young Bluebeard; I know all about it, and you don't know one little bit."

Helen looked at Jack in some wonder. She was at a loss to know how much of the talk was pure badinage, and how much, perhaps, the result of some bitter worldly experience. She shuddered, yet without knowing what inspired the remark or what was behind it. She laughed, though, quite heartily, as she said, "It is all true, no doubt; only I intend to begin by being something of a tyrant myself, don't I, Jack?"

Before Jack could reply, Smearly, who had hurried by Buckles, entered unannounced, and with a general smile of recognition, and two fingers to the major, settled himself noiselessly in an easy-chair, and reached over the silver tray for a cup. It was a house where such freedom was not commented on,

and Smearly was one of those big Newfoundland-dog kind of visitors who avail themselves of all privileges.

"What is the subject under discussion?" the painter asked, as he dropped a lump of sugar into his cup and turned to his hostess.

"I have just been telling Miss Shirley how happy she will make us when she comes to The Pines this autumn."

"And you have consented, of course?" he inquired carelessly, lifting his bushy eyebrows.

"Oh yes," answered Helen, a faint shadow settling for a moment on her face. "It's so kind of Mrs. Leroy to want me. You are coming, too, are you not, Mr. Sanford?" and she moved toward Henry's end of the divan, where Jack followed her. She had never liked Smearly. She did not know why, but he always affected her strangely. "He looks like a bear," she once told Jack, "with his thick neck and his restless movements."

"Certainly, Miss Helen, I am going, too," replied Sanford. "I tolerate my work all summer in expectation of these few weeks in the autumn."

The young girl raised her eyes quickly. Somehow it did not sound to her like Sanford's voice. There was an unaccustomed sense of strain in it. She moved a little nearer to him, however, impelled by some subtle sympathy for the man who was not only Jack's friend, but one she trusted as well.

"Lovely to be so young and hopeful, is n't it?" said Mrs. Leroy to Smearly, with a movement of her head toward Helen. "Look at those two. Nothing but rainbows for her and Jack."

"Rainbows come after the storm, my dear lady, not before," rejoined Smearly. "If they have any prismatics in theirs, they will appear in a year or two from now." He had lowered his voice so that Helen should not hear.

"You never believe in anything. You hate women," said Mrs. Leroy in an undertone and half angrily.

"True, but with some exceptions; you, for instance. But why fool ourselves? The first year is one of sugar-plums, flowers, and canary-birds. They can't keep their hands off us; they love us so they want to eat us up."

"Some of them wish they had," interrupted Mrs. Leroy, with a half-laugh, her head bent coquettishly on one side.

"The second year both are pulling in opposite directions. Then comes a snap of the matrimonial cord, and over they go. Of course, neither of these two turtle-doves has the slightest idea of anything of the kind. They expect to go on and on and on, like the dear little babes in the wood; but they won't, all the same. Some day an old crow of an attorney will come and cover them over with dried briefs, and that will be the last of it."

Sanford took no part in the general talk. He was listless, absorbed. He felt an irresistible desire to be alone, and stayed on only because Helen's many little confidences, told to him in her girlish way, as she sat beside him on the divan, required but an acquiescing nod now and then, or a random reply, which he could give without betraying himself.

He was first of all the guests to rise. In response to Mrs. Leroy's anxious glance, as he bade her good-night between the veranda curtains, he explained, in tones loud enough to be heard by everybody, that it was necessary to make an early start in the morning for the Ledge, and that he had some important letters to write that night.

"Don't forget to telegraph me if you get the certificate," was all she said.

Helen and Jack followed Sanford. They too wanted to be alone; that is, together, — in their case the same thing.

Once outside and under the trees of the park, Helen stopped in a secluded spot, the shadows of the electric light flecking the pavement, took the lapels of Jack's coat in her hands, and said,

"Jack, dear, I was n't happy there to-night. She never could have loved anybody."

"Who, darling?"

"Why, Mrs. Leroy. Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes, but it was only Kate. That's her way, Helen. She never means half she says."

"Yes, but the *way* she said it, Jack. She does n't know what love means. Loving is not being angry all the time. Loving is helping, — helping everywhere and in everything. Whatever either needs the other gives. I can't say it just as I want to, but you know what I mean. And that Mr. Smeary; he did n't think I heard, but I did. Why, it's awful for men to talk so."

"Dear heart," said Jack, smoothing her cheek with his hand, "don't believe everything you hear. You are not accustomed to the ways of these people. Down in your own home in Maryland people mean what they say; here they don't. Smeary is all right. He was 'talking through his hat,' as the boys say at the club, — that's all. You'd think, to hear him go on, that he was a sour, crabbed old curmudgeon, now, would n't you? Well, you never were more mistaken in your life. Every penny he can save he gives to an old sister of his, who has n't seen a well day for years. That's only his talk."

"But why does he speak that way, then? When people love as they ought to love, every time a disappointment in the other comes, it is just one more opportunity to help, — not a cause for ridicule. I love you that way, Jack; don't you love me so?" and she looked up into his eyes.

"I love you a million ways, you sweet girl," and, with a rapid glance about him to see that no one was near, he slipped his arm about her and held her close to his breast.

He felt himself lifted out of the atmosphere of romance in which he had lived for months. The gentle, shrink-

ing Southern child whom he loved and petted and smothered with roses, this tender, clinging girl who trusted him so implicitly, was no longer his sweetheart, but his helpmate. She had suddenly become a woman, — strong, courageous, clear-minded, helpful.

A new feeling rose in his heart and spread itself through every fibre of his being, — a feeling without which love is a plaything. It was reverence.

When Sanford reached his apartments Sam was waiting for him, as usual. The candles were lighted instead of the lamp. The windows of the balcony were wide open.

"You need not wait, Sam; I'll close the blinds," he said, as he stepped out and sank into a chair.

Long after Sam had gone he sat there without moving, his head bent, his forehead resting on his hand. He was trying to pick up the threads of his life again, to find the old pattern which had once guided him in his course, and to clear it from the tangle of lines that had suddenly twisted and confused him.

For a long time he saw nothing but Kate's eyes as they had met his own, with the possibilities which he had read in their depths. He tried to drive the picture from him; then baffled by its persistence he resolutely faced it; held it as it were in his hands, and, looking long and unflinchingly at it, summoned all his courage.

He had read Kate's heart in her face. He knew that he had revealed his own. But he meant that the future should be unaffected by the revelations made. The world must never share her confidence nor his, as it would surely do at their first false step. It should not have the right to turn and look, and to wonder at the woman whom he was proud to love. That open fearlessness which all who knew her gloried in should still be hers. He knew the value of it to her, and what its loss would entail should a spoken word of

his rob her of it, or any momentary weakness of theirs deprive her of the strength and comfort which his open companionship could give. No! God helping him, he would stand firm, and so would she.

An hour later he was still there, his unlighted cigar between his lips, his head on his hands.

XVI.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

The mile or more of shore skirting the curve of Keyport harbor from Keyport village to Captain Joe's cottage was lighted by only four street lamps. Three of these were hung on widely scattered telegraph-poles; the fourth was nailed fast to one end of old Captain Potts's fish-house.

When the nights were moonless, these faithful sentinels, with eyes alert, scanned the winding road, or so much of it as their lances could protect, watching over deep-culverts, and in one place guarding a treacherous bridge without a rail.

When the nights were cloudy and the lantern-panes were dimmed by the driving sleet, these beacons confined their efforts to pointing out for the stumbling wayfarer the deep puddles or the higher rows of soggy seaweed washed up by the last high tide into the highway itself. Only on thick nights, when the fog-drift stole in from the still sea and even Keyport Light burned dim, did their scouting rays retreat discomfited, illumining nothing but the poles on which the lanterns hung.

Yet in spite of this vigilance there were still long stretches of road between, which even on clear nights were dark as graveyards and as lonesome. Except for the ruddy gleam slanted across the path from some cabin window, or the glare of a belated villager's swinging lantern flecking the pale, star-

ing fences with seesawing lights and shadows, not a light was visible.

Betty knew every foot of this road. She had trundled her hoop on it, her hair flying in the wind, when she first came to Keyport to school. She had trodden it many a time with Caleb. She had idled along its curves with Lacey before the day when her life came to an end, and had plodded over it many a weary hour since, as she went to her work in the village or returned to Captain Joe's. She knew every stone and tree and turn. She could have found her way in the pitch-dark to the captain's or to Caleb's, just as she had done again and again in the days before the street lights were set, and when Caleb would be standing on the porch, if she was late, shading his eyes and peering down the road, the kitchen lamp in his hand. "I was gittin' worried, little woman; what kep' ye?" he would say. She had never been afraid in those days, no matter what the hour. Everybody knew her. "Oh, that's you, Mis' West, is it? I kind o' mistrusted it was," would come from some shadowy figure across the road.

All this was changed now. There were places along the highway that made her draw her shawl closer, often half hiding her face. She would shudder as she turned the corner of the church, the one where the captain and Aunty Bell had taken her the first Sunday after her coming back. The big, gloomy oil warehouse where she had nursed Lacey seemed to her haunted and uncanny, and at night more gloomy than ever without a ray of light in any one of its broken, staring windows. Even the fishing-smacks, anchored out of harm's way for the night, looked gruesome and mysterious, with single lights aloft, and black hulls and masts reflected in the water. It was never until she reached the willows that her agitation disappeared. These grew just opposite Captain Potts's fish-house. There were three of them, and their

branches interlocked and spread across the road, the spaces between the trunks being black at night despite the one street lamp nailed to the fish-house across the way. When Betty gained these trees her breath always came freer. She could see along the whole road, away past Captain Joe's, and up the hill as far as Caleb's gate. She could see, too, Caleb's cabin from this spot, and the lamp burning in the kitchen window. She knew who was sitting beside it. From these willows, also, she could run for Captain Joe's swinging gate with its big ball and chain, getting safely inside before Caleb could pass and see her, if by any chance he should be on the road and coming to the village. Once she had met him this side of their dark shadows. It was on a Saturday, and he was walking into the village, his basket on his arm. He was going for his Sunday supplies, no doubt. The Ledge gang must have come in sooner than usual, for it was early twilight. She had seen him coming a long way off, and had looked about for some means of escape. There was no mistaking his figure; no change of hat or tarpaulin could conceal his identity. She would know him as far as she could see him,—that strong, broad figure, with the awkward, stiff walk peculiar to so many seafaring men, particularly lightship-keepers like Caleb, who have walked but little. She knew, too, the outline of the big, fluffy beard that the wind caught and blew over his ruddy face. No one could be like her Caleb but himself.

These chance meetings she dreaded with a fear she could not overcome. On this last occasion, finding no concealing shelter, she had kept on, her eyes on the ground. When Caleb had passed, his blue eyes staring straight ahead, his face drawn and white, the lips pressed close, she turned and looked after him, and he turned, too, and looked after her,—these two, man and wife, within reach of each other's arms and lips, yet

with only the longing hunger of a dead happiness in their eyes. She could have run toward him, and knelt down in the road, and begged him to forgive her and take her home again, had not Captain Joe's words restrained her: "Caleb says he ain't got nothin' agin ye, child, but he won't take ye back s' long 's he lives."

Because, then, of the dread of these chance meetings, and because of the shy looks of many of the villagers, who, despite Captain Joe's daily fight, still passed her with but a slight nod of recognition, she was less unhappy when she walked out and in at night than in the daylight. The chance of being recognized was less. Caleb might pass her in the dark and not see her, and then, too, there were fewer people along the road after dark.

On the Saturday night succeeding that on which she had met him, she determined to wait until it was quite dark. He would have come in then, and she could slip out from the shop where she worked and gain the shore road before he had finished making his purchases in the village.

Her heart had been very heavy all day. The night before she had left her own bed and tapped at Aunt Bell's door, and had crept under the coverlid beside the little woman, the captain being at the Ledge, and had had one of her hearty cries, sobbing on the elder woman's neck, her arms about her, her cheek to hers. She had gone over with her for the hundredth time all the misery of her loneliness, wondering what would become of her; and how hard it was for Caleb to do all his work alone,—washing his clothes and cooking his meals just as he had done on board the lightship; pouring out her heart until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. All of her thoughts were centred in him and his troubles. She longed to go back to Caleb to take care of him. It was no longer to be taken care of, but to care for him.

As she hurried through the streets, after leaving the shop, and gained the corner leading to the shore road, she glanced up and down, fearing lest her eyes should fall upon the sturdy figure with the basket. But there was no one in sight whom she knew. At this discovery she slackened her steps and looked around more quickly. When she reached the bend in the road, a flash of light from an open door in a cabin near by gave her a momentary glimpse of a housewife bending over a stove and a man putting a dinner-pail on the kitchen table. Then all was dark again. It was but a momentary glimpse of a happiness the possibility of which in her own life she had wrecked. She stopped, steadying herself by the stone wall. She would soon be at the willows, within a hundred yards of Captain Joe's gate, and all danger would be over. So far Caleb was nowhere in sight.

With these thoughts in her mind she passed into the black shadows of the overhanging willows. As she came to them a man stepped from behind a tree-trunk.

"Are n't you rather late this evening?" he asked.

Betty stood still, the light of the street lamp full on her face. The abruptness of the sound, breaking into the quiet of her thoughts, startled her.

"Oh, you need n't be afraid; I'm not going to hurt you."

The girl peered into the gloom. She thought the voice was familiar, though she was not sure. She could distinguish only a white shirt and collar, and a shadowy face with a mustache.

"What makes you so skittish, anyhow?" the man asked again, — in a lower tone this time. "You did n't use to be so. I thought maybe you might like to drive over to Medford and see the show to-night."

Betty made no answer, but she took a step nearer to him, trying to identify him. She was not afraid; only curious. All at once it occurred to her that

it could be for no good purpose he had stopped her. None of the men had spoken to her in the street, even in the daytime, since her return home.

"Please let me pass," she said quietly and firmly.

"Oh, you need n't be in a hurry. We've got all night. Come along, now, won't you? You used to like me once, before you shook the old man."

Betty knew him now!

The terror of her position overcame her; a deathly faintness seized her.

She saw it all; she knew why this man dared. She realized the loneliness and desolation of her position. Every cabin near her filled with warmth and cheer and comfort, and she friendless and alone. Not a woman she knew without some strong arm of husband or brother to help and defend. The very boats in the harbor, with their beacons aloft, protected and safe. Only she in danger; only she unguarded, waylaid, open to insult, even by a man like this.

She stood shivering, looking into his cowardly face. Then rousing herself to her peril, she sprang toward the road. In an instant the man had seized her wrist. She felt his hot breath on her face.

"Oh, come now, none of that! Say, why ain't I as good as Bill Lacey? Give me a kiss."

"Let me go! Let me go! How dare you!" she cried, struggling in his grasp. When she found his strength gaining on her, she screamed.

Hardly had she made her outcry, when from behind the fish-house a tall man with a flowing beard darted into the shadows, flung himself on Betty's assailant, and dragged him out under the glare of the street lamp. The girl fled up the road without looking behind.

"That's what ye're up to, is it, Mr. Carleton?" said the tall man, holding the other with the grip of a steel vise. "I 'spected as much when I see

ye passin' my place. Damn ye! If it wa'n't that it would be worse for her, I'd kill ye!"

Every muscle in the speaker's body was tense with anger. Carleton's head was bent back, his face livid from the pressure of the fingers twisted about his throat.

The diver slowly relaxed his hold. "Ain't she got trouble 'nough without havin' a skunk like you a-runnin' foul o' her?"

Carleton made a quick gesture as if to spring aside and run. The other saw the movement and edged closer.

"Ain't ye ashamed o' yerself? Ain't it mean o' ye to make up to a gal like Betty?" His voice was low and measured, — a thin, bitter, cutting voice.

"What 's it your business, anyhow?" Carleton gasped between his breaths, shaking himself like a tousled dog. "What are you putting on frills about her for, anyhow? She 's nothing to you, if she is your wife. I guess I know what I 'm doing."

Caleb's fingers grew hard and rigid as claws.

"So do I know what ye 're a-doin'. Ye 'd drag that child down an' stomp on her, if ye could. Ye 'd make a *thing* of her," — the words came with a hiss, — "you — you — callin' yerself a man!"

"Why don't you take care of her, then?" snarled Carleton, with an assumed air of composure, as he adjusted his collar and cuffs.

"That 's what I 'm here for; that 's why I follered ye; there ain't a night since it begun to git dark I ain't watched her home. She 's not yourn; she 's mine. Look at me," — Caleb stepped closer and raised his clinched fist. "If ever ye speak to her agin, so help me God, I *will* kill ye!"

With one swing of his arm he threw the superintendent out of his way, and strode up the street.

Carleton staggered from the blow, and would have fallen but for the wall

of the fish-house. For a moment he stood in the road looking after Caleb's retreating figure. Then, with a forced bravado in his voice, he called out in the darkness, "If you think so damn much of her, why don't you take her home?" and slunk away toward the village.

The old man did not turn. If he heard, he made no sign. He walked on, with his head down, his eyes on the road. As he passed Captain Joe's he loitered at the gate until he saw the light flash up in Betty's bedroom; then he kept on to his own cabin.

XVII.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE.

The fire was nearly out when Caleb entered his kitchen door and sank into a chair. Carleton's taunting words, "Why don't you take her home?" rang in his ears. Their sting hurt him. Everything else seemed to fall away from his mind. He knew why he did not take her home, he said to himself; every one else knew why, — every one up and down Keyport knew what Betty had done to ruin him. If she was friendless, tramping the road, within sight of her own house, whose fault was it? Not his. He had never done anything but love her and take care of her.

He reached for a pair of tongs, stirred the coals, and threw on a single piece of driftwood. The fire blazed up brightly at once, its light flickering on the diver's ruddy face, and as quickly died out.

"Why don't I take care of 'er, eh? Why did n't she take care of herself?" he said aloud, gazing into the smouldering embers. "She sees what it is now trampin' the road nights, runnin' up agin such curs as him. He 's a nice un, he is. I wish I 'd choked the life out'er him; such fellers ain't no right to live," looking about him as if he expected to find Carleton behind the

door, and as quickly recovering himself. "I wonder if he hurt 'er," — his voice had softened. "She screamed turrible. I ought, maybe, to 'a' ketched up to her. Poor little gal, she ain't used to this." He was silent awhile, his head bent, his shoulders updrawn, his big frame stretched out in the chair.

"She ain't nothin' but a child, anyhow," he broke out again, — "Cap'n Joe says so. He says I don't think o' this; maybe he's right. He says I'm bigger an' twice as old's she be, an' ought'er know more; that it ain't me she's hurted, — it's herself; that I married her to take care of 'er; and that the fust time she got in a hole I go back on 'er, 'cause she's dragged me in arter 'er. Well, ain't I a-takin' care of 'er? Ain't I split squar' in two every cent I've earned since she run away with that" —

Caleb paused abruptly. Even to himself he never mentioned Lacey's name. Bending forward he poked the fire vigorously, raking the coals around the single stick of driftwood. "It's all very well for th' cap'n to talk; he ain't gone through what I have."

Pushing back his chair he paced the small room, talking to himself as he walked, pausing to address his sentences to the several articles of furniture, — the chairs, the big table, the kitchen sink, whatever came in his way. It was an old trick of his when alone. He had learned it aboard the lightship. "I ain't a-goin' to have 'er come home so late no more," he continued. His voice had sunk to a gentle whisper. "I'm goin' to tell them folks she works for that they've got to let 'er out afore dark, or she shan't stay." He was looking now at an old rocker as if it were the shopkeeper himself. "She'll be so scared arter this she won't have a minute's peace. She needn't worrit herself, though, 'bout that skunk. She's shut o' *him*. But there'll be more of 'em. They all think that now I've throwed 'er off

they kin do as they've a mind to." He stopped again and gazed down at the floor, seemingly absorbed in a hole in one of the planks. "Cap'n Joe sez I ain't got no business to throw 'er off. He would n't treat a dog so, — that's what ye said, cap'n; I ain't never goin' to forgit it." He spoke with as much earnestness as though the captain stood before him. "I ain't throwed *her* off. She throwed *me* off, — lef' me here without a word; an' ye know it, cap'n. Ye want me to take 'er back, do ye? S'pose I do, an' she finds out arter all that her comin' home was 'cause she was skeared of it all, and that she still loved" —

He stopped and seated himself in his chair. He picked up another stick and threw it on the fire, snuggling the two together. The sticks, cheered by each other's warmth, burst into a crackling flame.

"Poor little Betty!" he began again aloud. "I'm sorry for ye. Everybody's agin ye, child, 'cept Cap'n Joe's folks. I know it hurts ye turrible to have folks look away from ye. Ye always loved to have folks love ye. I ain't got nothin' agin ye, child, indeed I ain't. It was my fault, not yourn. I told Cap'n Joe so; ask him, — he'll tell ye." He turned toward the empty chair beside him, as if he saw her sad face there. "I know it's hard, child," shaking his head. "Ain't nobody feels it more 'n me, — ain't nobody feels it more 'n me. I guess I must take care o' ye; I guess there ain't nobody else but me kin do it."

The logs blazed cheerily; the whole room was alight. "I wish ye loved me like ye did onet, little woman, — I would n't want no better happiness; jest me an' you, like it useter was. I wonder if ye do? No, I know ye don't." The last words came with a positive tone.

For a long time he remained still. Now he gazed at the blazing logs locked together, the flames dancing about them.

Then he got up and roamed mechanically around the room, his thoughts away with Betty and her helpless condition, and her rightful dependence on him. In the same dreary way he opened the cupboard, took out a piece of cold meat and some slices of stale bread, laying them on the table, poured some tea into a cup and put it on the stove; it was easier making the tea that way than in a pot. He drew the table toward the fire, so that his supper would be within reach, stirring the brewing tea meanwhile with a fork he had in his hand, and began his frugal meal. Since Betty left he had never set the table. It seemed less lonely to eat this way.

Just as he had finished there came a knock at the front door. Caleb started, and put down his cup. Who could come at this hour? Craning his head toward the small open hall, he saw through the glass in the door the outlines of a woman's figure approaching him through the hall. His face flushed, and his heart seemed to jump in his throat.

"It 's me, Caleb," said the woman. "It 's Aunty Bell. The door was open, so I did n't wait. Cap'n sent me up all in a hurry. He 's jes' come in from the Ledge, and hollered to me from the tug to send up and get ye. The pump 's broke on the big h'ister. A new one 's got to be cast to-night and bored out to-morrer, if it 's Sunday. Cap'n says everything 's stopped at the Ledge, and they can't do another stroke till this pump 's fixed. Weren't nobody home but Betty, and so I come myself. Come right along; he wants ye at the machine shop jes' 's quick as ye kin git there."

Caleb kept his seat and made no reply. Something about the shock of finding who the woman was had stunned him. He did not try to explain it to himself, and was conscious only of a vague yet stinging sense of disappointment. Automatically, like a trained

soldier obeying a command, he bent forward in his chair, drew his thick boots from under the stove, slipped his feet into them, and silently followed Aunty Bell out of the house and down the road. When they reached Captain Joe's gate he looked up at Betty's window. There was no light.

"Has Betty gone to bed?" he said quietly.

"Yes, more 'n an hour ago. She come home late, all tuckered out. I see 'er jes' before I come out. She said she warn't sick, but she would n't eat nothin'."

Caleb paused, looked at her as if he were about to speak again, hesitated, then, without a word, walked away.

"Stubborn as a mule," said Aunty Bell, looking after him. "I ain't got no patience with such men."

XVIII.

THE EQUINOCTIAL GALE.

When Sanford arrived at Keyport, a raw, southeast gale whirled through the deserted streets. About the wharves of the village itself idle stevedores lounged under dripping roofs, watching the cloud-rack and speculating on the chances of going to work. Out in the harbor the fishing-boats rocked uneasily, their long, red pennants flattened against the sky. Now and then a frightened sloop came hurrying in with close-reefed jib, sousing her bow under at every plunge.

Away off in the open a dull gray mist, churned up by the tumbling waves, dimmed the horizon, blurring here and there a belated coaster laboring heavily under bare poles, while from Crotch Island way came the roar of the pounding surf thrown headlong on the beach. The long-expected equinoctial storm was at its height.

So fierce and so searching were the wind and rain that Sanford was thor-

oughly drenched when he reached Captain Joe's cottage.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Sanford, come right in! Why, ye're jest's soakin' as though ye'd fell off the dock. Cap'n said ye was a-comin', but I hoped ye would n't. I ain't never see it blow so terrible, I don't know when. Gimme that overcoat," slipping it from his shoulders and arms. "Be yer feet wet?"

"Pretty wet, Mrs. Bell. I'll go up to my room and get some dry socks" —

"Ye ain't a-goin' to move one step. Set right down an' get them shoes off. I'll go for the socks myself. I overhauled 'em last week with the cap'n's, and sot a new toe in one o' them. I won't be a minute!" she cried, hurrying out of the room, and returning with heavy woolen socks and a white worsted sweater.

"Guess ye'll want these, too, sir," she said, picking up a pair of slippers.

"Where is Captain Joe?" asked Sanford, as he pulled off his wet shoes and stockings and moved closer to the fire. It was an every-day scene in Aunty Bell's kitchen, where one half of her visitors were wet half the time, and the other half wet all the time.

"I don't jes' know. He ain't been home sence Saturday night but jes' long 'nough to change his clothes an' git a bite to eat. Come in from the Ledge Saturday night on the tug two hours after the Screamer brought in the men, an' hollered to me to go git Caleb an' come down to the machine shop. You heard they broke the pump on the h'istin'-engine, did n't ye? They both been a-workin' on it pretty much ever sence."

"Not the big hoister?" Sanford exclaimed, with a start, turning pale.

"Well, that's what the cap'n said, sir. He an' Caleb worked all Saturday night an' got a new castin' made, an' bored it out yesterday. I told him he would n't have no luck, workin' on

Sunday, but he did n't pay no more 'tention to me than th' wind a-blowin'. It was to be done this mornin'. He was up at five, an' I ain't seen him sence. Said he was goin' to git to the Ledge in Cap'n Potts' cat-boat, if it mod'rated."

"He won't go," said Sanford, with a sigh of relief now that he knew the break had been repaired without delay. "No cat-boat can live outside to-day."

"Well, all I know is, I hearded him tell Lonny Bowles to ask Cap'n Potts for it 'fore they went out," she replied, as she hung Sanford's socks on a string especially reserved for such emergencies. "Said they had two big cut stone to set, an' they could n't get a pound o' steam on the Ledge till he brought the pump back."

Sanford instinctively looked out of the window. The rain still beat against the panes. The boom of the surf sounded like distant cannon.

"Ye can't do nothin' with him when he gits one o' his spells on, noways," continued Aunty Bell, as she raked out the coals. "Jes' wait till I grind some fresh coffee, — won't take a minute. Then I'll git breakfast for ye."

Sanford stepped into the sitting-room, closed the door, took off his coat and vest, loosened his collar, pulled on the sweater, and came back into the kitchen, looking like a substitute in a game of football. He always kept a stock of such dry luxuries in his little room upstairs, Aunty Bell looking after them as she did after the captain's, and these rapid changes of dress were not unusual.

"How does Betty get on?" asked Sanford, drawing up a chair to the table. The bustling little woman was bringing relays of bread, butter, and other comforts, flitting between the pantry and the stove.

"Pretty peaked, sir; ye would n't know her, poor little girl; it'd break yer heart to see her," she answered, as she placed a freshly baked pie on the

table. "She's upstairs now. Cap'n would n't let her git up an' go to work this mornin', it blowed so. That's her now a-comin' downstairs."

Sanford rose and held out his hand. He had not seen Betty since the memorable night when she had stood in his hallway, and he had taken her to Mrs. Leroy's. He had been but seldom at the captain's of late, going straight to the Ledge from the train, and had always missed her.

Betty started back, and her color came and went when she saw who it was. She did n't know anybody was downstairs, she said half apologetically, addressing her words to Aunt Bell, her eyes averted from Sanford's face.

"Why, Betty, I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed Sanford in a cheery tone, his mind going back to Mrs. Leroy's admonition.

Betty raised her eyes with a timid, furtive glance, her face flushed scarlet, but, reading Sanford's entire sincerity in his face, she laid her hand in his, saying it was a bad day, and that she hoped he was not wet. Then she turned to help Mrs. Bell with the table.

Sanford watched her slight figure and careworn face as she moved about the room. When Aunt Bell had gone down into the cellar, he called Betty to him and said in a low voice, "I have a message for you."

She turned quickly, as if anticipating some unwelcome revelation.

"Mrs. Leroy told me to give you her love."

Betty's eyes filled. "Is that what she said, Mr. Sanford?"

"Every word, Betty, and she means it all."

The girl stood fingering the handles of the knives she had just laid upon the cloth. After a pause, Sanford's eyes still upon her face, she answered slowly, with a pathos that went straight home to his heart:—

"Tell her, please, sir, that I thank her so much, and that I never forget

her. I am trying so hard—so hard—I promised her I would. You don't know, Mr. Sanford,—nobody won't never know how good she was to me. If I'd been her sister she could n't 'a' done no more."

It was but a slight glimpse of the girl's better nature, but it settled for Sanford all the misgivings he had had. He was about to tell her of Mrs. Leroy's expected arrival at Medford, and urge her to go over some Sunday, when Aunt Bell bustled in with a covered dish.

"Come, child," she said, "sit right down alongside o' Mr. Sanford an' git your breakfas'. You ain't eat a morsel yet."

There were no seats of honor and no second table in this house, except perhaps for those who came late.

Here a sharp, quick knock sounded on the outer door, and in stalked Captain Bob Brandt, six feet or more of wet oilskins, the rain dripping from his sou'wester, his rosy, good-natured face peering out from under the puckered brim.

"Cap'n Joe sent me down to the station for ye, sir, in case ye come, but I missed ye, somehow. Mr. Carleton was on the platform, an' said he see ye git off. Guess ye must 'a' come cross-lots."

"Did Mr. Carleton mention anything about receiving a telegram from me, saying I wanted to see him?" inquired Sanford, as he shook the skipper's hand.

"Yes, sir; said he knew ye was comin', but that he was goin' over to Medford till the storm was over."

Sanford's brow knit. Carleton had evidently avoided him.

"Did he leave any message or letter with Captain Joe?" Sanford asked, after a pause. He still hoped that the coveted certificate had finally been signed.

"Guess not, sir. Don't think he see 'im. I suppose ye know Cap'n

Joe 's gone to the Ledge with the new pump? "

"Not in this storm?" cried Sanford, a look of alarm overspreading his face.

"Yes, sir, half an hour ago, in Cap'n Potts' Dolly. I watched 'em till they run under the P'int, then I come for you; guess that 's what got me late. She was under double reefs then, an' a-smashin' things for all she was worth. I tell ye, 't ain't no good place out there for nobody, not even Cap'n Joe." As he spoke he took off his hat and thrashed the water from it against the jamb of the door. "No, thank ye, ma'am," with a wave of his hand in answer to Mrs. Bell's gesture to sit down opposite Betty. "I had breakfast 'board the Screamer."

"Who 's with him?" said Sanford, now really uneasy. Captain Joe's personal safety was worth more to him than the completion of a dozen light-houses.

"Caleb and Lonny Bowles. They'd go anywheres cap'n told 'em. He was holdin' tiller when I see him last; Caleb layin' back on the sheet and Lonny bailin'. Cap'n said he would n't 'a' risked it, only we was behind an' he did n't want ye worried. I 'm kind'er sorry they started; it ain't no picnic, I tell ye."

Betty gave an anxious look at Auntie Bell.

"Is it a very bad storm, Cap'n Brandt?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Wust I ever see, Mis' West, since I worked round here," nodding kindly to Betty as he spoke, his face lighting up. He had always believed in her because the captain had taken her home. "Everything comin' in under double reefs, — them that *is* a-comin' in. They say two o' them Lackawanna coal-barges went adrift at daylight an' come ashore at Crotch Island. Had two men drowned, I hear."

"Who told you that?" said Sanford. The news only increased his anxiety.

"The cap'n of the tow line, sir. He 's just telegraphed to New Haven for a big wreckin'-tug."

Sanford told Captain Brandt to wait, ran upstairs two steps at a time, and reappeared in long rubber boots and mackintosh.

"I'll walk up toward the lighthouse and find out how they are getting on, Mrs. Bell," he said. "We can see them from the lantern deck. Come, Captain Brandt, I want you with me." A skilled seaman like the skipper might be needed before the day was over.

Betty and Auntie Bell looked after them until they had swung back the garden gate with its clanking ball and chain, and had turned to breast the gale in their walk of a mile or more up the shore road.

"Oh, aunty," said Betty, with a tremor in her voice, all the blood gone from her face, "do you think anything will happen?"

"Not 's long 's Cap'n Joe 's aboard, child. He ain't a-takin' no risks he don't know all about. Ye need n't worry a mite. Set down an' finish yer breakfas'. I believe Mr. Sanford ain't done more 'n swallow his coffee," she said, with a pitying look, as she inspected his plate.

The fact that her husband was exposed in an open boat to the fury of a southeaster made no more impression upon her mind than if he had been reported asleep upstairs. She knew there was no storm the captain could not face.

XIX.

FROM THE LANTERN DECK.

Tony Marvin, the keeper of Keyport Light, was in his little room next the fog-horn when Sanford and the skipper, wet and glistening as two seals, knocked at the outer door of his quarters.

"Well, I want to know!" broke out Tony in his bluff, hearty way, as he

opened the door. "Come in, — come in! Nice weather for ducks, ain't it? Sunthin' 's up, or you fellers would n't be out to-day," leading the way to his room. "Anybody drowned?" with a half-laugh.

"Not yet, Tony," said Sanford in a serious tone. He had known the keeper for years, — had, in fact, helped him get his appointment at the Light. "But I 'm worried about Captain Joe and Caleb." He opened his coat, and walked across the room to a bench set against the whitewashed wall, little puddles of water forming behind him as he moved. "Did you see them go by? They 're in Captain Potts's Dolly Varden."

"Gosh hang, no! Ye ain't never tellin' me, be ye, that the cap'n 's gone to the Ledge in all this smother? And that fool Caleb with him, too?"

"Yes, and Lonny Bowles," interrupted the skipper. As he spoke he pulled off one of his water-logged boots and poured the contents into a fire-bucket standing against the wall.

"How long since they started?" said the keeper anxiously, taking down his spyglass from a rack above the buckets.

"Half an hour ago."

"Then they 're this side of Crotch Island yit, if they 're anywheres. Let 's go up to the lantern. Mebbe we can see 'em," he said, unlatching the door of the tower. "Better leave them boots behind, Mr. Sanford, and shed yer coat. A feller's knees git purty tired climbin' these steps, when he ain't used to 't; there 's a hundred and ten of 'em. Here, try these slippin's of mine," and he kicked a pair of slippers from under a chair. "Guess they 'll fit ye. Seems to me Caleb 's been doin' his best to git drowned since that high-flier of a gal left him. He come by here daylight, one mornin' awhile ago, in a sharpie that you would n't cross a creek in, and it blowin' half a gale. I ain't surprised o' nothin' in Caleb, but Cap'n Joe ought'er have more sense. What 's he goin' for, anyhow, to-day?" he added,

as he placed his foot on the first iron step of the spiral staircase.

"He 's taken the new pump with him," said Sanford, as he followed the keeper up the spiral stairway, the skipper close behind. "They broke the old pump on Saturday, and everything is stopped on the Ledge. Captain knows we 're behind, and he does n't want to lose an hour. But it was a foolish venture. He had no business to risk his life in a blow like this, Tony." There was a serious tone in Sanford's voice, which quickened the keeper's step.

"What good is the pump to him, if he does get it there? Men can't work to-day," Tony answered. He was now a dozen steps ahead, his voice sounding hollow in the reverberations of the round tower.

"Oh, that ain't a-goin' to stop us!" shouted the skipper from below, resting a moment to get his breath as he spoke. "We 've got the masonry clean out o' water; we 're all right if Cap'n Joe can git steam on the h'ister."

The keeper, whose legs had become as supple as a squirrel's in the five years he had climbed up and down these stairs, reached the lantern deck some minutes ahead of the others. He was wiping the sweat from the lantern glass with a clean white cloth, and drawing back the day curtains so that they could see better, when Sanford's head appeared above the lens deck.

Once upon the iron floor of the deck, the roar of the wind and the dash of the rain, which had been deadened by the thick walls of the structure surrounding the staircase below, burst upon them seemingly with increased fury. A tremulous, swaying motion was plainly felt. A novice would have momentarily expected the structure to measure its length on the rocks below. Above the roar of the storm could be heard, at intervals, the thunder of the surf breaking on Crotch Island beach.

"Gosh A'mighty!" exclaimed the keeper, adjusting the glass, which he

had carried up in his hand. "It's a-humpin' things, and no mistake. See them rollers break on Crotch Island," and he swept his glass around. "I see 'em. There they are, — three o' them. There's Cap'n Joe, — ain't no mistake in' him. He's got his cap on, same 's he allers wears. And there's Caleb; his beard's a-flyin' straight out. Who's that in the red flannen shirt?"

"Lonny Bowles," said the skipper.

"Yes, that's Bowles. He's a-bailin' for all he's worth. Cap'n Joe's got the tiller and Caleb's a-hangin' on the sheet. Here, Mr. Sanford," and he held out the glass, "ye kin see 'em plain's day."

Sanford waved the glass away. The keeper's eyes, he said, were better accustomed to scanning a scene like this. He would rather take Marvin's reports than rely on his own eyesight. He himself could see the Dolly, a mile or more this side of Crotch Island Point, and nearly two miles away from where the three watchers stood. She was hugging the inside shore-line, her sail close-reefed. He could even make out the three figures, which were but so many black dots beaded along her gunwale. All about the staggering boat seethed the gray sea, mottled in wavy lines of foam. Over this circled white gulls, shrieking as they flew.

"He's gittin' ready to go about," continued the keeper, his eye still to the glass. "I see Caleb shiftin' his seat. They know they can't make the P'int on that leg. Jiminy-whiz, but it's soapy out there! See 'er take that roller! Gosh!"

As he spoke the boat careened, the dots crowded together, and the Dolly bore away from the shore. It was evidently Captain Joe's intention to give Crotch Island Point a wide berth and then lay a straight course for the Ledge, now barely visible through the haze, the derricks and masonry alone showing clear above the fringe of breaking surf tossed white against the dull gray sky.

All eyes were now fixed on the Dolly. Three times she laid a course toward the Ledge, and three times she was forced back behind the island.

"They've got to give it up," said the keeper, laying down his glass. "That tide cuts round that 'ere p'int like a mill-tail, to say nothin' o' them smashers that's rollin' in. How she keeps afloat out there is what beats me."

"She would n't if Cap'n Joe was n't at the tiller," said the skipper, with a laugh. "Ye can't drown him no more 'n a water-rat." He had an abiding faith in Captain Joe.

Sanford's face brightened. An overwhelming anxiety for the safety of the endangered men had almost unnerved him. It was some comfort to feel Captain Brandt's confidence in Captain Joe's ability to meet the situation; for that little cockle-shell battling before him as if for its very life — one moment on top of a mountain of water, and the next buried out of sight — held between its frail sides not only two of the best men whom he knew, but really two of the master spirits of their class. One of them, Captain Joe, Sanford admired more than any other man, loving him, too, as he had loved but few.

With a smile to the skipper, he looked off again toward the sea. He saw the struggling boat make a fourth attempt to clear the Point, and in the movement lurch wildly; he saw, too, that her long boom was swaying from side to side. Through the driving spray he made out that two of the dots were trying to steady it. The third dot was standing in the stern.

Here some new movement caught his eye, and the color left his face. He strained his neck forward; then taking the glass from the skipper watched the little craft intently.

"There's something the matter," he said nervously, after a moment's pause. "That's Captain Joe waving to one of those two smacks out there scudding in under close reefs. Look yourself; am

I right, Tony?" and he passed the glass to the keeper again.

"Looks like it, sir," replied Tony in a low tone, the end of the glass fixed on the tossing boat. "The smack sees 'em now, sir. She's goin' about."

The fishing-smack careened, fluttered in the wind like a baffled pigeon, and bore across to the plunging boat.

"The spray's a-flyin' so ye can't see clear, sir," said the keeper, his eye still at the glass. "She ain't actin' right, somehow; that boom seems to bother 'em. Cap'n Joe's runnin' for'ard. Gosh! that one went clean over 'er. Look out! *Look out!*" in quick crescendo, as if the endangered crew could have heard him. "See 'er take 'em! There's another went clean across. My God, Mr. Sanford! she's over, — cap-sized!"

Sanford made a rush for the staircase, a rash, unreasonable impulse to help taking possession of him. The keeper caught him firmly by the arm.

"Come back, sir! You're only wastin' yer breath. That smack'll get 'em."

Captain Brandt picked up the glass that the keeper had dropped. His hands shook so he could hardly adjust the lens.

"The boom's broke," he said in a trembling voice; "that's what ails 'em. She's bottom side up. Lord, if she ain't a-wallowin'! I never 'spected to see Cap'n Joe in a hole like that. They're all three in th' water; ain't a man livin' can swim ashore in that sea! Why don't that blamed smack go about? They'll sink 'fore she can get to 'em."

Sanford leaned against the brass rail of the great lens, his eyes on the fishing-smack swooping down to the rescue. The helplessness of his position, his absolute inability to help the drowning men, overwhelmed him: Captain Joe and Caleb perishing before his eyes, and he powerless to lift a hand.

"Do you see the captain anywhere?" he said, with an effort at self-control. The words seemed to clog his throat.

"Not yet, sir, but there's Lonny, an' there's Caleb. You look, Mr. Marvin," he said, turning to the keeper. He could not trust himself any longer. For the first time his faith in Captain Joe had failed him.

Marvin held the glass to his eye and covered the boat. He hardly dared breathe.

"Can't see but two, sir." His voice was broken and husky. "Can't make out the cap'n nowheres. Something must 'a' struck him an' stunned him. My — my — ain't it a shame for him to cut up a caper like this! I allers told Cap'n Joe he'd get hurted in some foolish kick-up. Why in hell don't them fellers do something? If they don't look out, the Dolly'll drift so far they'll lose him, — standin' there like two dummies an' lettin' a man drown! Lord! Lord! ain't it too bad!" The keeper's eyes filled. Everything was dim before him.

The skipper sank on the oil-chest and bowed his head. Sanford's hands were over his face. If the end had come, he did not want to see it.

The small, close lantern became as silent as a death-chamber. The keeper, his back against the lens rail, folded his arms across his chest and stared out to sea. His face bore the look of one watching a dying man. Sanford did not move. His thoughts were on Auntie Bell. What should he say to her? Was there not something he could have done? Should he not, after all, have hailed the first tug in the harbor and gone in search of them before it was too late?

The seconds dragged. The silence in its intensity became unbearable. With a deep indrawn sigh, Captain Brandt turned toward Sanford and touched him. "Come away," he said, with the tenderness of one strong man who suffers and is stirred with greater sorrow by another's grief. "This ain't no place for you, Mr. Sanford. Come away."

Sanford raised his eyes and was about

to speak, when the keeper threw up his arms with a joyous shout and seized the glass. "There he is! I see his cap! That's Cap'n Joe! He's holdin' up his hands. Caleb's crawlin' along the bottom; he's reachin' down an' haulin' Cap'n Joe up. Now he's on 'er keel."

Sanford and Captain Brandt sprang to their feet, crowding close to the lantern glass, their eyes fastened on the Dolly. Sanford's hands were trembling. Hot, quick tears rolled down his cheek and dropped from his chin. The joyful news had unnerved him more than the horror of the previous moments. There was no doubt of its truth; he could see, even with the naked eye, the captain lying flat on the boat's keel. He thought he could follow every line of his body, never so precious to him as now.

"He's all right," he said in a dazed way — "all right — all right," repeating it over and over to himself, as a child would do. Then, with a half-stagger, he turned and laid his hand on the keeper's shoulder.

"Thank God, Tony! Thank God!"

The keeper's hand closed tight in Sanford's. For a moment he did not speak.

"Almighty close shave, sir," he said slowly in a broken whisper, looking into Sanford's eyes.

Captain Brandt's face was radiant. "Might 'a' knowed he'd come up some'ers, sir. Did n't I tell ye ye could n't drown him? But where in thunder has he been under water all this time?" with a forced, half-natural laugh. The laugh not only expressed his joy at the great relief, but carried with it a reminder that he had never seriously doubted the captain's ability to save himself.

All eyes were now fastened on the smack. As she swept past the cap-sized boat her crew leaned far over the side, reached down and caught two of the shipwrecked men, leaving one man still clinging to the keel, the sea breaking over him every moment. San-

ford took the glass, and saw that this man was Lonny Bowles, and that Captain Joe, now safe aboard the smack, was waving his cap to the second smack, which hove to in answer. Presently the hailed smack rounded in, lowered her mainsail, and hauled Lonny aboard. She then took the overturned Dolly in tow, and made at once for the harbor. When this was done, the first smack, with Captain Joe and Caleb on board, shook a reef from its mainsail, turned about, and despite the storm laid a straight course back to the Ledge.

This daring and apparently hopeless attempt of Captain Joe to carry out his plan of going to the Ledge awoke a new anxiety in Sanford. There was no longer the question of personal danger to the captain or the men; the fishing-smack was a better sea boat than the Dolly, of course, but why make the trip at all when the pump had been lost from the overturned boat, and no one could land at the Ledge? Even from where they all stood in the lantern they could see the big rollers flash white as they broke over the enrockment blocks, the spray drenching the tops of the derricks. No small boat could live in such a sea, — not even the life-boat at the Ledge.

As the incoming smack drew near, Sanford, followed by the keeper and Captain Brandt, hurried down the spiral staircase and into the keeper's room below, where they drew on their oilskins and heavy boots, and made their way to the lighthouse dock.

When she came within hailing distance, Captain Brandt mounted a spile and shouted above the roar of the gale, "Bowles, ahoy! Anybody hurt, Lonny?"

A man in a red shirt detached himself from among the group of men huddled in the smack's bow, stepped on the rail, and, putting his hands to his mouth, trumpeted back, "No!"

"What's the cap'n gone to the Ledge for?"

"Gone to set the pump!"

"Thought the pump was lost overboard!" cried Sanford.

"No, sir; Cap'n Joe dived under the Dolly an' found it caught fast to the seat, jes' 's he 'spected, an' Caleb hauled it aboard. Cap'n tol' me to tell ye, sir, if ye came up, that he'd hev it set all right to-day, blow or no blow."

"Ain't that jes' like the cap'n?" said the keeper, with a loud laugh, slapping his thigh with his hand. "That's where he was when we thought he was drowned, — he was a-divin' fer that pump. Land o' Moses, ain't he a good un!"

Captain Brandt said nothing, but a smile of happy pride overspread his face. Captain Joe was still his hero.

Sanford spent the afternoon between Aunty Bell's kitchen and the paraphernalia dock, straining his eyes seaward in search of an incoming smack which would bring the captain. The wind had shifted to the northwest, sweeping out the fog and piling the low clouds in heaps. The rain had ceased, and a dash of pale lemon light shone above the blue-gray sea.

About sundown his quick eye detected a tiny sail creeping in behind Crotch Island. As it neared the harbor and he made out the lines of the fishing-smack of the morning, a warm glow tingled through him; it would not be long now before he had his hands on Captain Joe.

When the smack came bowling into the harbor under double reefs, her wind-blown jib a cup, her sail a saucer, and rounded in as graceful as a skater on the outer edge, Sanford's hand was the first that touched the captain's as he sprang from the smack's deck to the dock.

"Captain Joe," he said. His voice broke as he spoke; all his love was in his eyes. "Don't ever do that again. I saw it all from the lighthouse lantern.

You have no right to risk your life this way."

"'Tain't nothin', Mr. Sanford." His great hand closed tight over that of the young engineer. "It's all right now, and the pump's screwed fast. Caleb had steam up on the h'ister when I left him on the Ledge. Boom had n't 'a' broke short off, we'd 'a' been there sooner."

"We thought you were gone, once," continued Sanford, his voice full of anxiety, still holding to the captain's hand as they walked toward the house.

"Not in the Dolly, sir," in an apologetic tone, as if he wanted to atone for the suffering he had caused his friend.

"She's got wood enough in 'er to float anywheres. That's what I took 'er out for."

Aunty Bell met them at the kitchen door.

"I hearn ye was overboard," she said quietly, no more stirred over the day's experience than if some child had stepped into a puddle and had come in for a change of shoes. "Ye're wet, yet, be n't ye?" patting his big chest to make sure.

"Yes, guess so," he answered carelessly, feeling his own arms as if to confirm his wife's inquiry. "Got a dry shirt?"

"Yes; got everything hangin' there on a chair 'fore the kitchen fire," and she closed the door upon him and Sanford.

"Beats all, Mr. Sanford, don't it?"

the captain continued in short sentences, broken by breathless pauses, as he stripped off his wet clothes before the blazing fire, one jerk for the suspenders, another for the trousers, Sanford handing him the dry garments one after another. He was so jubilant over the captain's safety that he was eager to do him any service.

"Beats all, I say; don't it, now? There's that Cap'n Potts: been a seaman, man an' boy, all his life," — here the grizzled wet head was hidden for a

moment as a clean white shirt was drawn over it,—"yet he ain't got sense 'nough to keep a boom from rottin' 'board a cat-boat,"—the head was up now, and Sanford, fumbling under the chin whisker, helped the captain with the top button,—"an' snappin' square off in a little gale o' wind like that. There, thank ye, guess that 'll do."

When he had seated himself in his chair, his sturdy legs—stout and tough as two dock-logs—stretched out before the fire, his rough hands spread to the blaze, warming the big, strong body that had been soaking wet for ten consecutive hours, Sanford took a seat beside him, and, laying his hand on the captain's knee, said in a gentle voice,

"Why did you risk your life for that pump?"

"'Cause she acted so durned ornery," he blurted out in an angry tone. "Jes' see what she did: gin out night 'fore last jes' 's we was gittin' ready to h'ist that big stretcher; kep' me an' Caleb up two nights a-castin' an' borin' on 'er out; then all of a sudden she thought she'd upset an' fool us. I tell ye, ye've got to take hold of a thing like that good an' early, or it 'll git away from ye." He swung one hand high over his head as if it had been a sledge-hammer. "Now she 'll stay put till I git through with her. I ain't a-goin' to let no damned pump beat me!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOR UNIONS AND THE NEGRO.

PERHAPS he used it from choice. It may have been the rule of the company that he should use it. However that may be, I could not do otherwise than remark the fact that the porter deferentially held out a silver tray to receive the chair-checks from passengers. It was the nicest act of discrimination I had ever observed in the workday world. I was on a train between New York and Boston. The porter was only an agent in a business transaction of a corporation; but the agent at the station who had thrown out the check with businesslike deftness, and the conductor who had briskly exchanged that check for another, were also only agents in the transaction. In their daily intercourse with the public they must make friends; and, with the faithful performance of their duties, they very properly look forward to advancement in their chosen career. The silver salver, however, marks the porter; it is the badge of all his tribe. He may be an educated

man, as ambitious and as intelligent as the baggage agent or as the conductor; but he must keep his place, and that place is at the bottom, and his color fixes it. He is an American citizen, and theoretically he enjoys inalienable rights, among which are liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but in his case liberty and the pursuit of happiness have their limits, fixed rigidly by a sentiment,—the sentiment of organized labor in the United States.

If the corporation insists on the silver salver, it only frankly indicates to the porter his place, and warns him not to aspire to a higher one. A corporation is organized to make money along the lines of least resistance, and not to promote democratic principles. When one remembers the controversies with Walking Delegates, Master Workmen, Grand Organizers, and Chiefs of Brotherhoods which the officers of the company must constantly endure, one can-

not blame them if they refuse to provoke any trouble that can be avoided. If the porter uses his tray from choice, and not in obedience to a formal order from his employer, he frankly indicates that he knows his place, and that he defers to a feeling too powerful to oppose. His wages are very small, for he is expected to live on the generosity of the traveling public. The tray is the badge of deference: he philosophically keeps himself in his place and makes the best of it.

The sentiment which denies him promotion and his own deference to it are the result of two separate social developments which it is the purpose of this paper to point out. They present a grave, neglected problem. The subject does not suggest to my mind merely an appeal for sympathy or justice. It suggests this less dignified but more important inquiry: How long can the community afford to deny equality of opportunity to more than one tenth of its population, while it makes the most active efforts to educate them?

If this hostility to the negro could be traced to an innate social antipathy, one might consider it hopeless to try to eradicate it. But it cannot be so traced. His industrial advancement is now checked by the interference of the labor organizations. In the labor movement, the old guild idea of exclusiveness is yet opposed to the more recent idea of inclusiveness; and the negro's fate is involved in this struggle. In order to make the subject clear, it is necessary briefly to review the labor movement in the United States with reference to the career of the negro as a handicraftsman.

In a very clear analysis of the conditions of laboring men in Philadelphia a century ago, Mr. Talcott Williams has shown that "side by side with the slave of color labored the 'white redemptioner,' not the less a slave. The little city of 30,000 inhabitants, with 7000 or 8000 wage-earners, yearly saw from 2000 to 3000 white men and women land whose

labor for six and eight years to come was sold on the auction-block to the highest bidder to pay the cost of passage. This white slavery . . . was the rule for all the immigration of a century ago." With irregular work and with a depreciated, varying currency, a laborer received forty-three cents a day. A carpenter or a blacksmith worked a month for a suit of clothes, and two weeks for a pair of boots. In other words, at the beginning of the American Revolution common labor was degraded to the slave standard. The workmen were slaves, a few free negroes, "redemptioners," and "poor whites." They worked side by side. No social antipathies seem to have disturbed the miserable monotony of their service, though there are many evidences that the white workmen instinctively felt that the cause of their wretchedness was the existence of slavery.

Already in the slave population there had appeared three distinct classes, and the field-hands, the mansion-house servants, and the handicraftsmen were clearly separated groups. The agricultural laborers were herded in the quarters, subject to a system of repression which varied with the ratio of white to black population in the several colonies. In New Hampshire, for instance, where the ratio was one black to one hundred whites, the blacks enjoyed comparative freedom. They learned to read and they organized their own societies. In South Carolina, where there were two blacks to one white, such freedom would have been dangerous; and the sense of self-protection naturally impelled the master class to enact a "black" code, and to punish severely any one who should try to teach the slaves or to effect an organization among them. This code was directed particularly against the field-hands, because of the great number of them.

The servants at the "great house" were taken from the quarters. Tidy and bright men and women were selected, and this service soon developed a distinct

class. The men came in touch with their masters only where the masters' luxuries and indulgences began. The women were exposed to the masters' will. These servants became a highly favored class, but they were the bearers of the silver salver. They had no opportunity to learn by example or by precept those habits of application, frugality, and morality which are so important in the formative period of a dependent race. Indulgence and extravagance were the marks of the fine gentleman as the mansion-house servants saw him, and their contact with him did not extend to the work whereby he made his contribution to the real progress of the community.

Now, while the farm-hand has been working out slowly his own elevation, and is not far removed from his African progenitors, and while the great-house servant has developed into the luxury-loving menial type of to-day, the development of the laborer and skilled workman has been checked. There were skilled workmen even among the slaves. Apt men were selected from the farm-hands to raise barns, to mend harness, to put on tires. At the seaports sailing vessels required skilled work. General mending soon became specialized, and the learning of trades followed. At the beginning of the Revolution, almost every community had its slave blacksmiths, carpenters, and laborers, while at the seaports slave calkers and stevedores worked with redemptioners and poor whites. The skilled workman, besides, enjoyed privileges which developed his character. While other slaves were not permitted to pass the limits of the plantation except under strict surveillance, he enjoyed comparative freedom in going and coming. He sometimes worked miles away from his master. Often he was permitted to "hire his time." By this arrangement, he paid his master a fixed sum weekly, and retained as his own whatever surplus he could earn. He was daily testing his skill against that of other men. The con-

fidence of his master inspired self-confidence. More important than all else, he was permitted, as a rule, to have his own little hut, where he lived with the mother of his children, removed alike from the degradation of the field-hands' quarters and the corruption of the great house. This little hut, the negro's first home, was a centre of moral impulse for the growth of the best type of the colored American of to-day.

At first this hard school of industrial education was under the direction of white mechanics, and whites and blacks worked together. The result was low wages for the whites and free blacks; for public sentiment rated labor by the slave standard of value. When, early in this century, white workmen began to organize, they instinctively struck at slavery as the cause of their low wages. Black workmen, though free, were not permitted to organize against the employing class, and the distinction between black workmen and white workmen really began when the organization of white laborers began. Nevertheless, this distinction was not felt by the one nor made oppressive by the other. The blacks continued to work at trades. But in the idea of exclusion which animated the early labor organizations lay the germ of the present discrimination against the black workman, though the first leaders seem not to have understood it.

Indeed, the early labor movement was naturally closely allied to the anti-slavery movement. The Voice of Industry, one of the first labor journals, referring to the existence of slavery, declared in its salutatory that "under the present state of society labor becomes disreputable." Young America, another early labor journal, printed the "demands" of the workmen at the head of its editorial page. Among them was "the abolition of chattel slavery and wages slavery." The close sympathy of the two movements was shown by the active participation of William Lloyd Garrison, Charles

A. Dana, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Wilson, at a meeting of the Workingmen's Party held in Boston. Among the resolutions passed was one denouncing the system which held "three millions of our brethren and sisters in bondage." Although negroes were not active in the labor associations, the early organizers had no idea of denying equal opportunity to them in the workday world. They continued to work with white men, and there seems to have existed a human sympathy between the two classes. The organizations were agitating for higher wages and a ten-hour day. They struck at negro slavery; and it was near the middle of the century before they struck the negro man.

As organization went on, the idea of exclusion, of obstruction, became more and more prominent. Union workmen were not satisfied merely to refrain from working when they had declared a strike. They determined to prevent other men from taking the places made vacant. Throughout the South and the North protests began to appear against slave workmen doing the work for which freemen should be well paid. Immigration, not of the redemptioners of a half-century before, but of the "assisted" class from Europe, set in; and the opening of the Mexican war found the unions protesting against free blacks and foreigners. They had reached the point where the exclusive idea was directing the power of organization against any man who could be distinctively marked.

Some of the friends of equality of opportunity for colored workmen have felt impelled to denounce the trade unions; unfortunately, I think, because they provoke resentment by the labor leaders against the colored man, and by inference, at least, accuse the unions of discrimination as if it were a conscious act deliberately aimed at the colored man. The unions have simply followed the development of the idea of exclusion. They have discriminated also against women of the

white race, and, by the limitation of apprenticeships, against their own children.

Although exclusion is the method of the labor unions, the Knights of Labor, established about a quarter of a century ago, promulgated the idea that all people who work should be organized, all fields of human activity opened to competition, and a universal system of education established with a view to the general improvement of the masses. The ultimate object was to secure the betterment of the wage-earners' condition. Colored workmen were welcomed into this organization; and when its General Assembly met at Richmond, in 1887, there were in that city alone more than ten thousand members. A controversy arose as to what rights and privileges should be given to colored delegates at this meeting in a Southern city. Mr. Powderly stood against discrimination, and maintained that the standard by which labor is measured is the standard of the lowest workman. He carried the Assembly, but he never recovered his former prestige in the order. Recently, when he received a nomination for an important government office, labor leaders throughout the country opposed his appointment; and as the leading exponent of the "inclusive" idea in labor organization he has been driven from his chosen field of work. During the past ten years there has been no radical utterance from any leader of authority advocating equality of opportunity for the negro.

The labor movement, therefore, distinctly denies equality to the colored workman, and the three classes of negroes are to-day moving along the old lines of life. The field-hands, left to themselves, without civilizing contact with other classes, are the least removed from the standard of life of their African progenitors. Unfortunately, they are now moving in large numbers into the great centres of population, North and South, and passing under the great-house influ-

ence. Because they are unprepared for competition and lack the moral development to face the temptations of city life, their increase presents a serious problem. The mansion-house servant class has grown larger, for it has been replenished from the other two classes. This tendency has seriously affected the character of the great majority of the colored people throughout the country; and American sentiment has come habitually to regard the negro chiefly as the domestic servant type.

The handicraftsmen and laborers continued to increase so long as labor organizations gave them opportunity; but the exclusive idea led to discouragement that checked a natural growth and stifled the colored citizen's best aspirations. In the city of Washington, for example, at one period, some of the best buildings were constructed by colored workmen. Their employment in large numbers continued some time after the war. The British Legation, the Centre Market, the Freedmen's Bank, and at least four well-built schoolhouses are monuments to the acceptability of their work under foremen of their own color. To-day, apart from the hod-carriers, not a colored workman is to be seen on new buildings, and a handful of jobbers and patchers, with possibly two carpenters who can undertake a large job, are all who remain of the body of colored carpenters and builders and stone-cutters who were generally employed a quarter of a century ago. I talked recently with a mother who had done her best to secure an apprenticeship for her boy to learn the confectionery trade. She told me that the uniform reply was that employers had no objection, but that they feared the resentment of their white workmen. Yet the man who gave his name to Wormley's Hotel started as a pastry baker, and was one of the best confectioners in Washington before the war. If a colored man learns the trade of printer or bookbinder and works at the Government Printing Office, the

union will admit him to membership, and allow him to remain so long as he continues in the government's employment. But once out of the public service, he finds it impossible to secure work on a union newspaper or in a union office. A colored man may make an excellent record in the departments as a bookkeeper, an accountant, a pension or patent examiner. Such experts, if they be white, are sought by large business and professional firms. The negro, whatever his record, finds all doors closed against him. Thus, in our national capital may be observed the effects of the discrimination of labor organizations against the negro. It has entered into the very soul of the workday world, and infected even those workmen who are not organized.

Throughout the South the same change of sentiment is to be observed. Formerly negro stevedores worked on the wharves at New Orleans, and white laborers experienced no inconvenience in working with them. The effective organization of white laborers was closely followed by the driving of negroes from the levees at the muzzles of loaded rifles. The iron industry is passing through the same experience; and though white and black builders are still to be seen working together in some places, wherever the union develops effective strength the black workmen must put down the trowel and take up the tray. I think that the Cigar Makers' Union is the only national labor organization which has consistently and firmly repelled all attempts looking toward the exclusion of colored skilled workmen. Indeed, ability to work, the negro's sole heritage from slavery and his only hope as a freedman, does not secure him opportunity. The results have been a lack of incentive to the young generation to learn trades, a general entry into domestic service by many of the men who would have been the race's best representatives, and the entry of a disproportionate number into the learned professions. Many men who would have

been successful mechanics and honorable citizens are now mediocre lawyers, preachers, and teachers, exposed to the temptation to live by their wits. Every day Northern philanthropists learn from experience the advisability of looking into the antecedents of the promoters of schemes for the improvement of the negro race.

It was to offset these effects that the work of Hampton, Tuskegee, and other trade schools of the South was organized on special lines. General Armstrong insisted that his boys should not be discouraged by the outlook, and that they must learn trades while following the regular curriculum. Mr. Frissell, his successor, and Mr. Washington of Tuskegee, his disciple, are carrying out the idea. This system of education has been the great counterforce to the tendencies that I have been describing; not infrequently attention is called in the South to the advantages which negro youth are enjoying, by reason of it, over the white youth of some of the states where there are few trade schools. Yet an incident once occurred at Tuskegee itself which is a sharp reminder of the labor unions' discrimination against colored workmen. The school had a contract in tinsmithing which required that the work should be done in a shorter time than it was possible for the students to do it alone. The manager of the tin-shop sent to Montgomery for tinsmiths. They came, but when they found that they would have to work with the colored students, who had already begun the job, they declined, explaining that the rule of their union forbade their working with colored men. The manager firmly declared that they must work with the students or not at all. They had spent their money to come to Tuskegee, and they were indignant that they were bound by such a rule; but fearing the subsequent resentment of their fellow craftsmen at Montgomery, they passed the day in idleness, and at night went home. The union offered

no obstacles to their working for a colored man's money. The men personally, in this instance, had no feeling against the students. There was no race antipathy shown by the incident: it was simply the ancient idea of exclusion, of obstruction, asserting itself through the union with perfect, and in this case disastrous consistency.

There are now in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia between four hundred and five hundred cotton-mills, besides about seventy-five knitting-mills. Yet if organized labor succeed in its present agitation, the colored men and women, the cheapest and the most natural working class in these states, who, moreover, it is admitted, are as deft and trustworthy as the average factory operative, will be excluded from their share in this department of activity. Southern sentiment as expressed by the newspapers is almost unanimously opposed to this injustice, and the real struggle of the unions is in opposition to the general desire of the employing class of the South to give the negro whatever work he is capable of doing.

As we extend our inquiry into the Northern states, the effects of the exclusive policy of the unions become more manifest. When a philanthropic movement was started in Philadelphia, recently, to investigate the condition of the colored people, it was suggested that the work should be begun, not in the localities inhabited by large numbers of negroes, but in the workshops and factories, stores and counting-houses, in which colored people are uniformly denied equality of opportunity. The suggestion was not adopted. To the people of the North, whose attitude is so different from the attitude of the people of the South, whom they sometimes criticise, this phase of the color question is particularly unattractive; and even our sociological students, whose work is endowed by men who practice this discrimination, seem to shrink

from the sweeping criticism which this line of investigation must inevitably direct against their patrons.

The Society of Friends, more than sixty years ago, saw the importance of this phase of the question, and with characteristic directness and sagacity it compiled some records which are very important as the basis for comparisons. In the year 1838, the state of Pennsylvania adopted a constitution which deprived the negroes of the right of suffrage which they had enjoyed forty-seven years. In that year, members of the Society employed Benjamin C. Bacon to compile a directory showing the occupations in which colored men and women were employed. There are men who remember Mr. Bacon and the great care with which he secured his data. Among the occupations which he enumerates are baker, basket-maker, blacksmith, black and white smith, bleacher and hair-dresser, bleeder, boat-maker, brass-founder, brewer, bricklayer and plasterer, brush-maker, cabinet-maker, calker, chair-bottomer, confectioner, cooper, carrier, dyer and scourer, fuller, hair-worker, iron-forger, mason, milliner, nail-maker, painter, painter and glazier, paper-maker, plasterer, plumber, potter, printer, rope-maker, sail-maker, scythe and sickle maker, ship carpenter, stone-cutter, sugar-refiner, tanner, tobacconist, turner, weaver, wheelwright. Passing over the reports of intervening years to that of 1859, by the same authority we find that the colored people had dropped out of six trades, and that in twenty-one years the immigration from the South and apprenticeships had brought forward representatives of forty-one trades not mentioned in the report of 1838. In that year nine hundred and ninety-seven men and women had skilled trades. In 1859 the number had grown to sixteen hundred and thirty-seven. The observant Quaker statistician makes this very important note: "Less than two thirds of those who have trades follow them.

A few of the remainder pursue other avocations from choice, but the greater number are compelled to abandon their trades on account of the unrelenting prejudice against their color."

Thus, in the city of Philadelphia, while ability to work increased, opportunity was more and more curtailed, and to-day one may safely declare that practically all the trades enumerated by Mr. Bacon are closed against colored workmen. The large majority of the colored workmen of a half-century ago and their descendants have come under the mansion-house influence, and the agricultural laborers have kept crowding into the city and entering upon the same menial career.

Two brothers, who were printers, came to Philadelphia several years ago to work at their trade. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate their African descent. One secured work in a large office where white men were employed, and the other obtained a place in the composing-room of a paper published by colored men. At the end of two or three years' faithful service the first of the brothers had become the foreman of the office where he worked. Then one of his subordinates learned that he was a colored man, and promptly communicated the startling news to his fellows at the cases. They immediately appointed a committee to warn the employer that he must at once discharge the colored printer, or get another force of men. The foreman admitted that he was a colored man, and protested that no discrimination should be made against him because of his race.

The employer said: "I agree with you, and your work is entirely satisfactory. Besides, I do resent this dictation by men who have worked with you all this time in perfect harmony. You know more of my business than any of the others,—the contracts which I have on hand, and the loss which I would suffer if these men should suddenly leave. If you can find me a force of colored men

as efficient as yourself, I'll let the others go, and take your force, retaining you in your present position." The foreman replied: "I cannot get such a force, but I can suggest a plan which will insure my obtaining work. I have a red-haired brother who is a first-class printer. Discharge me, and take him. I can then secure his place."

The plan was adopted: the brothers changed places, and harmony reigned in the printing-office until the fair-haired brother's identity was discovered. But the first brother finally gave up the struggle in despair. He left his friends and family one day, and entered a wider world. He became a white man among strangers, and is now successful.

About three years ago I advised a colored printer to apply for admission to one of the unions. As the place of his residence he named a street on which many colored people live. A week or two later three men called at his house, and were received by his mother, who offered to take any message they might have for him. They gave her a sealed envelope, and departed without a word. The envelope contained the same sum of money that the colored printer had sent with his application for admission to the union. He cannot say that the money came from the union. He cannot say that he was denied admission.

At the time of the last strike of street-car conductors and motormen in Philadelphia, the question of employing colored men was presented both to the company's managers and to the labor unions. The managers declared that they feared the resentment of the men, and the labor leaders declared that they would make no discrimination in their organizations. Yet, although applications have been filed for more than a year, no colored men are employed in this work in a community one twentieth of whose residents are colored people. In Pittsburg negroes have been able to break through the outer line of the

union's intrenchments, and it will not be amiss to recite their experience in one of the largest workshops in that city. The Black Diamond Steel Works, owned by Parke, Brother & Company, has firmly insisted that no color-line shall exist in the establishment. More than twenty years ago, when Irish puddlers drew their heats, and refused to return to work except upon terms which were not acceptable to Mr. Parke, the father of the members of the present firm, colored laborers were brought in and taught the work. Since that time colored men have been employed in the several departments, including one die-grinder, one plumber, one engineer, and one man in the crucible melting department. It is the testimony of the resident member of the firm that these men, including colored puddlers at twenty-six furnaces, have done satisfactory work. Mr. Parke says that they have the same aptitude and other characteristics as other workmen, with the advantage that they show more personal loyalty to employers than foreign workmen show. In the iron and steel works at Braddock, Homestead, Duquesne, Sharpsburg, Etna, and Temperanceville, colored men are employed. While this is the most successful attempt that colored men have made toward regaining their former place in the industries of the state of Pennsylvania, and while in some branches of the iron and steel workers' organization they have been able to break down the color-line, one incident will serve to illustrate the difficulties which have arisen. After Mr. Parke had succeeded with his experiment and colored workmen were doing satisfactory work, organizers representing the unions insisted on their joining the organizations. Carried away by the eloquence of the agitators, several of the men became members, and they soon gave more of their time and attention to agitation than to the work for which they were paid. They were discharged by Mr. Parke, and they proudly presented

themselves at other shops where union workmen were employed, and applied for places, as victims to the cause of labor organization. The union workmen refused to work with them, and in a short time they returned to Mr. Parke, asking for their old places, with the lesson of the exclusive idea impressed upon their memories by bitter experience.

In other Northern states the colored workmen have passed through the same experience as in Pennsylvania, but there are instances which indicate a degree of uncertainty in the attitude of the local organizations. In New York the ill feeling of the foreign workmen seems to have reached its climax during the war, when colored laborers were mobbed in the streets. The printers in New York admit colored men to the unions, and there are instances of colored engineers and masons working at their trades without molestation. Colonel Waring as street commissioner made the experiment of employing a colored foreman. Here and there colored clerks are employed in stores. Though colored stevedores have almost disappeared from the wharves, in January, 1897, a new organization was formed whose constitution declares that there shall be no discrimination because of "race, creed, color, or nativity." It is in this uncertainty of the labor unions' attitude, this apparent local hesitancy here and there, that the colored man finds whatever hope he may have for the future. The situation, otherwise, is one of gloom for him; and information that any colored man has entered upon a line of work from which people of his race are usually excluded is passed from city to city as a word of encouragement.

An impartial review of the way by which the unions and the colored workmen have reached their present relations — or lack of relations — indicates that one cannot apply the threadbare explanation of an innate racial antipathy. Negroes and white men formerly worked side by side under conditions more likely

to cause friction than those that now exist. Employers who have insisted on giving colored men a fair chance agree in their testimony that after a short probation ill feeling subsides, and the negro takes the place among other workmen which he merits, — whether the place be high because of his efficiency and common sense, or low for lack of them.

The labor organizations themselves are hesitating in their course in the struggle between the two contending ideas, the idea of exclusion or obstruction and the broader idea of inclusion. Men of influence among the workmen are beginning to appreciate the fact that strikes do not pay, and that there is something radically ineffective in the idea of obstruction. Still, there is no evidence of an active movement to abandon what has been the animating principle in the undoing of the colored workman. The field-hand class is coming to the cities. Those who would naturally have developed into the great artisan class of the country are forced into work along menial lines. Public sentiment has been so generally affected that the colored man has come to be associated with this kind of work, and his effort to secure the opportunity to do better is regarded with indifference or with a sense of helplessness. The great crowds of immigrants constantly coming into the country, seeking precisely the same equality of opportunity which the negro needs, soon imbibe the prejudice against him. They aggravate and complicate the situation. The effect on the character of the growing generation of colored people is that endeavor is restrained by a sense of the hopelessness of the struggle. Educational facilities are improving every year, and an already large class is rapidly becoming more numerous, half educated, without financial resources, denied the work which it is capable of doing and detesting the work it is forced to do. It is remarkable that this class has not shown a greater disposition to vice and crime than is the case.

There is another effect which may be noticed. The number of men and women who "go over to the white race" is increasing. Men and women of spirit struggle against the conditions of negro life; and in desperation, when their complexions and their hair permit, they simply enter general competition and remain silent. Colored people whom they have known in youth, as a rule, remain silent as to their identity; and in a short time marriage and associations give them a permanent standing as white citizens. This is known among colored persons as "passing for white." If it were not for the social injury which might possibly accrue to families of excellent people, — people who are thoroughly respected for their cultivation and public spirit, — one might easily give instances. Under normal industrial conditions, such as exist everywhere in Europe, and in America beyond the limits of the United States, these men and women, as a rule, would be perfectly contented with their families and friends within the lines of their own race, working at their chosen callings and without molestation, taking the places in the community which their aptitude and application earn for them. Forced from the natural course of development, they are living illustrations of the fact that this hostile American sentiment hastens the very process of amalgamation which it is generally believed to prevent. In a coun-

try having so large a population as this, the number of those who are at present "passing for white" is not considerable from the economic and sociological points of view; but with the number constantly increasing by recruits, and with the natural increase in their families, one cannot predict how soon their case may be regarded as worthy of attention.

If this be a fair statement of the facts, a problem worthy of serious thought is presented: about one tenth of the population are denied the opportunity to grow, as the other nine tenths are invited, encouraged, forced by open competition, to grow. This abridgment of opportunity affects the character of the whole class. The public conscience in regarding the matter becomes benumbed.

At bottom American sentiment is a just and practical sentiment. It must sooner or later consider the results of such a state of things. Nowhere else in the world is to be found such a large class arbitrarily restrained in its efforts to work. This restraint is unnatural. It cannot be removed by legislation unless legislation be supported by a strong, favorable public sentiment. From whatever point of view we choose to regard the problem, it is clear that it is to be solved in the minds of individuals, employers and employed, after due deliberation as to its importance as an act of justice and as a matter of high social importance to the community.

John Stephens Durham.

GREATNESS.

MIDST noble monuments, alone at eve
 I wandered, reading records of the dead, —
 In spite of praise forgotten past recall;
 And near, so sheltered one might scarce perceive,
 I found a lowly headstone, and I read
 The word upon it: Hawthorne — that was all.

Florence Earle Coates.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XVI.

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer
grow:

Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's an' maks a singan din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass."

The Gentle Shepherd.

THAT is what Peggy says to Jenny in Allan Ramsay's poem, and if you substitute "Crummylowe" for "Habbie's Howe" in the first line you will have a lovely picture of the Farm-Steadin'.

You come to it by turning the corner from the inn, first passing the cottage where the lady wishes to rent two rooms for fifteen shillings a week, but will not give much attendance, as she is slightly asthmatic, and the house is always as clean as it is this minute, and the view from the window looking out on Pettybaw Bay canna be surpassed at any money. Then comes the little house where Will'am Beattie's sister Mary died in May, and there wasna a bonnier woman in Fife. Next is the cottage with the pansy garden, where the lady in the widow's cap takes five o'clock tea in the bay window, and a snug little supper at eight. She has for the first scones and marmalade, and her tea is in a small black teapot under a red cosy with a white muslin cover drawn over it. At eight she has more tea, and generally a kippered herring, or a bit of cold mutton left from the noon dinner. We note the changes in her bill of fare as we pass hastily by, and feel admitted quite into the family secrets. Beyond this bay window, which is so redolent of simple peace and comfort that we long to go

in and sit down, is the cottage with the double white tulips, the cottage with the collie on the front steps, the doctor's house with the yellow laburnum tree, and then the house where the Disagreeable Woman lives. She has a lovely baby, which, to begin with, is somewhat remarkable, as disagreeable women rarely have babies; or else, having had them, rapidly lose their disagreeableness, — so rapidly that one has not time to notice it. The Disagreeable Woman's house is at the end of the row, and across the road is a wicket gate leading — Where did it lead? — that was the very point. Along the left, as you lean wistfully over the gate, there runs a stone wall topped by a green hedge; and on the right, first furrows of pale fawn, then below furrows of deeper brown, and mulberry and red ploughed earth stretching down to waving fields of green, and thence to the sea, gray, misty, opalescent, melting into the pearly white clouds, so that one cannot tell where sea ends and sky begins.

There is a path between the green hedge and the ploughed field, and it leads seductively to the farm-steadin'; or we felt that it might thus lead, if we dared unlatch the wicket gate. Seeing no sign "Private Way," "Trespassers Not Allowed," or other printed defiance to the stranger, we were considering the opening of the gate, when we observed two female figures coming toward us along the path, and paused until they should come through. It was the Disagreeable Woman (though we knew it not) and an elderly friend. We accosted the friend, feeling instinctively that she was framed of softer stuff, and asked her if the path were a private one. It was a question

that had never met her ear before, and she was too dull or discreet to deal with it on the instant. To our amazement, she did not even manage to falter, "I couldna say."

"Is the path private?" I repeated.

"It is certainly the idea to keep it a little private," said the Disagreeable Woman, coming into the conversation without being addressed. "Where do you wish to go?"

"Nowhere in particular. The walk looks so inviting we should like to see the end."

"It goes only to the Farm, and you can reach that by the highroad; it is only a half-mile farther. Do you wish to call at the Farm?"

"No, oh no; the path is so very pretty that" —

"Yes, I see; well, I should call it rather private." And with this she departed; leaving us to stand on the outskirts of paradise, while she went into her house and stared at us from the window as she played with the lovely undeserved baby. But that was not the end of the matter.

We found ourselves there next day, Francesca and I, — Salemina was too proud, — drawn by an insatiable longing to view the beloved and forbidden scene. We did not dare to glance at the Disagreeable Woman's windows, lest our courage should ooze away, so we opened the gate and stole through into the path.

It was a most lovely path; even if it had not been in a sense prohibited, it would still have been lovely, simply on its own merits. There were little gaps in the hedge and the wall through which we peered into a daisy-starred pasture, where a white bossy and a herd of flax-haired cows fed on the sweet green grass. The mellow ploughed earth on the right hand stretched down to the shore-line, and the plough-boy walked up and down the long, straight furrows whistling "My Nannie's awa'." Pettybaw is so far removed from the music-halls that their

cheap songs and strident echoes never reach its sylvan shades, and the herd-lad-dies and plough-boys still sweeten their labors with the old classic melodies.

We walked on and on, determined to come every day; and we settled that if we were accosted by any one, or if our innocent business were demanded, Francesca should ask, "Does Mrs. Macstronachlacher live here, and has she any new-laid eggs?"

Soon the gates of the Farm appeared in sight. There was a cluster of buildings, with doves huddling and cooing on the red-tiled roofs, — dairy-houses, workmen's cottages, splendid rows of substantial haystacks (towering yellow things with peaked tops); a little pond with ducks and geese chattering together as they paddled about, and for additional music the trickling of two tiny burns making "a singan din" as they wimpled through the bushes. A speckle-breasted thrush perched on a corner of the gray wall and poured his heart out. Overhead there was a chorus of rooks in the tall trees, but there was no sound of human voice save that of the plough-lad-die whistling "My Nannie's awa'."

We turned our backs on this darling solitude, and retraced our steps lingeringly. As we neared the wicket gate again we stood upon a bit of jutting rock and peered over the wall, sniffing the hawthorn buds ecstatically. The white bossy drew closer, treading softly on his daisy carpet; the cows looked up at us wonderingly as they leisurely chewed their cuds; a man in corduroy breeches came from a corner of the pasture, and with a sharp, narrow hoe rooted out a thistle or two that had found their way into this sweet feeding-ground. Suddenly we heard the swish of a dress behind us, and turned, conscience-stricken, though we had in nothing sinned.

"Does Mrs. Macstronachlacher live here?" stammered Francesca like a parrot.

It was an idiotic time and place for

the question. We had certainly arranged that she should ask it, but something must be left to the judgment in such cases. Francesca was hanging over a stone wall regarding a herd of cows in a pasture, and there was no possible shelter for a Mrs. Maestronachlacher within a quarter of a mile. What made the remark more unfortunate was the fact that, though she had on a different dress and bonnet, the person interrogated was the Disagreeable Woman; but Francesca is particularly slow in discerning resemblances. She would have gone on mechanically asking for new-laid eggs, had I not caught her eye and held it sternly. The foe looked at us suspiciously for a moment (Francesca's hats are not easily forgotten), and then vanished up the path, to tell the people at Crummylowe, I suppose, that their grounds were infested by marauding strangers whose curiosity was manifestly the outgrowth of a republican government.

As she disappeared in one direction, we walked slowly in the other; and just as we reached the corner of the pasture where two stone walls meet, and where a group of oaks gives grateful shade, we heard children's voices.

"No, no!" cried somebody: "it must be still higher at this end, for the tower, — this is where the king will sit. Help me with this heavy one, Rafe. Dandie, mind your foot. Why don't you be making the flag for the ship? — and do keep the Wrig away from us till we finish building!"

XVII.

"O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their face into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand."

Sir Patrick Spens.

We put our toes into the crevices of the wall and peeped stealthily over the top. Two boys of eight or ten years, with two younger children, were busily engaged in building a castle. A great pile of

stones had been hauled to the spot, evidently for the purpose of mending the wall, and these were serving as rich material for sport. The oldest of the company, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy in an Eton jacket and broad white collar, was obviously commander-in-chief; and the next in size, whom he called Rafe, was a laddie of eight, in kilts. These two looked as if they might be scions of the aristocracy, while Dandie and the Wrig were fat little yokels of another sort. The miniature castle must have been the work of several mornings, and was worthy of the respectful but silent admiration with which we gazed upon it; but as the last stone was placed in the tower, the master builder looked up and spied our interested eyes peering at him over the wall. We were properly abashed and ducked our heads discreetly at once, but were reassured by hearing him run rapidly toward us, calling, "Stop, if you please! Have you anything on just now, — are you busy?"

We answered that we were quite at leisure.

"Then would you mind coming in to help us play Sir Patrick Spens? There aren't enough of us to do it nicely."

This confidence was touching, and luckily it was not in the least misplaced. Playing Sir Patrick Spens was exactly in our line, little as he suspected it.

"Come and help?" I said. "Simply delighted! Do come, Frances. How can we get over the wall?"

"I'll show you the good broken place!" cried Sir Apple-Cheek; and following his directions we scrambled through, while Rafe took off his Highland bonnet ceremoniously and handed us down to earth.

"Hurrah! now it will be something like fun! Do you know Sir Patrick Spens?"

"Every word of it. Don't you want us to pass an examination before you allow us in the game?"

"No," he answered gravely; "it's a great help, of course, to know it, but it

is n't necessary. I keep the words in my pocket to prompt Dandie, and the Wrig can only say two lines, she 's so little." (Here he produced some tattered leaves torn from a book of ballads.) "We've done it many a time, but this is a new Dunfermline Castle, and we are trying the play in a different way. Rafe is the king, and Dandie is the 'eldern knight,' — you remember him?"

"Certainly; he sat at the king's right knee."

"Yes, yes, that's the one! Then Rafe is Sir Patrick part of the time, and I the other part, because everybody likes to be him; but there's nobody left for the 'lords o' Noroway' or the sailors, and the Wrig is the only maiden to sit on the shore, and she always forgets to comb her hair and weep at the right time."

The forgetful and placid Wrig (I afterwards learned that this is a Scots word for the youngest bird in the nest) was seated on the grass, with her fat hands full of pink thyme and white wild woodruff. The sun shone on her curly flaxen head. She wore a dark blue cotton frock with white dots, and a short-sleeved pinafore; and though she was utterly useless from a dramatic point of view, she was the sweetest little Scotch dumpling I ever looked upon. She had been tried and found wanting in most of the principal parts of the ballad, but when left out of the performance altogether she was wont to scream so lustily that all Crummylowe rushed to her assistance.

"Now let us practice a bit to see if we know what we are going to do," said Sir Apple-Cheek. "Rafe, you can be Sir Patrick this time. The reason why we all like to be Sir Patrick," he explained, turning to me, "is that the lords o' Noroway say to him, —

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd,
And a' our Queenis fee;'

and then he answers, —

'Ye lee! ye lee! ye leers loud,
Fu' loudly do ye lee!'

and a lot of splendid things like that. Well, I'll be the king," and accordingly he began: —

"The King sits in Dunfermline tower,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.
'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'"

A dead silence ensued, whereupon the king said testily, "Now, Dandie, you never remember you're the eldern knight; go on!"

Thus reminded, Dandie recited: —

"O up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the King's right knee,
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'"

"Now I'll write my letter," said the king, who was endeavoring to make himself comfortable in his somewhat contracted tower.

"The King has written a braid letter
And sealed it with his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

Read the letter out loud, Rafe, and then you'll remember what to do."

"'To Noroway! to Noroway!
To Noroway on the faem!
The King's daughter of Noroway
'Tis thou maun bring her hame,'"

read Rafe.

"Now do the next part!"

"I can't; I'm going to chuck up that next part. I wish you'd do Sir Pat until it comes to 'Ye lee! ye lee!'"

"No, that won't do, Rafe. We have to mix up everybody else, but it's too bad to spoil Sir Patrick."

"Well, I'll give him to you, then, and be the king. I don't mind so much now that we've got such a good tower; and why can't I stay up there even after the ship sets sail, and look out over the sea with a telescope? That's the way Elizabeth did the time she was king."

"You can stay up till you have to come down and be a dead Scots lord. I'm not going to lie there as I did last time, with nobody but the Wrig for a Scots lord, and her forgetting to be dead!"

Sir Apple-Cheek then essayed the hard part "chucked up" by Rafe. It was rather difficult, I confess, as the first four lines were in pantomime and required great versatility : —

"The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Fu' loud, loud laughéd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e."

These conflicting emotions successfully simulated, Sir Patrick resumed : —

"O wha is he has dune this deed,
And tauld the King o' me, —
To send us out, at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea ?"

Then the king stood up in the unstable tower and shouted his own orders : —

"Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The King's daughter o' Noroway
'T is we maun fetch her hame."

"Can't we rig the ship a little better?" demanded our stage manager at this juncture. "It is n't half as good as the tower."

Ten minutes' hard work, in which we assisted, produced something a trifle more nautical and seaworthy than the first ship. The ground with a few boards spread upon it was the deck. Tarpaulin sheets were arranged on sticks to represent sails, and we located the vessel so cleverly that two slender trees shot out of the middle of it and served as the tall topmasts.

"Now let us make believe that we've hoisted our sails on 'Mononday morn' and been in Noroway 'weeks but only twae,'" said our leading man; "and your time has come now," turning to us.

We felt indeed that it had; but plucking up sufficient courage for the lords o' Noroway, we cried accusingly : —

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd,
And a' our Queenis fee!"

Oh, but Sir Apple-Cheek was glorious as he roared virtuously : —

"Ye lee! ye lee! ye leers loud,
Fu' loudly do ye lee!

'For I brocht as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
An' I brocht a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out ower the sea wi' me.

'But betide me weil, betide me wae,
This day I 'se leave the shore;
And never spend my King's monie
'Mong Noroway dogs no more.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn.'

Now you be the sailors, please ! "

Glad to be anything but Noroway dogs, we recited obediently : —

"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

.
And if ye gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm."

We added much to the effect of this stanza by flinging ourselves on the turf and embracing Sir Patrick's knees, at which touch of melodrama he was enchanted.

Then came a storm so terrible that I can hardly trust myself to describe its fury. The entire *corps dramatique* personated the elements, and tore the galleant ship in twain, while Sir Patrick shouted in the teeth of the gale, —

"O whaur will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

I knew the words a trifle better than Francesca, and thus succeeded in getting in ahead as the fortunate hero : —

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye 'll ne'er spy land."

And the heroic sailor was right, for

"He hadna gone a step, a step,
A step but only ane,
When a bout flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it came in."

Then we fetched a web o' the silken claith, and anither o' the twine, as our captain bade us; we wapped them into our ship's side and letna the sea come in; but in vain, in vain. Laith were the gude

Scots lords to weet their cork-heeled shune, but they did, and wat their hats abune; for the ship sank in spite of their despairing efforts,

"And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam' hame."

Francesca and I were now obliged to creep from under the tarpaulins and personate the disheveled ladies on the strand.

"Will your hair come down?" asked the manager gravely.

"It will and shall," we rejoined; and it did.

"The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair."

"Do tear your hair, Jessie! It's the only thing you have to do, and you never do it on time!"

The Wrig made ready to howl with offended pride, but we soothed her, and she tore her yellow curls with her chubby hands.

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kaims i' their hair,
A waitin' for their ain dear luvies,
For them they'll see nae mair."

I did a bit of sobbing here that would have been a credit to Sarah Siddons.

"Splendid! Grand!" cried Sir Patrick, as he stretched himself fifty fathoms below the imaginary surface, and gave explicit ante-mortem directions to the other Scots lords to spread themselves out in like manner.

"Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

"Oh, it is grand!" he repeated jubilantly. "If I could only be the king and see it all from Dunfermline tower! Could you be Sir Patrick once, do you think, now that I have shown you how?" he asked Francesca.

"Indeed I can!" she replied, glowing with excitement (and small wonder) at being chosen for the principal rôle.

"The only trouble is that you do look awfully like a girl in that white frock."

Francesca appeared rather ashamed

at her disqualifications for the part of Sir Patrick. "If I had only worn my long black cloak!" she sighed.

"Oh, I have an idea!" cried the boy. "Hand her the minister's gown from the hedge, Rafe. You see, Mistress Ogilvie of Crummylowe lent us this old gown for a sail; she's doing something to a new one, and this was her pattern."

Francesca slipped it on over her white serge, and the Pettybaw parson should have seen her with the long veil of her dark hair floating over his ministerial garment.

"It seems a pity to put up your hair," said the stage manager critically, "because you look so jolly and wild with it down, but I suppose you must; and will you have Rafe's bonnet?"

Yes, she would have Rafe's bonnet; and when she perched it on the side of her head and paced the deck restlessly, while the black gown floated behind in the breeze, we all cheered with enthusiasm, and, having rebuilt the ship, began the play again from the moment of the gale. The wreck was more horribly realistic than ever, this time, because of our rehearsal; and when I crawled from under the masts and sails to seat myself on the beach with the Wrig, I had scarcely strength enough to remove the cooky from her hand and set her a-combing her curly locks.

When our new Sir Patrick stretched herself on the ocean bed, she fell with a despairing wail; her gown spread like a pall over the earth, the Highland bonnet came off, and her hair floated over a haphazard pillow of Jessie's wild flowers.

"Oh, it is fine, that part; but from here is where it always goes wrong!" cried the king from the castle tower. "It's too bad to take the maidens away from the strand where they look so beautiful, and Rafe is splendid as the gude sailor, but Dandie looks so silly as one little dead Scots lord; if we only had one more person, young or old, if he was ever so stupid!"

"*Would I do?*"

This unexpected offer came from behind one of the trees that served as topmasts, and at the same moment there issued from that delightfully secluded retreat Ronald Macdonald, in knickerbockers and a golf cap.

Suddenly as this apparition came, there was no lack of welcome on the children's part. They shouted his name in glee, embraced his legs, and pulled him about like affectionate young bears. Confusion reigned for a moment, while Sir Patrick rose from her sea grave all in a mist of floating hair, from which hung impromptu garlands of pink thyme and green grasses.

"Allow me to do the honors, please, Jamie," said Mr. Macdonald, when he could escape from the children's clutches. "Have you been presented? Ladies, the young master of Rowardennan. Jamie, Miss Hamilton and Miss Monroe from the United States of America." Sir Apple-Cheek bowed respectfully. "Let me present the Honorable Ralph Ardmore, also from the castle, together with Dandie Dinmont and the Wrig from Crummylowe. Sir Patrick, it is indeed a pleasure to see you again. Must you take off my gown? It never looked so well before."

"*Your gown?*"

The counterfeit presentment of Sir Patrick vanished as the long drapery flew to the hedge whence it came, and there remained only an offended young goddess, who swung her dark mane tempestuously to one side, plaited it in a thick braid, tossed it back again over her white serge shoulder, and crowded on her sailor hat with unnecessary vehemence.

"Yes, my gown; whose else should you borrow, pray? Mistress Ogilvie of Crummylowe presses, sponges, and darns my bachelor wardrobe, but I never suspected that she rented it out for theatrical purposes. I have been calling upon you in Pettybaw; Lady Ardmore was

there at the same time. Finding but one of the three American Graces at home, I stayed a few moments only, and am now returning to Inchealdy by way of Crummylowe." Here he plucked the gown off the hedge and folded it carefully.

"Can't we keep it for a sail, Mr. Macdonald?" pleaded Jamie. "Mistress Ogilvie said it was n't any more good."

"When Mistress Ogilvie made that remark," replied the Reverend Ronald, "she had no idea that it would ever touch the shoulders of the martyred Sir Patrick Spens. Now I happen to love" —

Francesca hung out a scarlet flag in each cheek, and I was about to say, "Don't mind me!" when he continued:

"As I was saying, I happen to love Sir Patrick Spens, — it is my favorite ballad; so, with your permission, I will take the gown, and you can find something less valuable for a sail."

I could never understand just why Francesca was so annoyed at being discovered in our innocent game. Of course she was prone on Mother Earth and her tresses were much disheveled, but she looked lovely, after all, in comparison with me, the humble "supe" and lightning-change artist; yet I kept my temper, — at least I kept it until the Reverend Ronald observed, after escorting us through the gap in the wall, "By the way, Miss Hamilton, there was a gentleman from Paris at your cottage, and he is walking down the road to meet you."

Walking down the road to meet me, forsooth! Have ministers no brains? The Reverend Macdonald had wasted five good minutes with his observations, introductions, explanations, felicitations, and adorations, and meantime, *regardez-moi, messieurs et mesdames, s'il vous plait!* I have been a Norway dog, a ship-builder, and a gallant sailorman; I have been a gurdy sea and a towering gale; I have crawled from beneath broken anchors, topsails, and mizzen-masts to a strand where I have been

a suffering lady plying a gowd kaim. My skirt of blue drill has been twisted about my person until it trails in front ; my collar is wilted, my cravat untied ; I have lost a stud and a sleeve-link ; my hair is in a tangled mass, my face is scarlet and dusty — and a gentleman from Paris is walking down the road to meet me !

XVIII.

"Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,
To hear the mavis singing ;
To see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging."
Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow.

My Willie is not "drowned in Yarrow," thank Heaven ! He is drowned in happiness, according to his own account.

We are exploring the neighborhood together, and whichever path we take we think it lovelier than the one before. This morning we drove to Pettybaw Sands, Francesca and Salemina following by the footpath and meeting us on the shore. It is all so enchantingly fresh and green on one of these rare bright days : the trig lass bleaching her claes on the grass by the burn, near the little stone bridge ; the wild partridges whirring about in pairs ; the farm-boy seated on the clean straw in the bottom of his cart, and cracking his whip in mere wanton joy at the sunshine ; the pretty cottages, and the gardens with rows of currant and gooseberry bushes hanging thick with fruit that suggests jam and tart in every delicious globule. It is a love-colored landscape, we know it full well ; and nothing in the fair world about us is half as beautiful as what we see in each other's eyes.

We tied the pony by the wayside and alighted : Willie to gather some sprays of the pink veronica and blue speedwell, I to sit on an old bench and watch him in happy idleness. The "white-blossomed slaes" sweetened the air, and the distant hills were gay with golden whin and

broom, or flushed with the purply-red of the bell heather.

An old man, leaning on his staff, came tottering along, and sank down on the bench beside me. He was dirty, ragged, unkempt, and feeble, but quite sober, and pathetically anxious for human sympathy.

"I'm achty-seex year auld," he maundered, apropos of nothing, "achty-seex year auld. I've seen five lairds o' Pettybaw, sax placed meenisters, an' seven doctors. I was a mason an' a stoot mon i' them days, but it's a meeserable life now. Wife deid, bairns deid. I sit by my lane an' smoke my pipe, wi' naebody to gi'e me a sup o' water. Achty-seex is ower auld for a mon, — ower auld."

These are the sharp contrasts of life one cannot bear to face when one is young and happy. Willie gave him a half-sovereign and some tobacco for his pipe, and when the pony trotted off briskly, and we left the shrunken figure alone on his bench as he was lonely in his life, we kissed each other and pledged ourselves to look after him as long as we remain in Pettybaw ; for what is love worth if it does not kindle the flames of spirit, open the gates of feeling, and widen the heart to shelter all the little loves and great loves that crave admittance ?

As we neared the tiny fishing-village on the sands we met a fishwife brave in her short skirt and eight petticoats, the basket with its two hundred pound weight on her head, and the auld wife herself knitting placidly as she walked along. They look superbly strong, these women ; but, to be sure, the "weak anes dee," as one of them told me.

There was an air of bustle about the little quay, —

"That joyfu' din when the boats come in,
When the boats come in sae early ;
When the lift is blue an' the herring-nets
fu',
And the sun glints in a' things rarely."

The silvery shoals of fish no longer come so near the shore as they used in the olden time, for then the kirk bell of St. Monan's had its tongue tied when the "draive" was off the coast, lest its knell should frighten away the shining myriads of the deep.

We walked among the tiny white-washed low-roofed cots, each with its little fishes tacked invitingly against the door-frame to dry, until we came to my favorite, the corner cottage in the row. It has beautiful narrow garden strips in front, — solid patches of color in sweet gillyflower bushes from which the kindly housewife plucked a nosegay for us. Her white columbines she calls "granny's mutches;" and indeed they are not unlike those fresh white caps. Robbie Burns, ten inches high in plaster, stands in the cottage window in a tiny box of blossoming plants surrounded by a miniature green picket fence. Outside, looming white among the gillyflowers, is Sir Walter, and near him is still another and a larger bust on a cracked pedestal a foot high, perhaps. We did not recognize the head at once, and asked the little woman who it was.

"Homer, the gret Greek poet," she answered cheerily; "an' I'm to have anither o' Burns, as tall as Homer, when my daughter comes hame frae E'nbro'."

If the shade of Homer keeps account of his earthly triumphs, I think he is proud of his place in that humble Scotch-woman's gillyflower garden, with his head under the drooping petals of granny's white mutches.

(When we passed the cottage, on our way to the sands next day, Robbie Burns's head had been broken off accidentally by the children, and we felt as though we had lost a friend; but Scotch thrift and loyalty to the dear ploughman-poet came to the rescue, and when we returned, Robbie's plaster head had been glued to his body. He smiled at us again from between the two scarlet geraniums, and a tendril of ivy had been

gently curled about his neck to hide the cruel wound.)

After such long, lovely mornings as this, there is a late luncheon under the shadow of a rock with Salemina and Francesca, an idle chat or the chapter of a book, and presently Lady Ardmore and her daughter Elizabeth drive down to the sands. They are followed by Robin Anstruther, Jamie, and Ralph on bicycles, and before long the stalwart figure of Ronald Macdonald appears in the distance, just in time for a cup of tea, which we brew in Lady Ardmore's bath-house on the beach.

XIX.

"O biggit hae they a bigly bow'r
And strawn it o'er wi' san',
And there was mair mirth that bow'r within,
Than in a' their father's lan'."

Rose the Red and White Lily.

Tea at Rowardennan Castle is an impressive and a delightful function. It is served by a ministerial-looking butler and a just-ready-to-be-ordained footman. They both look as if they had been nourished on the Thirty-Nine Articles, but they know their business as well as if they had been trained in heathen lands, — which is saying a good deal, for everybody knows that heathen servants wait upon one with idolatrous solicitude. However, from the quality of the cheering beverage itself down to the thickness of the cream, the thinness of the china, the crispness of the toast, and the plummyness of the cake, tea at Rowardennan Castle is perfect in every detail.

The scones are of unusual lightness, also. I should think, if they were sold at a bakery, they would scarcely weigh more than four to a pound; but I am aware that the casual traveler, who eats only at hotels, and never has the privilege of entering feudal castles, will be slow to believe this estimate. Salemina always describes a Scotch scone as an

aspiring but unsuccessful soda biscuit of the New England sort.

Stevenson, in writing of that dense black substance, inimical to life, called Scotch bun, says that the patriotism that leads a Scotsman to eat it will hardly desert him in any emergency. Salemina thinks that the scone should be bracketed with the bun (in description, merely, never in the human stomach), and says that, as a matter of fact, "th' unconquer'd Scot" of old was not only clad in a shirt of mail, but well fortified within when he went forth to warfare after a breakfast of oatmeal and scones. She insists that the spear which would pierce the shirt of mail would be turned aside and blunted by the ordinary scone of commerce; but what signifies the opinion of a woman who eats sugar on her porridge?

Considering the air of liberal hospitality that hangs about the castle teatable, I wonder that our friends do not oftener avail themselves of its privileges and allow us to do so; but on all dark, foggy, or inclement days, or whenever they tire of the sands, everybody persists in taking tea at Bide-a-Wee Cottage.

We buy our tea of the Pettybaw grocer, some of our cups are cracked, the teapot is of earthenware, Miss Grieve disapproves of all social tea-fuddles and shows it plainly when she brings in the tray, and the room is so small that some of us overflow into the hall or the garden: it matters not; there is some fatal charm in our humble hospitality. At four o'clock one of us is obliged to be, like Sister Anne, on the housetop; and if company approaches, she must descend and speed to the plumber's for sixpenny worth extra of cream. In most well-ordered British households Miss Grieve would be requested to do this speeding, but both her mind and her body move too slowly for such domestic crises; and then, too, her temper has to be kept as unruffled as possible, so that she will cut the bread and butter thin.

This she generally does if the day's work has not been too arduous; but the washing of her own spinster cup and plate, together with the incident sighs and groans, occupies her till so late an hour that she is not always dressed for callers.

Willie and I were reading *The Lady of the Lake*, the other day, in the back garden, surrounded by the verdant leafage of our own neeps and vegetable marrows. It is a pretty spot when the sun shines: Miss Grieve's dish-towels and aprons drying on the currant bushes, the cat playing with a mutton-bone or a fish-tail on the grass, and the little birds perching on the rims of our wash-boiler and water-buckets. It can be reached only by way of the kitchen, which somewhat lessens its value as a pleasure-ground or a rustic retreat, but Willie and I retire there now and then for a quiet chat.

On this particular occasion Willie was reading the exciting verses where Fitz-James and Murdoch are crossing the stream

"That joins Loch Katrine to Achray,"
where the crazed Blanche of Devan first appears:—

"All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—
'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'"

"It was indeed," said Francesca, appearing suddenly at an upper window overhanging the garden. "Pardon this intrusion, but the castle people are here," she continued in what is known as a stage whisper,—that is, one that can be easily heard by a thousand persons,— "the castle people and the ladies from Pettybaw House; and Mr. Macdonald is coming down the loaning; but Calamity Jane is making her toilette in the kitchen, and you cannot take Mr. Beresford through into the sitting-room at present. She says this hoose has so few conveniences that it's 'fair sickenin'.'"

"How long will she be?" queried Mr. Beresford anxiously, putting *The*

Lady of the Lake in his pocket, and pacing up and down between the rows of neeps.

"She has just begun. Whatever you do, don't unsettle her temper, for she will have to prepare for eight to-day. I will send Mr. Macdonald to the bakery for gingerbread, to gain time, and possibly I can think of a way to rescue you. If I can't, are you tolerably comfortable? Perhaps Miss Grieve won't mind Penelope, and she can come through the kitchen any time and join us; but naturally you don't want to be separated. Of course I can lower your tea in a tin bucket, and if it should rain I can throw out umbrellas. The situation is not so bad as it might be," she added consolingly, "because in case Miss Grieve's toilette should last longer than usual, your wedding need not be indefinitely postponed, for Mr. Macdonald can marry you from this window."

Here she disappeared, and we had scarcely time to take in the full humor of the affair before Robin Anstruther's laughing eyes appeared over the top of the high brick wall that protects our garden on three sides.

"Do not shoot," said he. "I am not come to steal the fruit, but to succor humanity in distress. Miss Monroe insisted that I should borrow the inn ladder. She thought a rescue would be much more romantic than waiting for Miss Grieve. Everybody is coming out to witness it, at least all your guests, — there are no strangers present, — and Miss Monroe is already collecting sixpence a head for the entertainment, to be given, she says, to Mr. Macdonald's sustentation fund."

He was now astride of the wall, and speedily lifted the ladder to our side, where it leaned comfortably against the stout branches of the draper's peach vine. Willie ran nimbly up the ladder and bestrode the wall. I followed, first standing, and then decorously sitting down on the top of it. Mr. Anstruther

pulled up the ladder, and replaced it on the side of liberty; then he descended, then Willie, and I last of all, amidst the acclamations of the on-lookers, a select company of six or eight persons.

When Miss Grieve formally entered the sitting-room bearing the tea-tray, she was buskit braw in black stuff gown, clean apron, and fresh cap trimmed with purple ribbons, under which her white locks were neatly dressed.

She deplored the coolness of the tea, but accounted for it to me in an aside by the sickening quality of Mrs. Sinkler's coals and Mr. Macbrose's kindling-wood, to say nothing of the insulting draft in the draper's range. When she left the room, I suppose she was unable to explain the peals of laughter that rang through our circumscribed halls.

Lady Ardmore insists that the rescue was the most unique episode she ever witnessed, and says that she never understood America until she made our acquaintance. I persuaded her that this was fallacious reasoning; that while she might understand us by knowing America, she could not possibly reverse this mental operation and be sure of the result. The ladies of Pettybaw House said that the occurrence was as Fifish as anything that ever happened in Fife. The kingdom of Fife is noted, it seems, for its "doocots [dovecotes] and daft lairds," and to be eccentric and Fifish are one and the same thing. Thereupon Francesca told Mr. Macdonald a story she heard in Edinburgh, to the effect that when a certain committee or council was quarreling as to which of certain Fifeshire towns should be the seat of a projected lunatic asylum, a new resident arose and suggested that the building of a wall round the kingdom of Fife would solve the difficulty, settle all disputes, and give sufficient room for the lunatics to exercise properly.

This is the sort of tale that a native can tell with a genial chuckle, but it comes with poor grace from an Ameri-

can lady sojourning in Fife. Francesca does not mind this, however, as she is at present avenging fresh insults to her own beloved country.

XX.

"With mimic din of stroke and ward
The broadsword upon target jarr'd."
The Lady of the Lake.

Robin Anstruther was telling stories at the tea-table.

"I got acquainted with an American girl in rather a queer sort of way," he said, between cups. "It was in London, on the Duke of York's wedding-day. I'm rather a tall chap, you see, and in the crowd somebody touched me on the shoulder and a plaintive voice behind me said, 'You're such a big man, and I am so little, will you please help me to save my life? My mother was separated from me in the crowd somewhere as we were trying to reach the Berkeley, and I don't know what to do.' I was a trifle nonplused, but I did the best I could. She was a tiny thing, in a marvelous frock and a flowery hat and a silver girdle and chatelaine. In another minute she spied a second man, an officer, a full head taller than I am, broad shoulders, splendidly put up altogether. Bless me! if she did n't turn to him and say, 'Oh, you're so nice and big, you're even bigger than this other gentleman, and I need you both in this dreadful crush. If you'll be good enough to stand on either side of me, I shall be awfully obliged.' We exchanged amused glances of embarrassment over her blonde head, but there was no resisting the irresistible. She was a small person, but she had the soul of a general, and we obeyed orders. We stood guard over her little ladyship for nearly an hour, and I must say she entertained us thoroughly, for she was as clever as she was pretty. Then I got her a seat in one of the windows of my club, while

the other man, armed with a full description, went out to hunt up the mother; and by Jove! he found her, too. She would have her mother, and her mother she had. They were awfully jolly people; they came to luncheon in my chambers at the Albany afterwards, and we grew to be great friends."

"I dare say she was an English girl masquerading," I remarked facetiously. "What made you think her an American?"

"Oh, her general appearance and accent, I suppose."

"Probably she did n't say Barkley," observed Francesca cuttingly; "she would have been sure to commit that sort of solecism."

"Why, don't you say Barkley in the States?"

"Certainly not; with us c-l-e-r-k spells clerk, and B-e-r-k Berk."

"How very odd!" remarked Mr. Anstruther.

"No odder than your saying Bark, and not half as odd as your calling it Albany," I interpolated, to help Francesca.

"Quite so," said Mr. Anstruther; "but how do you say Albany in America?"

"Penelope and I allways call it Albany," responded Francesca, "but Salemina, who has been much in England, always calls it Albany."

This anecdote was the signal for Miss Ardmore to remark (apropos of her own discrimination and the American accent) that hearing a lady ask for a certain medicine in a chemist's shop, she noted the intonation, and inquired of the chemist, when the fair stranger had retired, if she were not an American. "And she was!" exclaimed the Honorable Elizabeth triumphantly. "And what makes it the more curious, she had been over here twenty years, and of course spoke English quite properly."

In avenging fancied insults, it is certainly more just to heap punishment on

the head of the real offender than upon his neighbor, and it is a trifle difficult to decide why Francesca should chastise Mr. Macdonald for the good-humored sins of Mr. Anstruther and Miss Ardmore; yet she does so, nevertheless.

The history of these chastisements she recounts in the nightly half-hour which she spends with me when I am endeavoring to compose myself for sleep. Francesca is fluent at all times, but once seated on the foot of my bed she becomes eloquent!

"It all began with his saying" —

This is her perennial introduction, and I respond as invariably, "What began?"

"Oh, to-day's argument with Mr. Macdonald. It was a literary quarrel this afternoon."

"'Fools rush in' " — I began.

"There is a good deal of nonsense in that old saw," she interrupted; "at all events, the most foolish fools I have ever known stayed still and did n't do anything. Rushing shows a certain movement of the mind, even if it is in the wrong direction. However, Mr. Macdonald is both opinionated and dogmatic, but his worst enemy could never call him a fool."

"I did n't allude to Mr. Macdonald."

"Don't you suppose I know to whom you alluded, dear? Is not your style so simple, frank, and direct that a wayfarer girl can read it and not err therein? No, I am not sitting on your feet, and it is not time to go to sleep. As a matter of fact, we began this literary discussion yesterday morning, but were interrupted; and knowing that it was sure to come up again, I prepared for it with Salemina. She furnished the ammunition, so to speak, and I fired the guns."

"You always make so much noise with blank cartridges I wonder you ever bother about real shot," I remarked.

"Penelope, how can you abuse me when I am in trouble? Well, Mr. Macdonald was prating, as usual, about the antiquity of Scotland and its æons of

stirring history. I am so weary of the venerableness of this country. How old will it have to be, I wonder, before it gets used to it? If it's the province of art to conceal art, it ought to be the province of age to conceal age. 'Everything does n't improve with years,' I observed sententiously.

"'For instance?' he inquired.

"Of course you know how that question affected me! How I do dislike an appetite for specific details! It is simply paralyzing to a good conversation. Do you remember that silly game in which some one points to you and says, 'Beast, bird, or fish, — *beast!*' and you have to name one while he counts ten? If a beast has been requested, you can think of one fish and two birds, but no beasts. If he says '*Fish*,' all the beasts in the universe stalk through your memory, but not one finny, scaly, swimming thing! Well, that is the effect of 'For instance?' on my faculties. So I stumbled a bit, and succeeded in recalling, as objects which do not improve with age, mushrooms, women, and chickens, and he was obliged to agree with me, which nearly killed him. Then I said that although America is so fresh and blooming that people persist in calling it young, it is much older than it appears to the superficial eye. There is no real propriety in dating us as a nation from the Declaration of Independence in 1776, I said, nor even from the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620; nor, for that matter, from Columbus's discovery in 1492. It's my opinion, I asserted, that some of us had been there thousands of years before, but nobody had had the sense to discover us. We could n't discover ourselves, — though if we could have foreseen how the sere and yellow nations of the earth would taunt us with youth and inexperience, we should have had to do something desperate!"

"That theory must have been very convincing to the philosophic Scots mind," I interjected.

"It was ; even Mr. Macdonald thought it ingenious. 'And so,' I went on, 'we were alive and awake and beginning to make history when you Scots were only barelegged savages roaming over the hills and stealing cattle. It was a very bad habit of yours, that cattle-stealing, and one which you kept up too long.'

" 'No worse a sin than stealing land from the Indians,' he said.

" 'Oh yes,' I answered, 'because it was a smaller one ! Yours was a vice, and ours a sin ; or I mean it would have been a sin had we done it ; but in reality we did n't steal land ; we just took it, reserving plenty for the Indians to play about on ; and for every hunting-ground we took away we gave them in exchange a serviceable plough, or a school, or a nice Indian agent, or something. That was land-grabbing, if you like, but that is a habit you have still, while we gave it up when we reached years of discretion.' "

" 'This is very illuminating,' I interrupted, now thoroughly wide awake, "but it is n't my idea of a literary discussion."

"I am coming to that," she responded. "It was just at this point that, goaded into secret fury by my innocent speech about cattle-stealing, he began to belittle American literature, the poetry especially. Of course he waxed eloquent about the royal line of poet-kings that had made his country famous, and said the people who could claim Shakespeare had reason to be the proudest nation on earth. 'Doubtless,' I said. 'But do you mean to say that Scotland has any nearer claim upon Shakespeare than we have ? I do not now allude to the fact that in the large sense he is the common property of the English-speaking world' (Salemينا told me to say that), 'but Shakespeare died in 1616, and the union of Scotland with England did n't come about till 1707, nearly a century afterwards. You really have n't anything to do with him ! But as for us, we did n't leave England

until 1620, when Shakespeare had been perfectly dead four years. We took very good care not to come away too soon. Chaucer and Spenser were dead, too, and we had nothing to stay for !' "

I was obliged to relax here and give vent to a burst of merriment at Francesca's absurdities.

"I could see that he had never regarded the matter in that light before," she went on gayly, encouraged by my laughter, "but he braced himself for the conflict, and said, 'I wonder that you did n't stay a little longer, while you were about it. Milton and Ben Jonson were still alive ; Bacon's *Novum Organum* was just coming out ; and in thirty or forty years you could have had *L'Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Paradise Lost* ; Newton's *Principia*, too, in 1687. Perhaps these were all too serious and heavy for your national taste ; still, one sometimes likes to claim things one cannot fully appreciate. And then, too, if you had once begun to stay, waiting for the great things to happen and the great books to be written, you would never have gone, for there would still have been Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson to delay you.'

" 'If we could n't stay to see out your great bards, we certainly could n't afford to remain and welcome your minor ones,' I answered frigidly ; 'but we wanted to be well out of the way before England united with Scotland, and we had to come home, anyway, and start our own poets. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell had to be born.'

" 'I suppose they had to be if you had set your mind on it,' he said, 'though personally I could have spared one or two on that roll of honor.'

" 'Very probably,' I remarked, as thoroughly angry now as he intended I should be. 'We cannot expect you to appreciate all the American poets ; indeed, you cannot appreciate all of your own, for the same nation does n't al-

ways furnish the writers and the readers. Take your precious Browning, for example! There are hundreds of Browning Clubs in America, and I never heard of a single one in Scotland.'

"'No,' he retorted, 'I dare say; but there is a good deal in belonging to a people who can understand him without clubs!'"

"Oh, Francesca!" sitting bolt upright among my pillows. "How could you give him that chance! How could you! What did you say?"

"I said nothing," she replied mysteriously. "I did something much more to the point, — I cried!"

"Cried?"

"Yes, cried; not rivers and freshets of woe, but small brooks and streamlets of helpless mortification."

"What did he do then?"

"Why do you say 'do'?"

"Oh, I mean 'say,' of course. Don't trifle; go on. What did he say then?"

"There are some things too dreadful to describe," she answered, and wrapping her Italian blanket majestically about her she retired to her own room, shooting

one enigmatical glance at me as she closed the door.

That glance puzzled me for some time after she left the room. It was as expressive and interesting a beam as ever darted from a woman's eye. The combination of elements involved in it, if an abstract thing may be conceived as existing in component parts, was something like this: —

One half, mystery.

One eighth, triumph.

One eighth, amusement.

One sixteenth, pride.

One sixteenth, shame.

One sixteenth, desire to confess.

One sixteenth, determination to conceal.

And all these delicate, complex emotions played together in a circle of arching eyebrow, curving lip, and tremulous chin, — played together, mingling and melting into one another like fire and snow; bewildering, mystifying, enchanting the beholder!

If Ronald Macdonald did — I am a woman, but, for one, I can hardly blame him!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE EDUCATION OF AN ARCHITECT.

It is a commonplace that hard work is the best remedy for despondency, and that constant occupation tends to create optimistic views of the present and the future. In like manner, occupation and partly successful labor tend to blind the laborer to what is feeble or bad in his work. The mere fact of doing is so delightful that the doer is not always the best judge of the work done. In this way we account for the cheerful acquiescence of the practicing architects in that lifeless and thoughtless designing

with the results of which they are filling the country. Practitioners of other fine arts find the architect's work hopelessly uninteresting, and say so to one another, and, hesitatingly, to the man they think better informed than themselves; that is, to the architect. Hopeless dullness, — that is the characteristic of so vast a proportion of our architectural work that it is hard to keep from saying that it is the characteristic of all; nor is there any considerable body of that architectural work to be excepted but the better class

of wood-built country houses. These, being of American origin, and developed naturally out of our materials, our appliances, and our requirements, are full of interest and are worthy of study.

The architects themselves, both the younger and the older ones, have a suspicion, indeed, that things are not right; at least, there are many among them who show at intervals that such a suspicion has crossed their minds. It is not uncommon to hear it said that one would like to design his own work, but that really he cannot afford it; that no doubt he takes all his ornament ready-made from the photographs he has purchased, but that this is the universal custom, he supposes. The fact of hard work and the consciousness of doing well what they are paid to do keep most architects from worrying too much about qualities which their clients do not ask for, — nobility, or beauty, or even sincerity of design, — and keep some architects from thinking of these matters at all; still, the consciousness of there being something amiss is very general in the profession. To those persons, not architects, who know something about ancient architecture, its glory, its charm, its beauty, and who have thought somewhat of modern possibilities, the miserable result attained by the outlay and the labor of the last twenty years is more obvious than it can be to the practicing architects; and these observers have a right to say, each man according to his temperament, "The outlook is hopeless," or, "Vigorous remedies are required." The methods by which architectural students have been educated are clearly inadequate; the traditions held before them are clearly false; the influences under which they have grown up are clearly pernicious. It remains to be seen whether a new departure and a more radical one may not be of use. The time may have come for abstract theorizing about the preparation of the young architect for his task.

What, then, should the young architect be taught?

First of all, he should be taught how to build. It is hardly supposable that this proposition will be seriously disputed, although in practice its truth is disregarded so generally that it becomes necessary to assert it once in a while. There is a growing tendency to treat the art of architecture as the art of making drawings, "rendered" in accordance with certain hard-and-fast rules; and it is as well to repeat that the business of the architect is to build. What is meant when it is asserted that the young architect must be taught how to build?

When any man calling himself "architect" or "builder," or merely acting as the amateur creator of his own home, prepares to put up a building of any sort, the primary necessity for him is to have a thorough understanding of the means at his disposal and the object which he proposes to attain. The material which he can control he should understand exceedingly well, and its possibilities. The building which he intends to erect he should see clearly in his mind's eye, and its construction. This requires that he shall know how stones and bricks are laid or set; how mortar is mixed and applied; how walls are bonded together; when anchors are needed which shall tie those walls to the floors, and whether it be ever possible to avoid the use of anchors; under what circumstances lintels may be safely used; how far corbels may be used to advantage; the conditions of an arch, its line of thrust (in a general way, for it is not always feasible to calculate the exact line of its sideway pressure); how gutters may best be carried at the head of the wall; what are the approved methods of attaching to the main structure such lighter and smaller pieces as bay window, carriage porch, or kitchen wing. He must know in a familiar way what a brick wall is, and what are the conditions of its being, — solid or hollow, or built with hollow bricks. In some of our

states the masons have a theory that brickwork ought not to be laid up too solidly, nor so filled with mortar as to be one homogeneous mass, because such a mass transmits the moisture from the outer to the interior face. These masons prefer slightly and loosely built walls, with plenty of cavities within to act as air-spaces. Our builder should know whether that astonishing theory is warranted or not, and also whether a more deliberately planned air-space is better or not so good as furring, and whether either device be necessary in a given case. He should even have some notions of double air-spaces, for he may be called on to build in Minnesota or in Manitoba. Again, he should be aware how commonly the skilled French builders disregard such devices altogether, and trust to the repellent power of good stone walls. The building of chimneys should be a special fad of his; for although it may be admitted that no man can guarantee his flue and his fireplace as affording together a chimney which will not smoke, yet there are conditions precedent, and one of those is that the flue in an outer wall should be protected on its weather side from stress of weather. Many are the chimneys that will not draw because the outer air keeps them too cold, and because the wind drives through the porous bricks of the outer wall. Such chimneys there are, even in solidly built houses, which seem to transmit rain and cold from without more readily than smoke and hot air upward from within.

The professional architect, then, must know, in the intimate sense indicated in the above paragraphs, the whole art of building. He must also love building; he must love heavy stones, and good bricks, and stout, solid walls, and handsome timbers handsomely cut and framed. He must even love the new material, wrought and rolled iron and steel, for its great and as yet only partly known capabilities. When one is asked by a

would-be student of architecture about the chances of succeeding as an architect, it is expedient to find out what his proclivities are, and whether he is merely interested in fine art, and seized with the idea that architecture is an easy fine art to study and to practice. Advice to the effect that really he ought not to become an architect unless he truly loves building and the materials of building is apt to be in place, and instances could be given where such advice has been well applied and well taken. One of the very best and worthiest of our mural painters had that advice given him twenty-five years ago, when he proposed himself as a student of architecture. He was told plainly that it seemed to his adviser that he was rather a lover of drawing and a dreamer of fine-art dreams than a possible builder. The young man took the advice that was given him, and the noble results of his career prove the soundness of the counsel.

The architect should love the quarries, and should visit them with eager curiosity. The cleavage of stone and its appearance in its natural bed should be not only a delight to him, but an object of close study. He should love the lumber-yard, not to say the forest. To him, the timber in itself should be a thing delightful to study, and its possible uses delightful to contemplate. He should love the brick-yard, and experiments in cements and in mortars should be his holiday amusement. Finally, the architect must have such an eye and such a soundness of judgment that bad work cannot escape him. A familiarity with details not unlike that of a good master builder he must combine with a knowledge of principles and of possibilities far beyond that of the master builder, so that good work will come to his build-ings as of inevitable sequence, and bad or even slighted work will be impossible in them.

The matter of modern scientific construction in iron and in steel can only

be touched upon here, and there is really but one thing that need be said about it. Such construction is the affair of the engineer. Let it be admitted that the architect should understand its general principles. These are not so remote or so mysterious as they may seem to the beginner. When it comes to the actual building, to be run up in ten months, the metal uprights and ties composing the structure and the exterior of masonry being a mere concealing and protecting shell, that metal structure is the work of the engineer, and must be. It is, indeed, probable that in this case the engineer should be the first man employed, and that the architect should act as his subordinate; for the plans of the stories are rarely complex or difficult, and all the uses of the building are simple and obvious, while what need special ability are the calculations of the engineer. It is useless for the scheme of education laid out for any pupil in architecture to include steel construction in its higher development. It is inevitable, in our modern complex physical civilization, that the trades and the professions should be separated more and more, and that a man should be satisfied with expert knowledge in a single line of daily vocation.

What, then, becomes of our student of architecture? Is he to be expert in one thing only? He is to be expert in all the branches of ordinary building, ready, dexterous, handy, and full of resources; and he is to know so much of the general principles of building, and also of the putting together of metal and the conditions of stability of the metal structure, that he can foresee the need of engineering skill in a given case, and can forestall the probable decisions of the engineer. What should be taught to the young man meaning to be an architect is, primarily, the how and why of simple, every-day building, such as has been practiced for centuries, is adapted to all those materials which his own country

furnishes, and is according to all those processes which his countrymen recognize. Thus, if he should wish to study Byzantine vaulting without centres, or Gothic vaulting with ribs, or vaulting in cut granite, such as is used in our sea-coast fortifications, it would be, in a sense, an additional and most interesting study for him; but his instructors should see to it that first of all he thoroughly learns the building of common life. After ten years of practice he may well enjoy the attempt to introduce into his work some of those beautiful, simple, inexpensive methods of building which the past offers for his consideration, while the present ignores them; but he will not begin with this. Building of an every-day sort, — that is what he needs to know; but he needs to know it thoroughly well, to know it as a child feels the conditions of stability of his house built with wooden blocks. And he must grow to be ambitious to excel in the perfectness of his work. The writer remembers the shock which he felt when, as a student of architecture, he heard one architect in large practice say of the newly fallen wall of the unfinished church of a brother architect that no one could find any fault, because the accident was due to frosty weather. Was that the standard which one architect set up for another? Was it really held by prominent architects that a wall might fall down, and the blame of it be laid on cold weather? His wonder has not diminished since that time, nor does it seem easy to understand how anything can excuse the falling of a wall, unless it be an earthquake or a bombshell. A mason of repute would never have forgiven himself, or have been forgiven, for such a collapse. The builders in our cities are not too conscientious, nor are the builders in our small towns too skillful or troubled with too high a standard of excellence; but the architect, as we find him, may generally lean upon the builder, as we find him, with great advan-

tage, and get sound and good example from the practice of the builder when left to himself.

Second, the architect must learn to draw. He must learn to draw as a painter learns; that is to say, he must be ready, prompt, and dexterous in drawing everything that can be drawn, from the human figure down to a chimney-top or a square house with square windows. It may not be required of him that he shall draw altogether as well as a painter. It may well be that whereas the painter goes on year by year growing still more familiar with the human figure, nude and in every attitude which comes natural to man, woman, or child, and with drapery as cast upon the figure in every such changing attitude, the architect will stop at a general knowledge, difficult to define or to express in words, but still very real and tangible. Take the well-known drawings of Viollet-le-Duc, for instance; that is to say, his drawings of the figure, as in the article *Sculpture* in the great *Dictionary of Architecture*, or in the article *Armure* or *Cotte* in the *Dictionnaire du Mobilier*. These drawings are not better than every architect should be able to make. Viollet-le-Duc was a man of exceptional genius as a draughtsman in that he could make drawings by the thousand of architectural details and of architectural compositions, all of them extraordinarily clear in the way of explanation,—the essential parts omitted or hinted at, the essential parts insisted on,—all with an almost infallible judgment, and a judgment so rapid that time was not lost in hesitation. He was exceptional, perhaps unique, in this; but in the mere excellence of any one drawing of the human figure or of sculptured detail he was no more happy than the architect should be; nor should the aspirant be satisfied with much less than Viollet-le-Duc's excellence in this respect.

Apart from excellence of final achievement, a certain dexterous readiness is also

eminently desirable. Thus, the architect should have drawn, before he begins to design for himself, hundreds of buildings at home and abroad. One of the best living architectural draughtsmen has said, as we may translate it, It makes little difference what one draws. To draw a great deal, to be always drawing,—that is the secret. "*Dessiner énormément, avoir toujours le crayon à la main,*"—that was Alexandre Sandier's word to his American friends. The architect should have drawn from the best examples within his reach, but at all events he should have drawn, in great numbers, gables and dormers, towers and steeples, timber roofs seen from within and moulded arches seen at various angles, groups of columns, coupled columns, entablatures and archivolt, and masses of building as seen from an adequate distance. These things he should have drawn freehand, either with the camera lucida, which is unobjectionable in difficult cases, or without help of any kind, under all sorts of conditions and in all sorts of light; and from such drawing he should have gained such a knowledge of the appearance of the existing building, solid and enduring, with firm joints and upright angles, that the look of the structure should have become a part of his familiar knowledge. Then, when a new design is in progress, and he has to put into shape the exterior of a building which he has partly planned, he can do it by a drawing made from the vision before his mind's eye. His conception of the gable or spire, of a whole mass of building or of a group of buildings, can be embodied in lines which are very nearly accurate. It is remarkable how close to the actual truth even a very imperfect draughtsman may come in this respect. Many a man whose knowledge of the human figure is far less than we have assumed has become so dexterous in drawing architectural forms that his perspective sketches of a building or of its parts would prove on trial to be

scarcely inaccurate even in small details.

Now, this matter of designing in the solid, and skill in setting down the main lines of that design in approximate perspective, is the very life and essence of ready and easy design. It is the thing which our school-taught architects lack most sadly, and the thing which every student should put before him as most of all to be desired. Men who are taught mechanical drawing, and little else; who know artistic drawing only as a means of indicating the presence of a scroll ornament, or of putting in the curves of an arch in a mechanical perspective, are always making the mistake of designing in elevation. To do that is to invite failure. Nothing can be designed in elevation except a street front, as of a narrow city house; and even for this, no designer should be satisfied with an elevation drawing alone. Every separate arched window, even every separate square-headed window, — or at least every separate pattern of window, — requires to be drawn in perspective, that the relation between the reveal or visible thickness of wall and the width of the opening, the relation between the length of the lintel and its bearing on the wall, the relation between the mouldings at the angles, if there are any, and the whole window, the relation between the ornament put upon the face of the lintel or the archivolt and the open space and the piers on both sides, may all be seen aright. An elevation drawing falsifies all these things, and its one function — namely, that of transmitting to the builder the architect's purpose — should not be confused with the idea of its embodying the design; for it cannot do that. Elevations must be made as sections must be, and ground-plans; but elevations, and also sections which have to show any part of the architectural composition, should be drawn with the constant sense of their being what they are, — namely, the abstract embodiment, in

a technical form and for a technical purpose, of the design previously completed in the solid.

The need of skill in artistic or free-hand drawing for all design in the way of decorative sculpture, and the application to a building of such sculpture, and for all design in the way of decorative painting, mural painting, and polychromatic adornment, is too obvious and well known to need restatement here. To be sure, if you are content, as many of our practicing architects to-day seem content, to design buildings without decorative sculpture or decorative painting, you need not worry about learning to draw ornament. Buildings are being erected, even at high cost, and by architects and firms who are leading men and leading firms, in the business sense of the word, which buildings affect no decorative or artistic success beyond that of a generally pleasant harmony of proportion in façades and in interiors of rigid plainness. If you agree with yourself to have no carving about the building except a few Corinthian capitals, and to take those capitals directly from the plates of a book, or to let the marble-cutters work them according to their own notions, then, indeed, you are to get off cheaply, and to produce your architecture at but little cost of thought. In this, as in other ways, to quote a much-talked-of article in *The Architectural Record*, "classic is such a soft snap" that the designer of that kind of classic does not come within the scope of the present inquiry. Architecture, however, has always adorned itself with sculpture and with painting, and it always will. The rejection of such adornment is a surer sign of deadly decay than exaggeration or misapplication of such adornment. Nor is the architect who deliberately rejects the knowledge and the practice of sculpture and painting other than an inartistic modern of the most hopeless species.

We are brought inevitably to the

third requirement of the architect, which is a knowledge of modeling. Drawing can do much, and in the hands of a facile draughtsman the pencil or brush is capable of a language readily comprehensible to him and to others; but there is another language which makes it possible to say clearly some things which even drawing cannot express. Some benefactor of his kind should gather a collection of models made by great men of the past and used for their own study. There are not many such in existence, but there are a few, and any one of these which is finally fixed in a museum might be photographed, at all events, and perhaps cast, for our supposed collection in America. One clay model of a piece of furniture, as of a *bahut* of the sixteenth century, would teach our young workmen a great deal which they ought to know. They have, no doubt, a general idea that the modern sculptor works in clay, takes a cast in plaster of the finished clay model, turns that cast over to marble-cutters or bronze-founders, and then supervises the final finishing of the piece; but are they aware that every silver powder-horn or carved gun-stock of a good time of art was modeled in clay or wax? Any one can see the designers for a firm of silversmiths or dealers in furniture making delicate and refined drawings, but the precious material, modeling wax, hardly has a place in the modern designer's rooms; and yet there is no greater encouragement to the spirit which would reach out toward novel modifications of the ancient types — toward the re-designing of the old design, as Mr. La Farge has put it in his latest book — than freedom in the use of modeling clay and wax. Let us assume that no one is so rash as to try to create a new design, or to design without reference to art which he knows of old. Even then his porch or his bay window, when modeled in the solid, has a chance to put on a very different air, and to be original in a truer sense, if

he is using the solid instead of merely the flat for its shaping as a feature of a new structure.

Modeling for architecture is of two sorts, one and the same in tendency and character, but still capable of separation the one from the other. An admirable paper by Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, in a recent number of *The Architectural Review*, has pointed out the value to architects of the model used for the whole of the proposed building. Mr. Marshall uses a model instead of preliminary studies, except of the floor-plans; instead of perspective drawings or elevations, he submits to his employer photographs of the model, and the model itself is accessible at his own office. Photographs may be taken in indefinite numbers and from any point of view which the model itself shows to be a good one; nor is it hard to take bird's-eye views, as from a neighboring hill, or views from below, as from a neighboring valley, with the house relieved against the sky. Moreover, the paper in question calls attention in a most masterly way to the value to the designer of seeing his design taking shape in solid form. That paper, although addressed to the professional reader, should be read by every one interested in the possibilities of modern architecture, and it may be accepted by those who read it as containing the soundest of sound doctrine. Such models as it describes, however, are too small in scale to allow of proper proportionate treatment of sculptured detail; and a farther step must be taken, as will be suggested below.

This matter of sculptured detail is the other half of the subject of modeling in connection with architecture. It will be readily admitted that when a capital is required which shall not be a mere and even a slavish copy of an old one, it should be modeled to full size. It may even be admitted that a bas-relief runs a better chance of being effective as decoration if it has been modeled instead

of being cut directly from a drawing. The carver will probably model it from the drawing; but why should that strange influence interpose itself? Suppose, now, the case of a porch, in which three or four columns are to be clustered together in one group or arranged in couples. It will not require a very strong effort of the imagination to see the great advantage of modeling the whole corner on a rather large but still a reduced scale. Possibly two of the capitals may need to be cut out of one and the same block; but even if each capital is to be shaped from a separate stone, the close juxtaposition of two, and still more of four capitals requires in each a treatment which will be found to differ from the treatment of a capital which is four feet away from its nearest neighbor. If, as in many noble styles of architecture, the capitals are to differ in design, it becomes highly necessary to see their models side by side; and this, perhaps, in full size. So with cornices, lintel courses, entablatures; their relations to the walls, the pilasters, or the columns which support them are really not easy to determine, except by the careful modeling of a large piece of the wall and its crowning member. This applies equally to classic and to mediæval fashions of work, not to mention the outlying styles, in which experiment is always the order of the day. Even the most severe piece of classic work should be modeled, in order that the designer may be sure that he is getting his own design into shape. Re-designing the old design is the right thing, of course, but it needs to be re-designed! An architect has no right to say to us that so and so is good because it is exactly copied from the Theatre of Marcellus; what we ask of him is that it should be good because it is carefully re-studied. The building which our architect has in hand is not at all like the Theatre of Marcellus; it is not a great semicircle of open arches divided by piers which are adorned with

engaged columns. What the modern man is designing is pretty sure to have the arches filled with sashes and with doors; nor is there one chance in a hundred that he is building so massively. For him, then, to copy the ancient theatre accurately in all its details is to do a preposterous thing. It is for him, if he recognizes the value of the Græco-Roman design, to re-design it for his own purposes, and to consider very carefully the question whether he has not followed the original too closely, — whether his thinner wall, his smaller dimensions, his flat façade, and his glass-filled archways do not require a still wider divergence from the actual proportions of the original.

There can be no doubt that the young architect should be taught these three things, — to build, to draw, to model. His knowledge of building may be theoretical, though he will know more about it if he has had a little experience in laying bricks himself, but his knowledge of drawing and of modeling must be of the most practical nature. The models of buildings which Mr. Marshall deals with may, indeed, be made for the architect by those whose business it is, but he will find it for his interest to put his hand to the wax, now and then; nor is it presumable that he will get very good modeling done unless he knows how to do it himself. There are exceptions to the truth of every statement, and it is true that one of our most original designers of sculptured ornament declares his inability to model, and avows that every part of his elaborate work is done for him by a sculptor who is in sympathy with him and whom he can fully trust. Exactly in the same way, one of the small number of our architects who really make their own designs, instead of taking them ready-made from books and photographs, hardly ever touches pencil to paper. These may be considered exceptions. It may be said that they are instances of the general

truth that architectural work is the work of many associated minds, and that nothing is misdone which is done rightly, whether by several minds working together in harmony, or by a single spirit. No one is to imagine that a great and complex work of decorative art is designed in one piece by one man, and put under contract with one firm. It is a heresy of our day to suppose that to be possible. The loggetta at the foot of the Tower of St. Mark, with its elaborate sculptures, is assigned to Sansovino, and yet one might safely wager something handsome, if Sansovino could come back to decide the bet, that other minds than his own strove with the problem even of that very small and very simple structure, and that other fingers than his own worked in the clay. The familiar instance of the Gothic portal, with its statues and reliefs, may be cited again, because it is so familiar, and it has so long been a recognized truth that much harmonious co-working was necessary when that conception was put into solid form. In such a case as that many designers may work together, always provided that there is some one to decide peremptorily when there is division or disagreement. It would be quite safe to assume that all those co-workers were practiced artists in the arts of their day.

Is there anything else needed by the young architect? Other things may be needed by the architectural draughtsman who looks for a good salary; but that is quite another matter. This is not the only occupation in which the training of the subordinate is not exactly that best fitted for a principal. If a man sees that he must earn his living for some years by making mechanical drawings in an architect's office, he must, indeed, learn some things which are not set down above. The very simple principles of mechanical drawing, as used by architects, may be learned by practice in a few weeks; but the draughtsman who expects high pay must be skilled in

various tricks of mechanical drawing, wholly unnecessary for the actual work of building. Rules for the "casting of shadows" and the mathematical system of perspective drawing are to be learned, and the shading up of drawings and the prettifying of them in monochrome and in color to please the client must also become familiar, — though these, of course, are of no practical use whatever. The mechanical drawing which the architect needs for ground-plans, and even for elevations and sections, if he is fond of making his own drawings, as some first-rate men have been, or if he finds it necessary to do his own work, may be speedily acquired. Accuracy of setting out and of figuring (a most vital and most peremptory necessity, under our present system) is a matter of temperament and of thorough knowledge rather than of technical skill as a draughtsman.

Sound and ready knowledge of building, dexterous readiness and some approach to excellence as a freehand draughtsman, and some skill as a modeler, — these are the three things which the student should be taught. All else is a part of his higher education, of his training as a man rather than as an architect. Time was when there existed no such distinction; when there were living traditions which the young architect had to learn, which he would learn naturally as an apprentice, — exactly as the apprentice painter picked up his art of painting naturally, and ground his master's colors and swept out his master's workshop the while. Those days are gone. There is no tradition now which ought to be learned, because there is none which is not that of some school or coterie, none which binds the world of building men. There is no tradition now which should not be avoided, because there is none which is not telling against a healthy growth of the fine art of building. Present traditions are of the most mischievous character, and nothing can come of a familiarity with

them but a prolongation of the sterile years, the years of the lean kine, through which the European world goes starving in spirit for food of the solid and wholesome sort known to men of old. Designing cannot be taught; good taste cannot be taught; and yet it is well for the artist in any department to learn what other artists have done, and to learn how they designed and to see what they accounted good taste. The essential distinction is this: that while the young painter and the young sculptor of our time can afford to watch their immediate predecessors — the men twenty years older than they — and learn something of their ways of work, while they learn also the greatness of the bygone ages of art, the young architect would do well not to learn what his contemporaries and those a little older than he have been doing. That which has been done since 1815 in the way of architectural fine art has not been worth the doing, and it would be better, on the

whole, if it were all wiped out. Some interesting buildings would be lost, but it would be better for the immediate future of art if the buildings erected since that time had been brick factories in appearance with square holes for windows. There are evil influences working on all the modern world of fine art; and yet painting and sculpture are living arts, and some even of the subsidiary arts maintain a feverish existence; but the great fine art of architecture is not alive; its nominal practitioners have become administering, adjusting, dexterous fiduciary agents, with only here and there one among them who cherishes even the spirit of the artist. The student of architecture has nothing to learn from the epoch in which he finds himself. How he is to study the art of other epochs, and what opportunity there is for him to learn, by precept or by example, something of the fine art of architecture, is a subject which we cannot here consider.

Russell Sturgis.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE doctor had been summoned quickly, accidentally as it were, with his hand on the reins ready to drive elsewhere. And now he followed the maid into a bedroom darkened and still. He lifted the white hand lying on the coverlet, he felt for the beat of the heart, and finally he leaned over to examine the face. The patient was not dying; she was dead. Yet might it not be sleep, he asked, "with his poppy coronet"? Urged by the doubt, with abrupt decision he drew back the curtains, admitting a ghastly grayish shaft of light which clearly revealed the woman in all her cold placidity. He stood bewildered, seeing alternately the soft face his memory recalled, and the face before him transformed by

the magic touch of death into regal beauty.

All at once the silence was broken. A woman's voice, false and disagreeable, fell upon his ear.

"So you're the doctor!" she exclaimed. "As you perceive, it was useless to come; but the maid would go in search of some one." Then the nurse straightway proceeded to give the information that she knew would be required of her, her hurried statement of symptoms somehow suggesting an uneasy anticipation of discovery. "The patient," she continued, "was better yesterday, and this morning I heard her say to her husband, 'Don't hurry back on my account. I'm feeling quite myself again.'

But when I brought her breakfast she was languid and refused to eat."

Although the doctor spoke falteringly, almost as if he had some impediment of speech, with forced persistency he asked many questions, some of them seeming to the nurse uncalled for, especially since he had had nothing to do with the case. Nor, in truth, had any other physician visited the patient for many a day.

At last relaxing his hold upon the back of the chair against which he had steadied himself, he sank wearily into the seat. His eyes fixed upon the lifeless form, in a dim, groping way he said to himself, —

"When my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine."

As he was preparing to leave, a servant beckoned to the nurse. She went to the door, partly closed it behind her, then shut it, and soon the murmur of voices ceased. Left alone, the doctor knelt beside the bed. A stifled groan escaped him. He kissed the eyelids of the dead woman, and her cold white lips.

When the nurse returned, reaching for his hat, Dr. Marston said, "I'll go now; it's hardly worth while to stay longer."

"So it has come to this," he reflected, as he drove along through the crowded streets, scarcely knowing whither, seeing only the beautiful marble face, every flitting look of which he knew by heart, — not by cold memory. It had been long since he had looked upon it in life, — then radiant with the bloom of youth, but no more lovely than now. As he thought of the kiss that he had laid devoutly upon the lips of the reposeful woman, there was the faintest reminiscence of an acrid odor which some minutes later he could still perceive; and finally, when his horse with loose rein brought him back to his office, seeing a vender of flowers near by, Marston bought a bunch of carnations, — there had been some in the death-chamber. While inhaling the fragrance of the blossoms that he held

in his hand, a strange analytical look stole over his countenance.

Entering his office, the doctor tossed the flowers on his desk. Presently he sat down beside it. With his elbows resting on the desk and his head on his hands he pondered, now and then reaching out for the carnations, inhaling their perfume, and throwing them aside again. No, he could not get rid of that other venomous odor. After a while he rose and walked the floor, saying aloud as he paced to and fro, "They won her from me. Dear gentle soul, it was not for her to resist. Besides, he was rich, I was poor, and the mother was a cruel worldling."

The clock struck the hour. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "how long I've been idle here!"

The November day that had had no sunshine in it was already waning. It was cold and very dreary. Nevertheless, having still many sick to visit, the doctor hurriedly left his office.

All that insalubrious winter Marston worked hard. Indeed, he had no distractions, no ties either of kindred or of love, to curb his professional zeal. His enthusiasm found its solace in the laboratory, its outlet in the sick-room. The whole world had become to him a pathological study. Everything else might be transitory, but sickness of the body and of the soul was abiding. Could individuals, he asked, be held responsible for their physical maladies? As for the disorders of the soul, where did personal responsibility begin or end? Pondering such problems, he often walked the streets at night, in the merciless glare of the electric light, scanning the faces of those he met, measuring with practiced eye the abnormalities he saw, — which eyebrow was the higher, which cheek the fuller, the differences in the height of men's shoulders, the leg that was shorter, — seeing beneath the superficial asymmetry the more profound organic malformation.

One evening, just at dusk, while he

was walking briskly toward his office, Dr. Marston's attention was suddenly arrested by the movements of a man in front of him. As it happened, he carried his head inclined to one side; he also had a slight hitch in his gait, and other characteristics that were very unpleasant to Marston, with his trained sensitiveness to the least departure from the normal type. To the ordinary observer, however, the man was not without his attractions.

"Yes, we do look alike," said the doctor, reiterating the common impression, "with these exceptions," — running over in his mind an inventory of the other's defects. Then almost unconsciously, with the facility of a mobile nature, he fell into the same tricks of carriage. Indeed, in his imitative zeal he came so near to his model that he could easily have touched his shoulder; or, in the manner of the garroter, he could have encircled his neck with his arm, in a way that would have stopped the swinging of Grindel's damned head, stopped the movements of his body altogether. Then a sardonic smile stiffened the doctor's lips, and, pricked by conscience, he turned precipitately into another street; noticing at the moment, as distinctly as when he first perceived it, the drowsy medicinal odor which haunted him still. But instead of seeing in his mind's eye the woman lifeless, he beheld her as she had looked when he and Grindel first were rivals.

At the end of another winter the doctor felt the weariness of incessant work, and, abating somewhat his strenuous labors, he amused himself as best he could, spending an evening sometimes at the theatre. On one of these occasions, sitting beside his friend Ingolsby, in the intervals of the play he fell to talking with him.

"Why don't you come to the club any more?" Ingolsby asked.

"I have n't time."

"Have n't time! You're working too

hard. Heaven knows a lawyer sees enough of the tragedies of life, but a doctor" —

"Yes," said Marston, "no doubt; the profession is a grind." Then alluding to the scene upon which the curtain had just dropped, "Actors," he remarked, suppressing a yawn, "make a great mistake in yielding too soon to the effects of poison. What we have just witnessed is n't true to fact;" and they began talking about the various toxicants, — the poisoned glove of the Borgias, the "unbated and envenomed sword," and the latest "quietus" discovered in the laboratory.

"It's all grist," said Ingolsby, "that comes to the lawyer's mill. Strangely enough, Grindel showed unusual skill, the other day, in getting an acquittal for a young man accused of poisoning a rich old uncle. Indeed, he must have gone pretty deeply into the subject. At any rate, he maintained, with convincing logic, that a clever, well-educated gentleman like his client would never have made use of a drug so easily detected as arsenic. He would have employed, most likely, he said, some slow, insidious vegetable poison."

"Most likely," repeated the doctor, with a cynical smile, as he bent his eyes in the same direction in which his companion was looking.

"There's Grindel now," said Ingolsby, putting down his glasses and speaking low in Marston's ear. "He's always here when Blandford plays. They say that at one time he wanted to marry her, you know, and all that sort of thing. She threw him over; but still he comes."

"When did the acquaintance begin?" asked Marston carelessly, glancing up at the great chandelier above him; then, with narrowed intensity, fixing his eyes upon the back of Grindel's head.

"More than two years ago, when Blandford first came over."

Marston said nothing, and the subject was dropped.

On his way out Marston joined some friends, and after he had assisted the mother and daughter into their carriage, as a sort of afterthought the young woman held out her hand. "Do come to see us, doctor," she said; adding with sweet, regretful accent, "you don't know how much we've missed you."

While walking homeward Marston mused. "Why not go? Charming people! Emily Leland is one of the loveliest girls I know." And then, notwithstanding his desire to think of her, his thoughts flew back into the old accustomed channel. "What's the use!" he exclaimed. "There's no positive proof; besides, she'd be the last to seek revenge. No, it's best to leave it alone. It's not the first unpunished crime, nor the last one either, I take it," and as he strode along his cane struck the pavement with sharp reëchoing sound.

As the months slipped by Marston saw nothing more of Grindel. Indeed, he was beginning to wonder what had become of him, and at the same hour for several successive days Grindel was uppermost in his thoughts. At last, although he feared he was becoming the victim of an *idée fixe*, he yielded to the impulse to go into Grindel's neighborhood for the mere chance of seeing him. There was something about the upward slant of his left eyebrow which at the moment had a strange fascination for him. He wanted, he said to himself, to observe how it was that so slight a peculiarity could leave so strong an impression. Not long after, led by some blind impulse, he stopped in front of a vast building appropriated to offices, and almost before he was aware of the fact he was a passenger in the elevator. But when he asked the way to Grindel's office, he learned that the lawyer had moved, and, strange to say, he could find absolutely no clue to his whereabouts.

Marston experienced a keen chagrin. The desire to see the man had grown to be a passion, and now, without the chance

of meeting him, it seemed as if he were suddenly deprived of a stimulant. Indeed, there was a positive void in life. He became aware of a sort of incapacity for his work, for more than once he found himself writing the wrong prescription, even specifying in one instance a deadly drug he had no intention whatsoever of administering. Fortunately, he still had force enough to regard himself with the clinical eye, and in consequence was compelled to admit that it was time for a change.

The professional judgment having been speedily resolved into a purpose, Marston set out on his travels. A languid interest seized him at the idea of shooting in the Rockies. At any rate, he would visit outlying places, and eventually, perhaps, see something of life in the heart of his country.

Meanwhile, happily for the doctor, in the midst of grand and solitary scenery, the perturbing importance of man and his ways became swallowed up in the great universe of predestined course. This in itself was a regenerating solace; and although there remained the sense that something in him was extinct, some part of his being lay buried with his lost love, the soul-sick wanderer gradually regained his old temperate view of life.

At last, weary of living, as it were, upon the outskirts of human interests, Marston concluded to travel eastward; having in mind to tarry awhile with some friends in a region of far-famed plenty and perfection.

Arriving at Minstrelburg with the sightseer's humor still upon him, he acceded to the innkeeper's suggestion that he should visit the most remarkable of the local curiosities. Accordingly, early one afternoon he set out for the Trappist monastery near by, — its inmates, in that land of outspoken volubility, easily ranking among the greatest of the world's wonders.

He made fair speed along the winding road, only loitering now and then by the

river's bank or on some rustic bridge, to look down into the black waters of the slender, cliff-pent stream; but as he approached the massive red brick building, its gilded cross catching the glint of slanting sunbeams, he was struck by its melancholy aspect, and while he reflected upon the austere habits of the men within, upon their "pale contented sort of discontent," a feeling of despondency crept over him.

Within the great arched doorway, according to the custom of the place, two Brothers, clad in white, drew near, and prostrating themselves at Marston's feet, remained thus for some seconds, with their foreheads touching the ground, — a sign of welcome, he was afterward told, given for the sake of him who said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Rising and making sign to him to follow, they entered the chapel, where the sub-prior appeared, graciously offering to show the stranger whatever he might wish most to see.

Following his guide, — who in truth was far removed from the typical product of the "hermit's fast," — Marston entered a long, low hall, where a great clock caused him to pause in silent wonder. The rim of its disk was a serpent; its minute-hand a scythe grasped by a grinning skeleton, whose fingers pointed toward the fleeting moments, and whose eyes seemed bent upon the frail mortal who might stop to count the passing fateful hours. This sinister design made Marston shudder involuntarily, and then he thought, in pleasing contrast, of the pagan symbol of death, — the beautiful Greek youth holding in his hand an extinguished torch.

As they walked along, the doctor found himself vastly interested in his broad-shouldered, erect companion. His astute and swart face — showing the heat of an Italian sun — suggested curious questionings, such as have been asked ever since the brilliant Bouthillier de Rancé,

leading the way in the reforms as well as in the strange romances of the order, plunged into mad dealings with the flesh and spirit, fiercely seeking the kingdom of heaven, because, it was said, Madame la Duchesse, dying suddenly, left him a pauper in the kingdom of love.

Marston asked himself why this man, the genial prior, fitted to grace drawing-rooms, should have joined the silent Brothers in their downward race (at least, so it seemed to the doctor), and forthwith he caught himself at his old trick of watching for abnormalities, wondering about the crime it had been possible for the white-gowned cleric to commit before seeking penance, perhaps repentance, in this gloomy abode, over whose portal was written, "*Sedibit, solitarius, tacibit.*"

On his part, the prior, whose pleasurable duty it was to do the talking for the paters and fraters of the community, recognizing in his visitor an accomplished man of the world, quickly reverted to social incidents of his past experience; not infrequently breaking off in the middle of a story *un peu risqué* to perform one of his numerous offices, and, the hurried performance over, resuming his narrative at the point where conventual zeal had interrupted it. When, apparently, he had quite talked himself out, for the moment at least, Marston seized the opportunity to inquire concerning the pious observances of the place, and was not a little surprised that, after answering his questions, the prior should ask, with the eagerness of inspiration, "Would n't you like to make a retreat here yourself?"

"I'm afraid," he responded, laughing, "it would hardly do. I'm a Protestant, you know."

"Oh, that does n't signify," answered the lonely prior, with large catholicity as well as an eye to his own entertainment; and he glanced at his new acquaintance with avaricious eyes, showing a spider-like greed to entice him within the web, not so much for the purposes of piety as to serve the ends of good-fellowship.

In the refectory, the bare tables and hard benches — though fit to be scorned by the saintly Barbabec, who would sit only upon a chair with a porcupine cushion of nails pointing upward — were sufficiently suggestive of penance to have caused one even less addicted to Sardanapalian luxury than Marston to wince. Nor in the long, low-roofed dormitory was the impression of austerity effaced. Although this chill, dank place was without provision for fire, yet if one of the lowly Brothers wished to warm himself there was the means; for, hanging at the head of his bed, a whip of knotted cords was ready to his hand.

Here, thought Marston, finding it difficult to divest himself of the idea that he was in a prison instead of a sanctuary, in the "dead vast and middle of the night," these stung and remorseful souls suffer the torment of their deeds. Continuing to follow his guide through the outer door, at that moment he observed a monk issuing from one of the many dimly lighted labyrinths of the old building, and — seemingly unconscious of any other presence — this soul-burdened man, one of those who proclaim, "We are happy, perfectly happy," threw out his arms in wild gesture, while his face, though half concealed within his ample capouche, showed the grim agony of one battling with some demon of regret or despair.

The two men exchanged glances and went on out into the garden, where, walking between rows of ancient trees and along paths that hushed the sandaled footfall, they met the silent, sad-robed Brothers, spectre-like, flitting to and fro on their endless rounds of labor.

In this age of alert and curious prying into the faces and affairs of others, Marston experienced a singular personal satisfaction in encountering these men with vague, regardless eyes, practically blind to the life about them. It was, indeed, strange that he, the frankest of men, should find a secret joy, an undreamed-of peace, among hermits so iso-

lated from the world and from one another that one of them — so ran the story — actually buried his own brother without knowing who he was.

Yet, despite this imputed self-concentration, the doctor fancied that some of the faces he saw were still capable of reflecting the mundane interest, especially that of the monk digging in the vegetable garden, filled with the drowsy drone of bees, through which they passed; his countenance was so communicative that Marston imagined he might now be suffering the penance of enforced silence for past indiscreet babbling.

As they approached the little wicket gate that shut off this part of the grounds, a gentle breeze wafted the odor of growing things, — of something spicy and aromatic. Marston paused and glanced about him.

Observing the look of inquiry, "Here," said the prior, "is the corner where we cultivate our medicinal herbs. This is *hydroscyamus*," pointing to one of the plants; and plucking the leaf of another, "this is the monk's-hood."

Had he turned his eyes upon his visitor at that moment, he would have seen how pale the latter had suddenly grown. Indeed, it was the first time for months that Marston had perceived the old ethereal, malefic odor which held for him the memory of a swift and deadly horror. With this unlooked-for revival of the slumbering misery, he mentally exclaimed, "Can I never escape my calling? Must it always be disease in one form or another?" and absorbed by his own thoughts he was deaf to the voice of his guide. Then, roused by the prior's question, "Do you see that man yonder, in front of us?" he quickly looked up.

"You mean the one in the open field? Yes. What is he doing?"

"In the midst of life we are in death," answered his companion, making the sign of the cross. "When one grave is filled we dig another, just to remind us, you know, that we are mortal."

"A gruesome task indeed," remarked Marston. "Between compulsory silence and the digging of graves, I should think it would not take long to put every man here beneath the sod."

"It does not," was the laconic reply. And after a slight pause the prior continued: "As for talking, much energy is wasted, I assure you, in superfluous speech. The restraint leads to a precious winnowing of words. Yet" —

The remark was cut short, for one of the Brothers, who, unobserved, had drawn near, conveyed with swift gesture and a few trenchant words some intelligence to his superior, evidently of importance; immediately the prior's face took on the aspect of haughty authority, and turning toward Marston he said, "Will you excuse me? If I do not return, perhaps you can find your way back to the house. Meanwhile, though there is not much else to see, you are at liberty to go where you will."

"It is already late," the doctor replied. "I must bid you good-by. I see an open gate over yonder, — I'll go that way;" and thanking his host for his courteous entertainment, he turned away.

"I hope you'll come back to us some time," said the prior; and as he made this remark a strange acrid smile flitted across his lips, while his black eyes rested upon his visitor with cold, straight glance. "Indeed, I think you will," he added blandly.

Though persuaded that this bit of mediævalism was well worth the seeing, Marston experienced a certain lightness of heart at having discharged his duty by it, and, walking along with equable stride, he would soon have reached the outer road, had he not, impelled by an irresistible impulse, swerved from the straight path toward the spot where the stooping Trappist was still at work in the desolate graveyard. His back was turned to the visitor, and at the moment he seemed to be bestowing that lingering care, tending to excellence, so sugges-

tive of the true artist. In the interest of science, the doctor thought he would like to look into the face of this delving ascetic, that he might note the psychological state as reflected in the countenance of one so curiously occupied, and in surroundings so remote from the eager stir of worldly life. Therefore, just as the monk straightened himself up for the last time before leaving his task, Marston's searching glance fell full upon him.

The men stood still, transfixed; one through force of habit remaining silent. The other, giving a low cry, distilling into the one word "murderer" the pent-up rage so long slumbering within his soul, leaped at Grindel's throat. The action, though sudden to the hand, was doubtless in itself a resurgent impulse of the time when, walking behind the man in the crowded thoroughfare, Marston had thought how easy a thing it would be to strangle the life out of him.

A struggle ensued, and then the Brother, losing his footing, fell in a contorted heap into the yawning earth. There was a convulsive movement, a groan; the silence of the monk, the silence of the grave. With the instinct of the physician, Marston sprang to the rescue, lifting Grindel to his feet; but the head hung over to one side; the neck was broken; the pulse was gone; life was extinct.

Dumfounded at the all too swift realization of his baleful thought, for an instant Marston remained inactive. Then, accustomed to think quickly in the face of disaster, he seized the spade which had fallen from the dead man's grasp, and began to dig yet deeper into the compact earth. With the energy of despair he quickly gained the desired depth, and first stripping the inert form of its garb, he dragged it back once more into the pit. But before covering forever from sight the dead monk's face, Marston was again struck with the resemblance between himself and his victim, and at once a look of satisfaction, of keen decision, swept across his pallid visage. Then he

hastily heaped in the earth, trod it firmly down, erased his footprints, and made the surrounding parts to appear as they had formerly done. At the height of his fervid labors he heard the silvery tinkle of the monastery bell, and felt thankful that with the call to compline he was likely to be left undisturbed.

Exhausted, but not vanquished, Marston gathered up the rifled robes, and, divesting himself of his own garments, assumed those of the dead Trappist; congratulating himself while so doing that of late he had worn a shaven face and close-cut hair. Habited in the guise of the silent recluse, for the first time during these moments of chilled excitement he thought of the other alternative. Why not, he asked himself, have left the man as he was? That the monk had accidentally fallen into the grave, and so ended his days, could easily be believed. But now that he himself was a criminal in a world where most things were awry, in a place where there were "many with deeds as well undone," why not, flashed the thought, expiate his offense as the other had done? Yet, after all, was it murder, or something less? questioned the doctor, though all the while, in obedience to an instinct more subtle than casuistry, he was intent upon tying the cord — "that cord which is wont to make those girt with it more lean" — about his waist, and continued his silent mental preparation to fill the place of the monk now dead; only to anticipate by a very little, he thought, the mocking silence of eternity.

As Marston foresaw, in a brief moment of recoil, the weary tale of years before him, the difficulties that awaited him in the unaccustomed and fraudulent rôle, though he was grateful for the scant knowledge he had gleaned from the prior, his courage almost forsook him. But having once put on the vesture of penance he could not escape its thrall. So, concealing the clothes he had put aside, he went over by the well and sat

down upon a seat, — the stone of sorrow, it might have been called. The new moon, just then climbing the heavens, threw its wan light upon the encircling stones of the cool deep pool, whitening them into marble, and casting here and there the imagery of dark leaves upon their mossy surface. The whole scene, indeed, was one of such weird beauty that gradually a sense of rest and of spiritual repletion stole over the guilty man; this sense of repose being heightened yet further by the last twitter of a sparrow from a neighboring cypress-tree, as it seemed to settle itself contentedly in its nest for a night of peaceful slumber. And strange to say, in spite of his alien dress and the unwonted surroundings, there was a curious feeling of familiarity about it all, as if a forlorn wretch had found covert; a wanderer in uncongenial places, one desolate and disappointed, a lost soul, had come home. Then there followed a certain exhilaration, — a brief reaction, Marston well knew, from the lugubrious strain of the past hour. While it lasted, however, he was disposed to profit by the verve it gave; for, accustomed to range the wide fields of thought, yet knowing full well, without the personal tie, — his love severed from hope having taught him the lesson, — the deceitfulness of the world's interests, already there was with him the conscious foreshadowing of the priestly contraction, a sense of the foreordained, a dangerous contempt of consequences.

So, doubting not his ability to meet the novel situation as it might arise, he turned his steps toward the house; his craving for shelter, now that his strength was low, dulling for the time all feeling of apprehension.

Reaching the shadow of the chapel, the stranger heard first the dying notes of "*Deus in meum adiutorium intende,*" and afterward the response, "*Deus ad adjuvandum me festina.*" Then falling in line with the procession of outgoing monks, and imitating their or-

dered movements, he managed to evade attention until the hour of rest, when, going with the others to the dormitory, his anticipated perplexity as to where he should lay his head speedily vanished; for, in passing a particular cell, one of the monks stepped aside as if to make room for him. Sensitive by training to the slightest suggestion, Marston seized the clue, and, with weariness in his limbs and dull anguish in his heart, entered, and threw himself upon the mattress of straw dimly seen in the light of the moon, now forsaking the narrow window of his cell; its transient beauty having power even then to lift for a brief space the dark pall that hung about his soul.

That first night, the coarse robe, which no Trappist lays aside, pricked Marston's flesh and yielded an added torment. But Heaven was merciful, and finally he slept. Even in his dreams there was a faint though short-lived echo of sweet song. And again, in the dead of night, he heard an invisible penitent lashing his fleshless bones with hissing, writhing whip-end.

At the morning meal, the rigorous rules of St. Benedict, "abstinence, perpetual silence, manual labor," seemed to have penetrated the very atmosphere itself. "If any one will not work, neither let him eat," was the pervasive warning addressed to the unprotesting monks, the victims of a discipline which hammered down the strong and broke the weak. At intervals Marston stole a glance at the hooded faces of his comrades, wondering at looks so dolorous; and, imitative by nature, before the meal was over he felt that he too wore a similar half-defiant, half-abstract expression, to which, with sinister insight, he doubted not his spirit would soon conform. While he was making this reflection one of the Brothers lifted his eyes, and it seemed to Marston that they dwelt upon him for a moment with lingering surprise. It was, however, only in later days, when he met the sub-prior, by habit a "discerner of sins,"

that, whether rightly or wrongly, a suspicion of the utter futility of his disguise and expiatory sacrifice swept over him. Yet, despite this suspicion, he would instantly emphasize the most obvious facial peculiarities of the man he was personating, lifting still higher the left eyebrow and drawing down one corner of his mouth. So, by watchfulness and care, Marston, or rather Brother Hilarius, — this being the name which, he afterward learned, had by some diabolical mockery fallen to Grindel, — made shift to sustain the character of his masquerade, to fulfill the arduous duties of the monk.

These duties were so relentless that it was only near the hour of vespers, on the second day of his service, that he found himself alone and without prescribed task. Therefore, seizing the moment, he approached the spot where he had lingered before with results so tragic. To his instant relief, he perceived that the grave holding his secret — if secret it were, the doubt creating a sickening dread, a fear of some mysterious inquisitorial torture — was filled, rounded over, and a new cross of cypress wood had been placed at the head. Immediately there appeared plainly enough the truth of what he had mistaken the night before for a vision or a fantastic dream: for at the hour of midnight he had seen a dim light, and not far from his cell the floor of the dormitory strewn by shadowy hands with ashes in the form of a cross; then a pale monk, borne by silent Brothers, had been laid upon this symbol of crucifixion, and after a while the stertorous breathing had ceased and all became quiet again.

Realizing for the first time what the solemn act had signified, Marston was far from despising the sacerdotal magic. Indeed, he was quite content with the poetry of religious observances; for already the many pious though alien rites in which he was taking part were beginning "to tease" him "out of thought."

Another monk was fiercely digging a

new grave. Marston questioned, with inward shrinking, which one among the tortured souls he now in a fashion called his familiars was destined first to find its dark and easeful rest.

In the silent, grim monotony of monastic striving the days sped on. The ingenious interpretation of face and gesture, the fateful stories he wove about the lowly Brothers, gave scope at first to the activities of Marston's mind; but in time these outward speculations yielded to the bane of introspection. As for the guilt of his deed, it did not seem so heinous within the sombre monastic pile where a stainless soul would have been counted an anomaly indeed. Still, there were times when the fate of his victim weighed upon the conscience of the unconverted monk. Although he was used to death in its multifarious forms, there had been a touch of ghoulish horror about this one which, amid these narrow limits for the play of natural feeling, curbed any effective spring toward hopeful repentance, and, beggared though he was, he could not bring himself to shout into the ear of Providence his personal calculations of future rewards or punishments.

Nevertheless, although he refused to seek mercy for himself, the new Brother could not altogether suppress the generous motives of his nature, and not infrequently surprised his mates, by some kind act, out of their self-centred apathy into a dumb show of gratitude. He would indicate, perhaps, to a feverish Brother, not yet compelled to self-murder, the particular herb that might yield for his benefit a wholesome distillation; or the inmates of the infirmary would profit by his skillful adaptation to their needs of the primitive means found there. All these friendly offices tended to accumulate a sentiment in his favor quite at variance with the former dislike in which Brother Hilarius had been held. It also came about that a kindly service, within

the stunted possibilities of the place, was sometimes rendered this weary, gaunt, and rueful-looking monk.

At last came summer, nowhere so golden as in that land of far-famed beauty in which the isolated home of ecclesiastical rule found place; yet, after all, not so isolated as to prevent rumors of the dire disease then abroad from reaching the ears of the self-absorbed community. Eager for the task he had never hitherto declined, Marston asked, with prodigal use of his hoarded words, if it were permitted a man, for the good of his soul, to go forth to nurse the sick.

"It cannot be," the sub-prior answered. "You, my Brother," fixing his eyes with keen glance on Hilarius, "are bound fast by the rules of the order."

At these words the monk's valiant soul sprang into his face, but he said nothing. Indeed, he was not expected to say anything. Nevertheless, his thoughts were with the stricken over beyond the low purple hills, and one morning at matins Brother Hilarius was missing.

Meanwhile the disease drew nearer and nearer, until the line of desolation, the completed serpent-coil resembling the Egyptian emblem of immortality, strange as it may seem, held the ever uselessly toiling Brothers in mortal bond. Tidings of the heroic battle fought to stay the enemy leaped the monastery walls, and the white-cowled monks heard also — for Fame herself sounded the trumpet from the hilltops of the plentiful land yielding even unto death an unstinted harvest — of the deeds of one as lowly, as self-forgetful as Father Damien himself. According to its wont, the order appropriated the glory, and sent to urge the monk, when his task was done, to come back to the fold. But the messenger, loitering, came too late; for already one swifter than he, Death himself, had "stepped tacitly" and taken Brother Hilarius where he never more would see the sun.

Penrhyn Lee.

A GHETTO WEDDING.

HAD you chanced to be in Grand Street on that starry February night, it would scarcely have occurred to you that the Ghetto was groaning under the culmination of a long season of enforced idleness and distress. The air was exhilaratingly crisp, and the glare of the cafés and millinery shops flooded it with contentment and kindly good will. The sidewalks were alive with shoppers and promenaders, and lined with peddlers.

Yet the dazzling, deafening chaos had many a tale of woe to tell. The greater part of the surging crowd was out on an errand of self-torture. Straying forlornly by inexorable window displays, men and women would pause here and there to indulge in a hypothetical selection, to feast a hungry eye upon the object of an imaginary purchase, only forthwith to pay for the momentary joy with all the pangs of awakening to an empty purse.

Many of the peddlers, too, bore piteous testimony to the calamity which was then preying upon the quarter. Some of them performed their task of yelling and gesticulating with the desperation of imminent ruin; others implored the passers-by for custom with the abject effect of begging alms; while in still others this feverish urgency was disguised by an air of martyrdom or of shamefaced unwontedness, as if peddling were beneath the dignity of their habitual occupations, and they had been driven to it by sheer famine, — by the hopeless dearth of employment at their own trades.

One of these was a thick-set fellow of twenty-five or twenty-six, with honest, clever blue eyes. It might be due to the genial, inviting quality of his face that the Passover dishes whose praises he was sounding had greater attraction for some of the women with an "effectual demand" than those of his competitors. Still, his comparative success had not as

yet reconciled him to his new calling. He was constantly gazing about for a possible passer-by of his acquaintance, and when one came in sight he would seek refuge from identification in closer communion with the crockery on his pushcart.

"Buy nice dishes for the holidays! Cheap and strong! Buy dishes for Passover!" When business was brisk, he sang with a bashful relish; when the interval between a customer and her successor was growing too long, his sing-song would acquire a mournful ring that was suggestive of the psalm-chanting at an orthodox Jewish funeral.

He was a cap-blocker, and in the busy season his earnings ranged from ten to fifteen dollars a week. But he had not worked full time for over two years, and during the last three months he had not been able to procure a single day's employment.

Goldy, his sweetheart, too, had scarcely work enough at her kneebreeches to pay her humble board and rent. Nathan, after much hesitation, was ultimately compelled to take to peddling; and the longed-for day of their wedding was put off from month to month.

They had become engaged nearly two years before; the wedding ceremony having been originally fixed for a date some three months later. Their joint savings then amounted to one hundred and twenty dollars, — a sum quite adequate, in Nathan's judgment, for a modest, quiet celebration and the humble beginnings of a household establishment. Goldy, however, summarily and indignantly overruled him.

"One does not marry every day," she argued, "and when I have at last lived to stand under the bridal canopy with my predestined one, I will not do so like a beggar-maid. Give me a respectable

wedding, or none at all, Nathan, do you hear?"

It is to be noted that a "respectable wedding" was not merely a casual expression with Goldy. Like its antithesis, a "slipshod wedding," it played in her vocabulary the part of something like a well-established scientific term, with a meaning as clearly defined as that of "centrifugal force" or "geometrical progression." Now, a slipshod wedding was anything short of a gown of white satin and slippers to match; two carriages to bring the bride and the bridegroom to the ceremony, and one to take them to their bridal apartments; a wedding bard and a band of at least five musicians; a spacious ballroom crowded with dancers, and a feast of a hundred and fifty covers. As to furniture, she refused to consider any which did not include a pier-glass and a Brussels carpet.

Nathan contended that the items upon which she insisted would cost a sum far beyond their joint accumulations. This she met by the declaration that he had all along been bent upon making her the target of universal ridicule, and that she would rather descend into an untimely grave than be married in a slipshod manner. Here she burst out crying; and whether her tears referred to the untimely grave or to the slipshod wedding, they certainly seemed to strengthen the cogency of her argument; for Nathan at once proceeded to signify his surrender by a kiss, and when ignominiously repulsed he protested his determination to earn the necessary money to bring things to the standard which she held up so uncompromisingly.

Hard times set in. Nathan and Goldy pinched and scrimped; but all their heroic economies were powerless to keep their capital from dribbling down to less than one hundred dollars. The wedding was postponed again and again. Finally the curse of utter idleness fell upon Nathan's careworn head. Their savings dwindled apace. In dismay they beheld

the foundation of their happiness melt gradually away. Both were tired of boarding. Both longed for the bliss and economy of married life. They grew more impatient and restless every day, and Goldy made concession after concession. First the wedding supper was sacrificed; then the pier-mirror and the bard were stricken from the programme; and these were eventually succeeded by the hired hall and the Brussels carpet.

After Nathan went into peddling, a few days before we first find him hawking chinaware on Grand Street, matters began to look brighter, and the spirits of our betrothed couple rose. Their capital, which had sunk to forty dollars, was increasing again, and Goldy advised waiting long enough for it to reach the sum necessary for a slipshod wedding and establishment.

It was nearly ten o'clock. Nathan was absently drawing his "Buy nice dishes for the holidays!" His mind was engrossed with the question of making peddling his permanent occupation.

Presently he was startled by a merry soprano mocking him: "Buy nice di-i-shes! Mind that you don't fall asleep murmuring like this. A big lot you can make!"

Nathan turned a smile of affectionate surprise upon a compact little figure, small to drollness, but sweet in the amusing grace of its diminutive outlines, — an epitome of exquisite femininity. Her tiny face was as comically lovely as her form: her apple-like cheeks were firm as marble, and her inadequate nose protruded between them like the result of a hasty tweak; a pair of large, round black eyes and a thick-lipped little mouth inundating it all with passion and restless, good-natured shrewdness.

"Goldy! What brings *you* here?" Nathan demanded, with a fond look which instantly gave way to an air of discomfort. "You know I hate you to see me peddling."

"Are you really angry? Bite the feather-bed, then. Where is the disgrace? As if you were the only peddler in America! I wish you were. Would n't you make heaps of money then! But you had better hear what *does* bring me here. Nathan, darling, dearest little heart, dearest little crown that you are, guess what a plan I have hit upon!" she exploded all at once. "Well, if you hear me out, and you don't say that Goldy has the head of a cabinet minister, then — well, then you will be a big hog, and nothing else."

And without giving him time to put in as much as an interjection she rattled on, puffing for breath and smacking her lips for ecstasy. Was it not stupid of them to be racking their brains about the wedding while there was such a plain way of having both a "respectable" celebration and fine furniture — Brussels carpet, pier-glass, and all — with the money they now had on hand?

"Come, out with it, then," he said morosely.

But his disguised curiosity only whetted her appetite for tormenting him, and she declared her determination not to disclose her great scheme before they had reached her lodgings.

"You have been yelling long enough to-day, anyhow," she said, with abrupt sympathy. "Do you suppose it does not go to my very heart to think of the way you stand out in the cold screaming yourself hoarse?"

Half an hour later, when they were alone in Mrs. Volpiansky's parlor, which was also Goldy's bedroom, she set about emptying his pockets of the gross results of the day's business, and counting the money. This she did with a preoccupied, matter-of-fact air, Nathan submitting to the operation with fond and amused willingness; and the sum being satisfactory, she went on to unfold her plan.

"You see," she began, almost in a whisper, and with the mien of a careworn, experience-laden old matron, "in

a week or two we shall have about seventy-five dollars, shan't we? Well, what is seventy-five dollars? Nothing! We could just have the plainest furniture, and no wedding worth speaking of. Now, if we have no wedding, we shall get no presents, shall we?"

Nathan shook his head thoughtfully.

"Well, why should n't we be up to snuff and do this way? Let us spend all our money on a grand, respectable wedding, and send out a big lot of invitations, and then — well, won't uncle Leiser send us a carpet or a parlor set? And aunt Beile, and cousin Shapiro, and Charley, and Meyerké, and Wolfké, and Bennie, and Soré-Gitké, — won't each present something or other, as is the custom among respectable people? May God give us a lump of good luck as big as the wedding present each of them is sure to send us! Why, did not Beilké get a fine carpet from uncle when she got married? And am I not a nearer relative than she?"

She paused to search his face for a sign of approval, and, fondly smoothing a tuft of his dark hair into place, she went on to enumerate the friends to be invited and the gifts to be expected from them.

"So you see," she pursued, "we will have both a respectable wedding that we shan't have to be ashamed of in after years and the nicest things we could get if we spent two hundred dollars. What do you say?"

"What *shall* I say?" he returned dubiously.

The project appeared reasonable enough, but the investment struck him as rather hazardous. He pleaded for caution, for delay; but as he had no tangible argument to produce, while she stood her ground with the firmness of conviction, her victory was an easy one.

"It will all come right, depend upon it," she said coaxingly. "You just leave everything to me. Don't be uneasy, Nathan," she added. "You and I are

orphans, and you know the Uppermost does not forsake a bride and bridegroom who have nobody to take care of them. If my father were alive, it would be different," she concluded, with a disconsolate gesture.

There was a pathetic pause. Tears glistened in Goldy's eyes.

"May your father rest in a bright paradise," Nathan said feelingly. "But what is the use of crying? Can you bring him back to life? I will be a father to you."

"If God be pleased," she assented. "Would that mamma, at least, — may she be healthy a hundred and twenty years, — would that she, at least, were here to attend our wedding! Poor mother! it will break her heart to think that she has not been foreordained by the Uppermost to lead me under the canopy."

There was another desolate pause, but it was presently broken by Goldy, who exclaimed with unexpected buoyancy, "By the way, Nathan, guess what I did! I am afraid you will call me braggart and make fun of me, but I don't care," she pursued, with a playful pout, as she produced a strip of carpet from her pocketbook. "I went into a furniture store, and they gave me a sample three times as big as this. I explained in my letter to mother that this is the kind of stuff that will cover my floor when I am married. Then I inclosed the sample in the letter, and sent it all to Russia."

Nathan clapped his hands and burst out laughing. "But how do you know that is just the kind of carpet you will get for your wedding present?" he demanded, amazed as much as amused.

"How do I know? As if it mattered what sort of carpet! I can just see mamma going the rounds of the neighbors, and showing off the 'costly tablecloth' her daughter will trample upon. Won't she be happy!"

Over a hundred invitations, printed in as luxurious a black-and-gold as ever came out of an Essex Street hand-press, were sent out for an early date in April. Goldy and Nathan paid a month's rent in advance for three rooms on the second floor of a Cherry Street tenement-house. Goldy regarded the rent as unusually low, and the apartments as the finest on the East Side.

"Oh, have n't I got lovely rooms!" she would ejaculate, beaming with the consciousness of the pronoun. Or, "You ought to see *my* rooms! How much do you pay for yours?" Or again, "I have made up my mind to have my parlor in the rear room. It is as light as the front one, anyhow, and I want that for a kitchen, you know. What do you say?" For hours together she would go on talking nothing but rooms, rent, and furniture; every married couple who had recently moved into new quarters, or were about to do so, seemed bound to her by the ties of a common cause; in her imagination, humanity was divided into those who were interested in the question of rooms, rent, and furniture and those who were not, — the former, of whom she was one, constituting the superior category; and whenever her eye fell upon a bill announcing rooms to let, she would experience something akin to the feeling with which an artist, in passing, views some accessory of his art.

It is customary to send the bulkier wedding presents to a young couple's apartments a few days before they become man and wife, the closer relatives and friends of the betrothed usually settling among themselves what piece of furniture each is to contribute. Accordingly, Goldy gave up her work a week in advance of the day set for the great event, in order that she might be on hand to receive the things when they arrived.

She went to the empty little rooms, with her lunch, early in the morning, and kept anxious watch till after night-

fall, when Nathan came to take her home.

A day passed, another, and a third, but no expressman called out her name. She sat waiting and listening for the rough voice, but in vain.

"Oh, it is too early, anyhow. I am a fool to be expecting anything so soon at all," she tried to console herself. And she waited another hour, and still another; but no wedding gift made its appearance.

"Well, there is plenty of time, after all; wedding presents do come a day or two before the ceremony," she argued; and again she waited, and again strained her ears, and again her heart rose in her throat.

The vacuity of the rooms, freshly cleaned, scrubbed, and smelling of white-wash, began to frighten her. Her overwrought mind was filled with sounds which her overstrained ears did not hear. Yet there she sat on the window-sill, listening and listening for an expressman's voice.

"Hush, hush-sh, hush-sh-sh!" whispered the walls; the corners muttered awful threats; her heart was ever and anon contracted with fear; she often thought herself on the brink of insanity; yet she stayed on, waiting, waiting, waiting.

At the slightest noise in the hall she would spring to her feet, her heart beating wildly, only presently to sink in her bosom at finding it to be some neighbor or a peddler; and so frequent were these violent throbbings that Goldy grew to imagine herself a prey to heart disease. Nevertheless the fifth day came, and she was again at her post, waiting, waiting, waiting for her wedding gifts. And what is more, when Nathan came from business, and his countenance fell as he surveyed the undisturbed emptiness of the rooms, she set a merry face against his rueful inquiries, and took to bantering him as a woman quick to lose heart, and to painting their prospects in

roseate hues, until she argued herself, if not him, into a more cheerful view of the situation.

On the sixth day an expressman did pull up in front of the Cherry Street tenement-house, but he had only a cheap huge rocking-chair for Goldy and Nathan; and as it proved to be the gift of a family who had been set down for nothing less than a carpet or a parlor set, the joy and hope which its advent had called forth turned to dire disappointment and despair. For nearly an hour Goldy sat mournfully rocking and striving to picture how delightful it would have been if all her anticipations had come true.

Presently there arrived a flimsy plush-covered little corner table. It could not have cost more than a dollar. Yet it was the gift of a near friend, who had been relied upon for a pier-glass or a bedroom set. A little later a cheap alarm clock and an ice-box were brought in. That was all.

Occasionally Goldy went to the door to take in the entire effect; but the more she tried to view the parlor as half furnished, the more cruelly did the few lonely and mismatched things emphasize the remaining emptiness of the apartments: whereupon she would sink into her rocker and sit motionless, with a drooping head, and then desperately fall to swaying to and fro, as though bent upon swinging herself out of her woebegone, wretched self.

Still, when Nathan came, there was a triumphant twinkle in her eye, as she said, pointing to the gifts, "Well, mister, who was right? It is not very bad for a start, is it? You know most people do send their wedding presents after the ceremony, — why, of course!" she added in a sort of confidential way. "Well, we have invited a big crowd, and all people of no mean sort, thank God; and who ever heard of a lady or a gentleman attending a respectable wedding and having a grand wedding sup-

per, and then cheating the bride and the bridegroom out of their present?"

The evening was well advanced; yet there were only a score of people in a hall that was used to hundreds.

Everybody felt ill at ease, and ever and anon looked about for the possible arrival of more guests. At ten o'clock the dancing preliminary to the ceremony had not yet ceased, although the few waltzers looked as if they were scared by the ringing echoes of their own footsteps amid the austere solemnity of the surrounding void and the depressing sheen of the dim expanse of floor.

The two fiddles, the cornet, and the clarinet were shrieking as though for pain, and the malicious superabundance of gaslight was fiendishly sneering at their tortures. Weddings and entertainments being scarce in the Ghetto, its musicians caught the contagion of misery: hence the greedy, desperate gusto with which the band plied their instruments.

At last it became evident that the assemblage was not destined to be larger than it was, and that it was no use delaying the ceremony. It was, in fact, an open secret among those present that by far the greater number of the invited friends were kept away by lack of employment: some having their presentable clothes in the pawnshop; others avoiding the expense of a wedding present, or simply being too cruelly borne down by their cares to have a mind for the excitement of a wedding; indeed, some even thought it wrong of Nathan to have the celebration during such a period of hard times, when everybody was out of work.

It was a little after ten when the bard — a tall, gaunt man, with a grizzly beard and a melancholy face — donned his skull-cap, and, advancing toward the dancers, called out in a synagogue intonation, "Come, ladies, let us veil the bride!"

An odd dozen of daughters of Israel

followed him and the musicians into a little side-room where Goldy was seated between her two brideswomen (the wives of two men who were to attend upon the groom). According to the orthodox custom she had fasted the whole day, and as a result of this and of her gnawing grief, added to the awe-inspiring scene she had been awaiting, she was pale as death; the effect being heightened by the wreath and white gown she wore. As the procession came filing in, she sat blinking her round dark eyes in dismay, as if the bard were an executioner come to lead her to the scaffold.

The song or address to the bride usually partakes of the qualities of prayer and harangue, and includes a melancholy meditation upon life and death; lamenting the deceased members of the young woman's family, bemoaning her own woes, and exhorting her to discharge her sacred duties as a wife, mother, and servant of God. Composed in verse and declaimed in a solemn, plaintive recitative, often broken by the band's mournful refrain, it is sure to fulfill its mission of eliciting tears even when hearts are brimful of glee. Imagine, then, the funereal effect which it produced at Goldy's wedding ceremony.

The bard, half starved himself, sang the anguish of his own heart; the violins wept, the clarinet moaned, the cornet and the double-bass groaned, each reciting the sad tale of its poverty-stricken master. He began: —

"Silence, good women, give heed to my verses!

To-night, bride, thou dost stand before the Uppermost.

Pray to him to bless thy union,

To let thee and thy mate live a hundred and twenty peaceful years,

To give you your daily bread,

To keep hunger from your door."

Several women, including Goldy, burst into tears, the others sadly lowering their gaze. The band sounded a wailing chord, and the whole audience broke into loud, heartrending weeping.

The bard went on sternly : —

“Wail, bride, wail!

This is a time of tears.

Think of thy past days:

Alas! they are gone to return nevermore.”

Heedless of the convulsive sobbing with which the room resounded, he continued to declaim, and at last, his eye flashing fire and his voice tremulous with emotion, he sang out in a dismal, uncanny high key : —

“And thy good mother beyond the seas,

And thy father in his grave

Near where thy cradle was rocked, —

Weep, bride, weep!

Though his soul is better off

Than we are here underneath

In dearth and cares and ceaseless pangs, —

Weep, sweet bride, weep!”

Then, in the general outburst that followed the extemporaneous verse, there was a cry, — “The bride is fainting! Water! quick!”

“Murderer that you are!” flamed out an elderly matron, with an air of admiration for the bard’s talent as much as of wrath for the far-fetched results it achieved.

Goldy was brought to, and the rest of the ceremony passed without accident. She submitted to everything as in a dream. When the bridegroom, escorted by two attendants, each carrying a candelabrum holding lighted candles, came to place the veil over her face, she stared about as though she failed to realize the situation or to recognize Nathan. When, keeping time to the plaintive strains of a time-honored tune, she was led, blindfolded, into the large hall and stationed beside the bridegroom under the red canopy, and then marched around him seven times, she obeyed instructions and moved about with the passivity of a hypnotic. After the Seven Blessings had been recited, when the cantor, gently lifting the end of her veil, presented the wineglass to her lips, she tasted its contents with the air of an invalid taking medicine. Then she felt the ring slip down her finger, and heard Nathan say, “Be thou dedicated

to me by this ring, according to the laws of Moses and Israel.”

Whereupon she said to herself, “Now I am a married woman!” But somehow, at this moment the words were meaningless sounds to her. She knew she was married, but could not realize what it implied. As Nathan crushed the wineglass underfoot, and the band struck up a cheerful melody, and the gathering shouted, “Good luck! Good luck!” and clapped their hands, while the older women broke into a wild hop, Goldy felt the relief of having gone through a great ordeal. But still she was not distinctly aware of any change in her position.

Not until fifteen minutes later, when she found herself in the basement, at the head of one of three long tables, did the realization of her new self strike her consciousness full in the face, as it were.

The dining-room was nearly as large as the dancing-hall on the floor above. It was as brightly illuminated, and the three tables, which ran almost its entire length, were set for a hundred and fifty guests. Yet there were barely twenty to occupy them. The effect was still more depressing than in the dancing-room. The vacant benches and the untouched covers still more agonizingly exaggerated the emptiness of the room in which the sorry handful of a company lost themselves.

Goldy looked at the rows of plates, spoons, forks, knives, and they weighed her down with the cold dazzle of their solemn, pompous array.

“I am not the Goldy I used to be,” she said to herself. “I am a married woman, like mamma, or auntie, or Mrs. Volpiansky. And we have spent every cent we had on this grand wedding, and now we are left without money for furniture, and there are no guests to send us any, and the supper will be thrown out, and everything is lost, and I am to blame for it all!”

The glittering plates seemed to hold whispered converse and to exchange winks and grins at her expense. She transferred her glance to the company, and it appeared as if they were vainly forcing themselves to partake of the food, — as though they, too, were looked out of countenance by that ruthless sparkle of the unused plates.

Nervous silence hung over the room, and the reluctant jingle of the score of knives and forks made it more awkward, more enervating, every second. Even the bard had not the heart to break the stillness by the merry rhymes he had composed for the occasion.

Goldy was overpowered. She thought she was on the verge of another fainting spell, and, shutting her eyes and setting her teeth, she tried to imagine herself dead. Nathan, who was by her side, noticed it. He took her hand under the table, and, pressing it gently, whispered, "Don't take it to heart. There is a God in heaven."

She could not make out his words, but she felt their meaning. As she was about to utter some phrase of endearment, her heart swelled in her throat, and a piteous, dovelike, tearful look was all the response she could make.

By and by, however, when the foaming lager was served, tongues were loosened, and the bard, although distressed by the meagre collection in store for him, but stirred by an ardent desire to relieve the insupportable wretchedness of the evening, outdid himself in offhand acrostics and witticisms. Needless to say that his efforts were thankfully rewarded with unstinted laughter; and as the room rang with merriment, the gleaming rows of undisturbed plates also seemed to join in the general hubbub of mirth, and to be laughing a hearty, kindly laugh.

Presently, amid a fresh outbreak of deafening hilarity, Goldy bent close to Nathan's ear and exclaimed with sobbing vehemence, "My husband! My husband! My husband!"

"My wife!" he returned in her ear.

"Do you know what you are to me now?" she resumed. "A husband! And I am your wife! Do you know what it means, — *do* you, *do* you, Nathan?" she insisted, with frantic emphasis.

"I do, my little sparrow; only don't worry over the wedding presents."

It was after midnight, and even the Ghetto was immersed in repose. Goldy and Nathan were silently wending their way to the three empty little rooms where they were destined to have their first joint home. They wore the wedding attire which they had rented for the evening: he a swallowtail coat and high hat, and she a white satin gown and slippers, her head uncovered, — the wreath and veil done up in a newspaper, in Nathan's hand.

They had gone to the wedding in carriages, which had attracted large crowds both at the point of departure and in front of the hall; and of course they had expected to make their way to their new home in a similar "respectable" manner. Toward the close of the last dance, after supper, they found, however, that some small change was all they possessed in the world.

The last strains of music were dying away. The guests, in their hats and bonnets, were taking leave. Everybody seemed in a hurry to get away to his own world, and to abandon the young couple to their fate.

Nathan would have borrowed a dollar or two of some friend. "Let us go home as behooves a bride and bridegroom," he said. "There is a God in heaven: he will not forsake us."

But Goldy would not hear of betraying the full measure of their poverty to their friends. "No! no!" she retorted testily. "I am not going to let you pay a dollar and a half for a few blocks' drive, like a Fifth Avenue nobleman. We can walk," she pursued, with the grim determination

of one bent upon self-chastisement. "A poor woman who dares spend every cent on a wedding must be ready to walk after the wedding."

When they found themselves alone in the deserted street, they were so overcome by a sense of loneliness, of a kind of portentous, haunting emptiness, that they could not speak. So on they trudged in dismal silence; she leaning upon his arm, and he tenderly pressing her to his side.

Their way lay through the gloomiest and roughest part of the Seventh Ward. The neighborhood frightened her, and she clung closer to her escort. At one corner they passed some men in front of a liquor saloon.

"Look at dem! Look at dem! A sheeny fellar an' his bride, I'll betch ye!" shouted a husky voice. "Jes' comin' from de weddin'."

"She ain't no bigger 'n a peanut, is she?" The simile was greeted with a horse-laugh.

"Look a here, young fellar, what's de madder wid carryin' her in your vest-pocket?"

When Nathan and Goldy were a block away, something like a potato or a carrot struck her in the back. At the same time the gang of loafers on the corner broke into boisterous merriment. Nathan tried to face about, but she restrained him.

"Don't! They might kill you!" she whispered, and relapsed into silence.

He made another attempt to disengage himself, as if for a desperate attack upon her assailants, but she nestled close to his side and held him fast, her every

fibre tingling with the consciousness of the shelter she had in him.

"Don't mind them, Nathan," she said.

And as they proceeded on their dreary way through a sombre, impoverished street, with here and there a rustling tree, — a melancholy witness of its better days, — they felt a stream of happiness uniting them, as it coursed through the veins of both, and they were filled with a blissful sense of oneness the like of which they had never tasted before. So happy were they that the gang behind them, and the bare rooms toward which they were directing their steps, and the miserable failure of the wedding, all suddenly appeared too insignificant to engage their attention, — paltry matters alien to their new life, remote from the enchanted world in which they now dwelt.

The very notion of a relentless void abruptly turned to a beatific sense of their own seclusion, of there being only themselves in the universe, to live and to delight in each other.

"Don't mind them, Nathan darling," she repeated mechanically, conscious of nothing but the tremor of happiness in her voice.

"I should give it to them!" he responded, gathering her still closer to him. "I should show them how to touch my Goldy, my pearl, my birdie!"

They dived into the denser gloom of a side-street.

A gentle breeze ran past and ahead of them, proclaiming the bride and the bridegroom. An old tree whispered overhead its tender felicitations.

Abraham Cahan.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF RECENT HISTORICAL WORK.

AN account of recent historical work, of the past year, for instance, could hardly be made a study in literature. Many histories have been literary achievements of the first order, and of course it is always open to the historical student to make of his results a genuine book, but such is not the tendency at present. To employ once again the hackneyed classification of De Quincey, it is to the literature of knowledge, not to the literature of power, that the industry of the average worker in history now chiefly contributes. His watchword is "original research;" his main endeavor is to discover, in no sense to create.

Even the briefest survey must take into account the activity of associations and agencies as well as of individuals. Some of the most important agencies are governmental. The national government, for example, has just completed, at a cost of about two millions of dollars, the series of Rebellion Records dealing with the movements of the Federal and Confederate armies. These ponderous volumes are not history, if history is a thing to be read, but they contribute to the store of historical knowledge, and they are as close akin to literature as many other publications that are offered to us as books. Several of the departments at Washington have printed historical documents during the year, and the Venezuelan Commission, happily relieved of its task of determining whether or not we shall go to war with Great Britain, has yet accomplished, in its first report, work of undeniable if purely historical value.

The number of state governments more or less committed to the printing of their own earlier records has increased. The Carolinas have made a beginning of this work, and Rhode Island has set a new precedent by authorizing a commission to search for documents in the cus-

tody of towns, of parishes and churches, and even of other states. Mr. Goodell, in his deliberate edition of the Province Laws of Massachusetts, seemed to be setting the standard for such publications, until the Pennsylvania Commission, by undertaking a history of each statute, afforded the scholarship of its members a still wider opportunity.

Of the societies, the National Historical Association is foremost in dignity, if not, perhaps, in actual achievement. Its Historical Manuscripts Commission, aiming especially at papers in private hands, is a new departure, in line with the Royal Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain. The American Historical Review, which has been printing documents gathered from private sources, should prove a valuable ally in the enterprise. The announced financial success of this periodical is matter of congratulation to its editor and to the gentlemen by whose disinterested efforts it was established three years ago. A promising recent development is the entrance into the historical field of societies — such as the Scotch-Irish, the Huguenot, and the Jewish-American — which aim to make plain the part that particular race elements have played in the upbuilding of the republic.

The dignified position some of the state societies have attained is well attested by the complaint that membership in them has become a social distinction, and not merely a reward of scholarship. The Texas society, formed within the year to deal with the rich material awaiting the future historian of the extreme Southwest, has endeavored to guard against this tendency by constitutional provision looking to the permanent dominance of the historical purpose in its councils and composition. The Massachusetts society, the oldest of all,

and long the most active, is finding its premiership challenged by the comparatively youthful Wisconsin society, whose library is a workshop for the scholars of the Northwest, and whose secretary, Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, is winning an enviable reputation as a handler of historical material. Mr. Thwaites's edition of the Jesuit Relations, of which the first nine volumes have been published, should doubtless be ranked as the most notable editorial enterprise of the year. The work of the Virginia society, under the thoroughly sane guidance of its secretary, Mr. Philip A. Bruce, is particularly gratifying to those who have been patiently waiting for the Old Dominion to do justice to her heroic past. The labors of such Virginians as President Tyler of William and Mary, Mr. William Wirt Henry, and Mr. Bruce give evidence that the task is to be neglected no longer. A like hopefulness as to the South in general is encouraged by the formation, within the year, of the Southern Historical Association, and by the appearance of several numbers of its publications. It is a good sign, too, that purely local societies, already common in the East, are growing numerous throughout the South and West. As to the private collectors, one knows not where to begin, and having begun, one would not know where to end; but the practical completion of Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens's costly series of facsimiles of documents in European archives pertaining to America, and the announcement by Mr. Alexander Brown, of Virginia, of a companion volume to his *Genesis of the United States*, to be called *The First Republic in America*, are important enough to justify us in singling them out for especial mention.

But after all, the gathering and editing of material is not writing history. One takes a step higher and finds the monograph; and the monograph is mainly an academic product. Scarcely one of the leading universities has failed to con-

tribute during the year to the ever growing stock of careful studies in history. The University of Toronto is the latest to enter the field. The greater number of these studies are concerned with the institutional side of history, and their value is not to be denied. A few of them have a place among the books one cares to read; others, like Professor Gross's *Bibliography of British Municipal History*, are examples of the minutest scholarship; but very many will find their place, in the ordinary library, alongside the encyclopædias.

Above the collection and the monograph is the book; and here one reaches the altitude where the historian emerges from the crowd of scholars into the view of a larger public. Of him the larger public demands that he interpret and justify the multitudinous labors on which his own are based. It has the right to expect that he will add imagination and literary art to mere industry and intelligence; that he will enlarge accuracy into truth.

It is doubtless too early to say that during the past year no new name has been added to the brief list of those who have successfully attempted this difficult task. Captain Mahan's *Nelson and his The Interest of the United States in Sea Power* have indeed strengthened his claim to a place; but the claim has been a strong one ever since his first book was hailed as marking the achievement of a new point of view in the study of modern history. The philosophical merit of that earlier work belongs in almost equal measure to the *Nelson*, which has in addition the charm of the biographical method and motive. Professor Sloane's *Napoleon* is indeed a performance of sufficient weight to challenge our attention. In point of industry, if one compares it only with other works in English on the same subject, it even invites the epithet "monumental;" while its abundance of pictorial illustration will doubtless win for it an examination, if not a reading,

in quarters where its scholarship might repel. It is to be feared, however, that the heaviness of its style will tend to make of it an authority rather than a guide. Mr. James Breck Perkins, another American who has ventured into French fields, has given us in his *France under Louis XV.* a useful account of a period by no means unimportant in itself, but apt to be neglected by reason of the exceptional interest that belongs alike to the period that preceded and the period that followed it.

Of the Americans who have dealt with American topics, not many have made any formidable show of attempting to write history in the grand style. Mr. Schouler, Mr. Lodge, and Professor William P. Trent have published volumes of brief papers. At any rate, some of these papers are very well worth the reading, and Professor Trent's lectures — for such they were at first — are particularly interesting as a critical study, by a Southerner of the newest school, of certain Southern statesmen whom Southern writers of the older school have been wont to approach with more of reverence than of understanding. Professor Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford have written each a pleasant little book about Washington, both trying to make the stately figure seem, not less stately, but more human, and both succeeding admirably. Other notable books of a biographical or autobiographical sort are Mrs. Rowland's *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, the lives of Lee and Grant in the *Great Commanders* series, and the reminiscences of Generals Miles and Schofield. Not an ordinary history, but a historical work of much value, is Dr. J. M. Buckley's account of *Methodism in America*. It is doubtful if any one was better qualified for this particular task, for Dr. Buckley is a Methodist, a practiced investigator of extraordinary psychological phenomena, and a clear and forcible writer.

There remain three especially notable

books. Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *Literary History of the Revolution* is not, indeed, a narrative, but as a picture of past times it deserves a place with Mr. Winsor's *Westward Movement* and Mr. Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbours* as one of the three foremost books of the year in the department of American history. Never before has the intellectual side of the Revolutionary movement been so fully exhibited as in these two volumes.

Mr. Winsor's book, apart from its intrinsic merit, has a special interest because it is the last we shall ever have from his pen, and because he himself regarded it as the completion of the particular task he had undertaken. When he had written the last word of it, he is said to have exclaimed, "I have told my story; now I am willing to take a rest." The rest was other than he thought, for his death was almost simultaneous with the appearance of the book. One is naturally inclined to speak less of it than of the life-work that ended with it. But to speak of that would lead us far afield, for our master of historical inquiry was also a master librarian, and did more than any other to make the care of books a learned profession. The *Westward Movement* is a companion volume to *The Mississippi Basin*, distinguished by the same breadth of view and the same minuteness of knowledge. It brings the story of our Western expansion down to the close of the last century, and establishes more firmly than ever the author's right to be considered preëminently the historian of the geography of the continent. It must be admitted, however, that the style is not adapted to the ordinary reader; these meaty paragraphs are suited only to a vigorous digestion.

The appearance at the same time of a book on a kindred subject by a different hand serves to remind us of another phase of Mr. Winsor's ceaseless activity. He was the most tireless of helpers to other workers in history. Mr. Peter J. Ham-

ilton, in his *Colonial Mobile*, has made an important contribution to the history of our Southwestern beginnings, and his indebtedness to Mr. Winsor would be evident without the full acknowledgment he makes of it. The similarity of the two books in point of style is remarkable.

We are left with Mr. Fiske; and if his name should seem to be placed at the end of our survey by way of climax, the place is deserved. When all is said, he seems to many the only American now living who can give to the results of historical inquiry a form so satisfying to the reader as to justify a word like "final." He writes of Virginia as delightfully as he has ever written of anything; adding nothing, perhaps, to the knowledge of the scholars, but shaping the common mass after a fashion at once philosophical and artistic. His power of generalization, his conspicuous fairness, his singularly lucid style, are endowments of the highest order. In narrative charm there is none to rival him, unless one goes back to Parkman.

A glance at recent historical work in England is sufficient to discover the same general tendencies we have observed in America. The fondness for forming associations is even greater there than here, and the historical associations, as a rule, surpass our own in age and dignity. To mention only the foremost of these, one notes that the Royal Society has within the year absorbed the Camden Society; that the Hakluyt Society is devoting much attention to the annals of Arctic exploration, and the Selden Society to select pleas in the Courts of Admiralty, — an enterprise in which it is trying to enlist the interest of Americans. A peculiarly English form of co-operation is exhibited in the sumptuous *History of Northumberland County*, now in process of publication under the management of a committee which is fitly headed by Earl Percy. The death of

Mr. W. Noël Santsbury has deprived the *Calendar of State Papers*, just now particularly interesting to Americans on account of the colonial documents, of an editor whose exceptional equipment was universally recognized.

Looking about for the more famous names, we find those of Lecky, Bryce, John Morley, and Professor Jebb associated in Lord Acton's coöperative enterprise, *The Cambridge Modern History*. Mr. Bryce, in his *Impressions of South Africa*, does not emphasize any historical purpose, but the historical matter is as admirable as any other in a thoroughly admirable book. Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, while still prosecuting the work on his *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, has found time to publish six lectures on Cromwell, and to engage in controversy with Father Gerard over the Gunpowder Plot. Mr. McCarthy has brought his entertaining *History of Our Own Times* to a conclusion, and has written a new life of Gladstone.

If we consider only the work of the recognized masters, Professor Maitland's *Domesday and Beyond* is clearly the book of the year. Such, indeed, is Professor Maitland's place among the students of early English institutions that whatever he writes is to other investigators second in importance only to the sources themselves. The views he has here set forth concerning the hide, the village community, the manor, and similar topics are bound to lead to controversy, and some of them are controverted already; but none of his contentions will be dismissed without a careful investigation by every scholar whose studies extend into the period of which he treats.

From other practiced hands we have work of no mean value. Professor Mahaffy has written of *The Empire of the Ptolemies*, and Colonel C. R. Conder of *The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*. Mr. Traill has edited his *Social England* through the sixth and concluding volume. New numbers have been added

to the Oxford Manuals of European History, to the Periods of European History series, and to Mr. Bury's Foreign Statesmen series. Mr. Bury himself is progressing somewhat slowly with his edition of Gibbon, — a work to which additional interest is given by the appearance in their original form of Gibbon's six autobiographical sketches, and of his letters, including some that were omitted by Lord Sheffield.

Two important biographies are, the Roebuck of Mr. R. E. Leader, and Mr. C. E. Lyne's Sir Henry Parkes; while Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Cardinal Wiseman, and the late Dr. Liddon's Life of Dr. Pusey, completed by another hand, are valuable contributions to the religious history of the century.

In England, as in America, no absolutely new name has come into strik-

ing prominence; but the re-publication, with copious additions, of the Reverend W. H. Fitchett's Deeds that Made the Empire has strengthened the marked impression the book made on its first appearance. That a dissenting Australian clergyman should have written on such a subject more brilliantly than any other of all those whom the Jubilee stirred into eloquence grows significant as we reflect that the empire rests mainly on the loyalty of the colonists. Mr. Fitchett's work is by some even compared to Macaulay's for the interest it arouses. It would be pleasant to think that Englishmen everywhere may perhaps find in him a man fit to tell the whole splendid story of the empire's rise, as we in America are finding in Mr. Fiske one fit to portray that part of this world-impulse which spent itself on our shores.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE ARTHURIAN EPOS.

It is a well-known remark of Renan that the historic sense is the chief acquisition of the present century. Literature has not been the last to reflect this new influence, and to it may be ascribed a twofold revolution as it affects our attitude toward the individual and toward the race. Thus, on the one hand, modern fiction has gained a fresh field in portraying the development of character, and in describing to us a life amid circumstances of a previous age. On the other hand, primitive works of literature have acquired a peculiar interest by their appeal to this newly awakened faculty, evoking within us thoughts and emotions of a youthful people, — an interest doubly enhanced when from the earliest days down to the present we can follow a long line of successors, varying in nature with the progression of time.

Mr. Newell's
King Arthur
and the Table
Round.

Certainly, all lovers of Spenser and Tennyson, and of the many lesser chroniclers of King Arthur, will welcome the two handsome volumes of Mr. Newell's King Arthur and the Table Round, which offer in pleasant form translations from the oldest poems on that subject. And let us say at once that Mr. Newell's work is well done. The language is simple and not without grace; and he has admirably avoided the queer translation English, neither archaic nor modern, which is so much affected by recent translators (as if the further their style were from any known model, the closer it might convey foreign ideas), and which reaches a wide public in the standard prose versions of Homer. It is rare that reader or critic complains of a book that it is too short; but in this case most readers, we fancy, would wish the chapters on the history of the legends a little fuller, and

their interest would not flag if the body of the work were considerably longer.

By far the larger part of the translations are taken from Chrétien de Troyes, and only sufficient matter from other sources is added to give a fairly complete story of the Round Table. Perhaps even more space might judiciously have been devoted to the French poet who is here first introduced to English readers. His poems, apart from their own beauty, may claim our attention as being the oldest literary work on the subject that has been preserved, if not the earliest written. The real origin of the Arthurian saga, as every one knows, is an obscure and vexed question. Celtic, English, French, and German writers, all worked together to produce the vast body of romances that flooded Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it is far from easy to ascribe to each people its share in this labor. So much, however, may be prudently affirmed: that Arthur as a personality belongs to the Celtic traditions of Great Britain and Brittany. Certain fanciful features of chivalry, also, as portrayed in these romances, — especially the tender regard for women and the idealization of love, — may in part be due to Celtic imagination; but in the twelfth century the legends were taken up by the French *trouvères*, and to them must be attributed the courtly form and the more or less consistent development which changed the floating traditions to literature. At that time France was the intellectual school of Europe, and the story of King Arthur as we read it to-day, together with almost all the rest of mediæval literature, must be called a French creation. It may be the German *minnesingers* helped to introduce the vein of religious mysticism that is so marked in some of the later romances, but beyond that German influence can hardly be important. It would be pleasant to believe this epic cycle was the offspring of one great genius, and no

doubt Chrétien de Troyes did more than any other single man to give popularity to these new themes, and to turn readers from the older, sterner epics of Charlemagne to the gayer adventures of the Celtic knights; but we opine that the present translator is carried away by enthusiasm for his own author in attributing "to Crestien of Troyes, more than all other influences, . . . the character of the extant Arthurian story."

To us this obscure labor of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is chiefly interesting for its effect on later English literature. The first writer of English in the strict sense to treat the subject was the much lauded — and, we fancy, little read — Sir Thomas Malory, who, in the fifteenth century, put together his *Morte Darthur* from French and Old English sources. It is not easy to discover in Malory's disjointed narrative "the vision and the faculty divine" with which his popular editor would endow him. Mr. Newell's judgment of the work seems very fair when he says that "out of such a conglomeration it was impossible to produce an interesting whole. The attraction of Malory's work is chiefly owing to the language; only in the conclusion, where he borrowed from the English poem, has his account unquestioned merit." But just a century later Spenser published his *Faerie Queene*, and with this poem the story of Arthur becomes an integral part of our literature. Lovers of Milton may not allow to Spenser the first place in narrative poetry, which some would claim for him, but second, at least, he must stand. If he never rises quite so high as the great passages in Milton, and if his speech lacks the magisterial authority of the Puritan, he yet equals his follower and admirer in infinite charm, and excels him in sustained interest. The *Faerie Queene* owes its greatness partly to the individual genius of the poet, and partly to his skill in weaving together all the romantic motives of his age. Bojardo and Ari-

osto, adopting the epic tale of Charlemagne, had altered its spirit to the gay tone of chivalry introduced by the Arthurian romances. Spenser, in imitating them, curiously reverts to the Arthurian story which he professes to make his main theme, and on this embroiders many of the brilliant episodes of Italian invention, so that there is in his work an inextricable blending of the two cycles. But besides the color and vivacious movement which he found ready to hand in Ariosto, Spenser borrowed also the cunning allegory made popular by the Romance of the Rose; and it is this persistent yet wisely subordinated moralization that renders the Faerie Queene to many readers more satisfactory than the Orlando. The ethical idea that runs through the poem, while never obtrusive, gives a kind of background to the isolated scenes, and binds them together. There is something more than mere diversion in the reading, and we feel that pleasurable excitation which follows the appeal to our higher faculties. It was for the sake of this allegory that Spenser made Arthur his avowed hero. So far as I know, there is nothing in the Faerie Queene to prove that Spenser was acquainted with the poems of Chrétien, yet, conversant as he was with the early romantic literature, it is not likely he should have overlooked the master singer of his favorite King Arthur. At least, we may read in the Perceval of the French poet an earlier account of the training of a knight in "gentle discipline," which would teach him mercy to the fallen, courtesy to women, restraint in speech, and reverence toward God: and it is pleasant to be able to compare this simpler picture of chivalric training with the portrayal of it as colored by the luxury of Italian fancy and subtilized by the ethics of Aristotle.

Here perhaps a word of explanation is necessary. I have said that the development of character as affected by circumstances is a new phase of literature re-

lated to the recently acquired historic sense. Objection might be urged that as early as Chrétien de Troyes we have the story of the making of a knight; and that, indeed, long before this Xenophon had written a novel on the education of Cyrus. But the contradiction is only apparent; for in all these works the character of the hero is completely formed in childhood, and there is no growth, in the true sense of the word. His education is merely the learning of outer forms.

But to return to King Arthur. It is a notable fact that both Virgil and Milton in the end should have chosen for epic treatment themes quite different from what they first proposed to themselves. Virgil's maturer choice was in every way fortunate. It is perilous, considering the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*, to say otherwise of Milton; yet Taine has not been alone in esteeming his youthful romantic work more highly than his solemn epics. At least, it is curious, and, with Comus before us, not altogether idle, to conjecture what might have been the beauty of that poem if Milton had indeed called up in song "Arthur still moving wars beneath the earth and the mighty heroes of the invincible Table." We may probably charge to Cromwell's government the loss of a work combining the tragic grandeur of *Paradise Lost* with the incomparable charm of Comus.

It remained for Tennyson to give currency to these legends in epic, or half-epic, form; and the Arthur and Lancelot and Gawain of the *Idylls* are now, as they are likely always to be, for us, the true heroes of the Round Table. Tennyson has been much censured — and Mr. Newell echoes the cry — for wantonly departing from the spirit of the mediæval poets; but there seems to be little justice in such a reproach. As for specific changes in plot, he only followed, in allowing himself such liberties, innumerable writers before him. And still more idle is it in the nineteenth century to demand of a bard the childlike spirit of

the twelfth. The attempt to reproduce it would necessarily have been abortive ; and indeed Chrétien himself had apparently altered the primitive Celtic tone of the myths as much as Tennyson alters Sir Thomas Malory. In Chrétien, and to a certain degree in Malory, we have the simple character, however idealized, of chivalry as it appeared to contemporaries, and the picture has a freshness that needed little extraneous coloring. Spenser, portraying a life already past, lends to it the factitious interest of renaissance color and allegory. Tennyson, writing in an age far removed from chivalry and of little poetic value in itself, still further veils the bare narration by deepening allegory into symbolism. Verse in a period essentially prosaic must perforce depend on reflection for any serious appeal to the reader ; and the symbolism of Tennyson is just this inner reflection ; seeking in departed forms a significance never dreamed of during their existence, and brooding over a past life of activity as if it were but an emblem of spiritual experience. This is not allegory, in which, action and reflection being still sharply distinguished, the particular virtues and vices move about like puppets only half humanized, and which in the moral world is as naïve as simple narration in the practical, but a something more intimate and illusive, wherein thought and act are blended together, and we seem to live in a land of shadows. Such is the spirit of the *Idylls of the King* ; and if, in comparison with the genuine epic of an older time, they appear to lack substance and vitality, the blame must fall on the age, and not on the individual author.

It is a digression, and yet not foreign to our argument, to notice here the peculiar treatment of nature in these poems. Each of them, and in fact almost every great work, is marked by the choice of some special natural phenomenon that serves for a background to the picture, and in its change follows the shifting

moods of the hero. Passing by for the nonce the writers of antiquity, we may recall the threefold termination “*stelle*” of the *Divine Comedy*, — as indeed the stars were a fit emblem of the idealism of one who thought no man might be called an exile while he still had the sky to look upon. In Chrétien and Spenser we are ever traversing pathless wildernesses, with here and there a fountain like a pearl in the waste. Milton invites us into a rich garden, where we wander amid

“ that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches.”

As for Tennyson himself, I know no other poem where strange winds are always blowing as in the *Idylls of the King* ; and this is in admirable harmony with the intangible breath of symbolism pervading the verses. It is enough to mention the wind that came upon Lancelot in his search for the Grail, —

“ So loud a blast along the shore and sea,

Ye could not hear the waters for the blast ; ”
and Tristram singing of “ the winds that move the mere ; ” and “ the ghost of Gawain blown along a wandering wind ; ” and at the close of that last battle the “ bitter wind, clear from the North.”

Sir Thomas Malory, Spenser, Milton, Tennyson, not to mention lesser names, are sufficient to lend unfailing interest to the saga of the Round Table, and to render a version of its earliest singer more than welcome in English literature. But besides this relative value Chrétien may invite our attention for his intrinsic merit, and in fact his historic claim could otherwise hardly be so high. His poems must fairly rank among the few great works of the Middle Ages. There is a freshness and a simple cheer in them, a quaintness with now and again a fineness of sentiment, that continually lure the reader on. The opening paragraphs of the *Perceval* display so many of these qualities in short compass that no excuse is needed for their quotation : —

"When trees bloom, thickets leaf, and fields are green, when birds sing sweetly at morn, and all things flame with joy, the son of the Widowed Dame of the Vast Solitary Forest rose and saddled his hunter, taking three of his darts, for it pleased him to visit the sowers who were tilling the fields of his mother, with harrows eight or ten. As he entered the wood, his heart bounded within him, for the sake of the pleasant season, and the songs of the merry birds; because of the sweetness of the sovereign time, he gave his hunter the rein, and left him free to feed on the fresh sprouting grass, while he, who had skill to throw the darts he bore, roved and cast them, now behind and now before, now alow and now aloft, until approached five knights, armed in all their array. Their weapons made a loud noise, as fast as they rode, for the oaks hurtled against their arms, their mail tinkled, and their lances clashed upon their shields. The varlet, who heard them, but could not see, wondered and cried: 'By my soul! my mother, my lady, who telleth me true, saith that devils are wilder than aught in the world; she saith so, to make me cross myself, that I may be safe from them; but I will not, no; instead, I will strike the strongest with one of these darts, so that he will not dare come near me, he nor any of his mates, I trow!'

"Thus to himself said the boy; but when the knights issued from the wood, with their beautiful shields and shining helms, such as never before had he seen, and he beheld green and vermilion, gold, azure, and silver gleam in the sun, he wondered and cried: 'Ha, Lord God, mercy! These are angels I see! I did wrong, to call them devils; my mother, who fableth not, saith that naught is so fair as angels, save God, who is more beautiful than all; here is one so fair, that the others own not a tenth of his beauty; my mother saith, that one ought to believe in God, bow the knee, and adore Him; him will I worship, and

the rest who are with him.' So speaking, he cast himself on the ground, repeating his credo, and the prayers his mother had taught him. The lord said to his knights: 'Stand back, for this vassal hath fallen to the earth for fear; if we should approach, all at once, he would go out of his mind, and not be able to tell me aught I wish to learn.'

"The others halted, while the knight advanced: 'Varlet, be not afraid.' 'Not I, by the Saviour in whom I believe! Are you not God?' 'By my faith, no.' 'Who are you, then?' 'I am a knight.' 'A knight? I never saw one, nor heard of one; but you are fairer than God; would I were like you, as shining and as perfect!' With that, the knight approached, and cried: 'Hast thou seen, in this plain, five knights and two maids?' The youth, who had his mind elsewhere, grasped the lance: 'Fair dear sir, you who call yourself a knight, what is this you carry?' 'Methinks, I am finely helped! Fair sweet friend, I looked for tidings, and you ask me questions; yet I will tell you; 't is my lance.'"

These pages are delightful, and so perfect in their kind that they may seem to justify unqualified enthusiasm for the author. But exquisite as the *trouvère* may be, his place in the hierarchy of great poets must be attended by limitations which affect this whole branch of mediæval literature, and in large part the romantic works of the present. We are fully aware that the weighing and comparing of genius is invidious, and can appreciate the catholic sentiment of Taine, who (as Mr. Saintsbury relates) "once said to a literary novice who rashly asked him whether he liked this or that, 'Monsieur, en littérature j'aime tout.'" Yet there seems no better way to purge our minds of cowardly acquiescence in criticism than by comparing each new claimant to honor with those whose reputation is already assured by universal consent; nor can the strength and weakness of the class of writers to

which Chrétien belongs be set forth more clearly than by contrasting them with the great classic models. And although their champion deprecates such a treatment, yet similarity of conditions almost demands the testing of these newly heralded poems by the epic of Homer; for in much the same way both French *trouvère* and Greek rhapsodist worked over popular traditions and disjointed lays into more or less unified structure, and both are the earliest preserved examples of a long series of epic writers. More than this, their divergence in spirit invites comparison quite as much as their similarity in origin. Entertaining as Chrétien assuredly is, he yet altogether lacks the force of passion and the seriousness that mark the great epic. To be particular, we may say that the interest of mediæval romance in general depends on variety of incident, on the unexpected, and a corresponding distraction of mind. The sequence of cause and effect is for the most part ignored, so that the world takes on a holiday, haphazard character, and the mind is jostled about by a series of surprising adventures, often without much coördination or meaning, although not without interest. Moral responsibility, depending on the stern law of cause and effect, can have little part in this happy world, and its place is occupied by delicate touches of sentiment, and occasional hints at the deeper symbolism that later becomes the dominant tone in romance. We are in a land of play. Mighty blows are dealt, brave knights are hacked to pieces, fair ladies swoon on every page; but no one thinks of taking it quite seriously, no strong emotion is stirred within us, and the pageantry of war passes before us very much like that kind of elegant sport which Ruskin would see in all battle. We hear a good deal of the light-heartedness of the Greeks; but compared with Chrétien, Homer might be called sombre. This follows naturally from the art of the Greek. Instead of

variety there is in Homer concentration, and the attempt to intensify a single passion by focusing all the narrative upon it. Instead of reverie there is profound reflection, and instead of merriment an earnestness that at times passes into tragic pathos. In a word, we have in these two authors the contrast between fancy and imagination: fancy that would beguile away our heaviness of heart, and imagination that would throw the light of beauty on the graver passions of life. The one relaxes the mind, the other braces it for action. In his own office Chrétien succeeds admirably; but if literature is to be taken as a serious concern of life and something more than a dissipation, it seems that some qualification should be added to praise that would recognize in him a "treasure equal to the Homeric epos."

It would be a most intricate problem to discuss all the causes that gave mediæval romance its peculiar character, but two prominent influences must not be passed over. The earliest work of Chrétien, it may be remarked, was a translation of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*. Now, Ovid, who represents the literature of amusement in antiquity, and Virgil, the most religious mind of Rome, were the Latin poets most read during the Middle Ages; and the contrast between them is significant of a strange division which had arisen in mediæval literature. The serious writing of the age falls to the Latin tongue, and is the property of the clerks, who form practically the whole educated class; whereas the vernacular is thought worthy only of a lighter vein. This feud caused confusion both ways; bringing scholastic dryness to the monstrous tomes of the clerks and denuding them of human interest, and on the other hand depriving the popular works of the deeper reflection to be borrowed from religion and philosophy.

Perhaps a still stronger influence that affected the Arthurian romance is touched on by Mr. Newell. "By the middle of

the twelfth century," he says, "in the courts of France and England, had been formed a large body of readers, in great part women, who had ceased to be content with the savage splendor of an epos [the *chansons de geste*] designed for the amusement of warriors, and required of fiction especially nutriment for tender emotions." No slur is intended against the gentle sex, who to-day also form the mass of our readers, if the Arthurian romance be described as essentially feminine. Its chief inspiration is, not man's ambition, but his servitude to woman. What is called the Celtic idea of love had passed with Celtic legend into French hands; and love, unreasoning, anti-social, glorying the more as it overleaps all bounds, has been the one theme of fiction from that day to this. The passion of Lancelot is something quite different from the longing of Odysseus for wife and home. Indeed, such a passion was looked upon by the Greeks as a weakness or kind of madness, and thought to be unsuited for serious literature. Yet if any-

thing redeems these romances from the charge of frivolity, it is this free, self-glorying love, which so readily passed into the higher idealism. Love is the teacher of honor, the inspirer of bravery, the guide of ambition. He may be a dangerous master, yet how prettily he talks in the mouth of a fair heroine: "I assure you, if God save you from death, you shall undergo no hardship so long as you remember me. Accept this ring, which hath such virtue that its wearer cannot suffer imprisonment or wounds while he is mindful of his love; it shall be an armor stronger than iron, and serve you better than hauberk or shield. What I never bestowed on man, out of affection I give you." Our religion is one of love; our literature obeys the same passion; our conscience calls for mercy, and not justice. Much that is best and much that is worst in modern civilization flows from this source, and to understand its full influence one must turn to mediæval romance and to the Arthurian epos, where it obtains the fairest expression.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

My first parish was in Scotland, in the town of Langholm, Dumfriesshire, about twelve miles from the straggling village of Ecclefechan, where Thomas Carlyle first saw the light about a hundred years ago, and where he now sleeps among his kinsfolk. Lying between Langholm and Ecclefechan is the hamlet of Waterbeck, where one of Carlyle's brothers resided. Waterbeck, which is about eight miles from Langholm and four from Ecclefechan, was the southwestern boundary of my parish. I had there a handful of church members, who came tripping over the hill on Sunday mornings to church, beguiling the way with song. The boys

A Reminiscence of Carlyle.

and girls of the little band walked barefoot, washing their feet at a "burn" and putting on their shoes just before they entered "the muckle toon of the Langholm," as our modest border town was called.

I have a dim recollection of seeing, when visiting the Waterbeck portion of my flock, a tall, stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed, ungainly man, with strong, rugged features, who walked leisurely along the single street of the village, looking at the ground as if lost in thought, apparently quite unconscious of the curious faces that peeped out at the slightly opened doors, or looked slyly at him through the windows. Years afterward, when I

saw the portrait of Thomas Carlyle I recognized in it the likeness of that shabby-looking old farmer whom I had seen in the village of Waterbeck. He was doubtless paying a visit to his brother, who was the big man of the place, having developed in that obscure hamlet an enormous business, which was the envy of the merchants of the city of Carlisle. A considerable group of trained workers, such as watchmakers, tailors, and shoemakers, were gathered together, and that country establishment controlled the trade within a radius of twenty miles. I have often thought that the genius which could create such a business in circumstances so unfavorable, and surmount difficulties seemingly insuperable, was in no way inferior to that which won for the best known member of the family renown in the field of literature.

For over eight years I lived in the midst of the surroundings of Carlyle's early life, and met many persons who had been his lifelong friends. From one of his nephews, who had for a time acted as his amanuensis, I got considerable help in the understanding of Sartor Resartus; he supplying his uncle's explanation of some of the difficult passages. Another nephew, a prominent doctor in Langholm, was one of my most intimate friends.

Shortly after coming to the United States in 1874, I had charge of a church in northern Illinois, a large number of whose members were from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. One of my deacons had been a schoolmate of Carlyle, and while in his criticisms he often unwittingly threw not a little side-light upon Carlyle's character, he had not the slightest appreciation of his greatness. I remember giving him Carlyle's *Reminiscences* to read. He had personal knowledge of many of the events recorded, and the style of his comment was, "Ah, Tam, Tam, that is just like you; ye were aye sair afflicted with the big head, aye bragging about yourself and a' belonging to you." "A

cantankerous loon" was the description he gave of him as a boy. "None of us liked him; he was aye saying biting, jibbing things." I managed one day to worm out of my old friend a confession that may have held in it the secret of much of his dislike for Carlyle. The two boys had fought, and Tam Carlyle had given him a sound thrashing.

It was my fortune, some time afterward, to come into intimate relation with the daughter of Carlyle's favorite sister Janet. It will be news to many readers that this sister, the youngest member of the Carlyle family, had made her home in Canada for fifty years. The Reverend G. M. Franklin, rector of Ripley, Ontario, her son-in-law, in a letter written several months ago, conveys the following information: "Mrs. Robert Hanning, the 'Janet Carlyle' of Froude's *Reminiscences*, is keeping in excellent health for a lady who has passed her eighty-third birthday. She is the last of the Carlyles. She passes most of her time in her own room, re-reading her brother's favorite works, certain religious authors, and her Bible." Since the above was written Mrs. Hanning has died. The letters which her brother wrote to her — and which cover the entire period of his literary activity — will now be published, and will form a valuable addition to the already large stock of Carlyliana. It is said that they will present "the Sage of Chelsea" in a tender and amiable light. His affection for his mother and for his "small Jenny" was the one saving influence in his life.

An American pilgrim, on his way to Craigenputtock, overtook a countryman, of whom he inquired about the Carlyles. "Oh, ay, I ken the Carlyles. Tam is a writer of books, but we do not think much of him in these parts. Jeems is the best of the family; he sends the fattest pigs to Dumfries market."

A native of Ecclefechan once remarked to a visitor, "Don't go to Ecclefechan expecting to find worshippers

of Carlyle. You will find that other members of the family are held in far higher esteem." There is a story which shows that some of the other members of the family were far from regarding the author of *Sartor Resartus* as the greatest of the sons of the house. The story runs thus: A gentleman, on being introduced to James Carlyle, the youngest brother of the author, ventured to remark, "You'll be proud of your great brother!" But he had mistaken his man. James rejoined in the broadest of broad Annandale, "Mee prood o' him! I think he should be prood o' mee."

It is frequently noticed that educated Americans have smaller vocabularies than Englishmen and Frenchmen. This lack of good words may encourage our use of slang, and it doubtless emphasizes the straining after terms and shades of meaning which we call preciosity. Stevenson said that an idea does not exist until the word to convey it is discovered, and many an American studies the gymnasts of style in the search for illuminating words. Usually the result is a literary strut. Flaubert liked the paradox that art can be learned best from writers of the second rank; that from Shakespeare and Homer we can get only inspiration. Many students to-day cannot learn from even the wholesome second-class authors, Sterne, Goldsmith, Irving, who use words in their dignity; they seek style in literary dandies, whose words have no weight, but only novelty. "Insigne, recens, indictum ore alio," remarks Swift bitterly. Englishmen accuse Americans of admiration for subtlety, a fault we share with recent French writers who juggle with their language. American preciosity does not grow, like the French, from decadence, but rather from rawness and intellectual ambition combined with scarcity of words. Language which is full and natural is acquired in conversation, because words met only in books are seldom handled easily. Nothing expands a vocabulary

**The Qualities
of American
Conversation.**

Americans have smaller vocabularies than Englishmen and Frenchmen. This lack

like conversation, and in the United States there is thus far no large circle of the educated. Our offspring hear Irish in their cradles, and slang in their childhood. Superior men who live alone will be less elastic in conversation than commonplace persons in an expressive environment.

Possibly the tendency in American colleges to substitute science for the classics will do something to hinder the expansion of our current language. Whatever we take from Greece and Rome can be assimilated and used to make our own speech richer, but few get any except bad words out of physical and economic science, metaphysics, logic, or mathematics. A knowledge of German, Italian, Spanish, and most other modern languages seems to do neither harm nor good, but contemporary French, being itself corrupt and fashionable, is a cause of effeminacy in American speech and style, as surely as recent scientists are responsible for awkward terms in Great Britain. Psychology furnishes some of our best and some of our flattest words.

Fragmentariness is another fault of American social intercourse. Our subjects change too often. In France, a conversation does not stop when a new-comer enters. In America, we pause and explain the topic, or take a new one more congenial to the stranger. Lack of training partly explains this stupidity, but the habit of talking personalities is also a cause. Naturally, if you and I are making comments on a friend simply because we know him, bringing out no generalities, courtesy will prevent our inflicting the talk on another. Personal comment may be as fertile as any, but only when it depends less on interest in the individual than on the significance of the conclusions. This limitation to subjects of no universal concern is said to afflict aristocracies and exclusive circles, which touch life narrowly.

Although we have humor and some wit, we have little of the deftness that

may make any topic entertaining. "A fly will serve me for a subject," said Montaigne, and his nation has more lightness and distinction of form than Northern races have. Even in serious subjects the French have an advantage in their knowledge of politics, history, and literature. We devote our lives to Barrie, Howells, Zola, Pater, and are not ashamed to know little of Jonson, Burke, Ford, or Dryden. A Frenchman would not like to admit that he had not read Pascal, Corneille, or Bossuet, and an Englishman knows more not only about his country's classics, but often about Franklin and Daniel Webster. Both the British and the French pay more attention to domestic politics, and in foreign affairs we have an interest broader than the French, and narrower than the British.

Finally, our leisure is not spent socially. Nature shuts us in and denies us the life of the boulevards, but it is we ourselves who work the wrong of being too busy, — a fault which limits our subjects, spoils the atmosphere, and keeps conversation from becoming art. While it is now possible for many to avoid preoccupation with money, and it is fashionable to have much of the day free from work, yet some of our most interesting people, especially women, are proud of being kept busy by numerous occupations. The boast of having no time is true in the mouths of many, and it is made truer by a sort of intellectual vogue for scurrying hither and thither. Nearly any interest is allowed to prevent long conversation. Limitless "engagements" fill the day, and few of us hold talk as valuable as it was held by Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

The domination of the family has an influence on social intercourse which is not enlivening, for devotion to the home dulls the edge of that desire to please which is the soul of conversation. In our cities it is being mitigated, but husbands and wives are still looked upon as

Siamese twins, and the unmarried girl goes everywhere. While all this keeps sweet the springs of life, it makes less numerous those gatherings where the best talk is heard. In France they have always been composed of a few married women and many men. Indeed, when we come to name the conditions which make conversation good here, and promise to make it better, we shall get far away from France. There it is an art which gains much of its finish from qualities which we should be sorry to own. Our growth, to be representative, must have less artifice, less brilliancy, a charm more in accord with the sturdy poetry of our English ancestors. What makes our conversation attractive is the wholesomeness of American character and of American life. It is the reflection of a friendly disposition and happy surroundings. It is a genial expression of successful democracy. There is something morally smaller in the national character which creates the social art of France. In England there are the barriers of class distinction and snobbery, to which only fools attend in America. The Englishman may hate them, but they cling. Life is less cordial, less unaffected and fraternal, than it is here, and so is its expression in current speech. The British subject has a settled respect for the Times, a duke, or the empire, which is unknown to us. We examine everything. The laborer criticises the President or the millionaire, and the conductor jests with the banker. No man thinks his newspaper a prophet. There is little black and little white in the world for us. We are kind, but skeptical. Our fatalism, which on the one side leans toward indifference, on the other is the basis of the humor which lightens everything. America is a good place for a man of large sympathy, because, taking everybody, from the rich to the poorest, people are happier, freer in thought, better nourished, and more alive. The conversation which represents the nation's life,

taking it up and down, from top to bottom, including motormen, cab-drivers, farmers, masons, is shrewd, humorous, and individual, cheerful in its cynicism, ironical in its earnestness. The remarks of a crowd watching a street occurrence, the talk of laborers, give much that any man should value, — personal judgments, fearless, and often racy and grim. To listen to conversation in a livery stable is not to lose time. The men who talk there have been in the public schools, they are prospering, their horizon is widening, the climate is bracing, nobody has more rights, and they express themselves with vigor. No property or caste notions silence them, nor are any opinions fixed for them, and every question is open.

The richer people have some of this spirit, because social classes are so mixed; but as they meet formally in places where nothing is going on and there is no common occupation, their subjects call for qualities which they lack, although they also are helped by the general freedom. The cheerfulness is not lightness of character. The Puritan, or something else, makes us serious in our humor, as other strains make us humorous in our sincerity. We have, however, to thank our democracy for the absence of formalism in talk, of setness in opinion, and of general ennui. Even some hampering standards which we have are disappearing. Frankness without intimacy was frowned on by our parents, but we are learning that concealment about principles is out of place in conversation. Few can be socially interesting who are secretive by habit.

Connected with the growing frankness of conversation is the freedom of woman. The most delightful step we have taken is the extension of her part in life. Nothing is so cheering, so enlightening and broadening, for men and for women, as the equality on which they meet. What

American would choose the rigidity of Germany or England, or the artifice of France? The same openness and truth in the relations between men and women are found nowhere else. What could be more instructive, and what more charming? Charity is the greatest of the virtues, intellectual and æsthetic as well as social; and kindness, fairness, and the lack of bullying, encouraged by the equal rights of all races and both sexes, added to the humor which the Yankee and the Irishman have given to the whole compound, make up the greatest satisfaction of our social life.

The deepest fault to be set against this charm, the lack of thoroughness, will diminish, as the reward for quick and superficial qualities grows less with the settlement of society. Our fatalism may also diminish, although it is to be hoped that the essence of our humor, from Emerson and Lincoln to Mark Twain, will not go with it. When the resources of the country are less sufficient, and care about waste is greater, a more active concern for political management will remove the most striking indication of national indifference. With the increase of interest in public affairs, the virtues which at present make the average talk so good will make the conversation of the educated correspondingly vivid and significant.

Fashionable society alone deserves no favorable judgment. It is more ignorant than fashion in other lands. It imitates the society of a foreign country, and it has no function except to be conspicuous. But even our fashion, absurd as it is, is beginning to seek outsiders to make "salons" for it. Leaving it out of account, we may believe that in all walks of life, from the factory to the college, our conversation, whatever its faults, has at least as much of the blood of life in it as that of any other country.